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VOLUME 73 NUMBER 1 WAKE FOREST COLLEGE OCTOBER 8, 1957

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the student CARTOON CONTEST

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RULES

a) Contestants to be students of Wake Forest College.

b) Entries to be drawn in ink on white paper and addressed to "Cartoon Contest." More than one cartoon may be submitted for judging.

c) Name, class year, and local address to appear on a separate sheet attached to the cartoon.

d) Entries to be left at the publication office, 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to THE STUDENT, *Box 7287, Reynolda Station.*

e) Judges to be THE STUDENT *art staff.*

f) Editors reserve right to publish winning cartoon. All entries become property of THE STUDENT *magazine. Contest closes midnight, October 15, 1957.*

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VOLUME 73 NUMBER 1 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - OCTOBER 8, 1957

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The Loving Train, *play by Jerry Matherly* 4

Then and Now Wake Foresters, *by Robert Fitzgerald* 6

Deans Wilson and Nowell have had a long and memorable association with Wake Forest College. In this issue is recounted the story of their climb from green freshmen to associate deans of the college. Their wide participation in student activities, then and now, and their outstanding academic records have formed a background well suited to their present positions.

Europe Plus Twelve, *by Ralph James* 8

This past summer found many students doing useful and interesting things. Ralph James attempts herein to give a prose, poetry and picture sketch of his impressions as he toured Europe with a Methodist Youth Caravan. These students worked, played and worshipped with people of many creeds and culures, yet, in all, found their new friends to be one under God.

Student October Calendar 11

The Student Calendar has been revised for the convenience of the Wake Forest students. Becky Lampley has compiled a categorical list of activities in and around Winston-Salem that will be of interest to all students. Watch this feature as a monthly addition to the magazine.

Forum: Hazing – Help or Hazard, *by Ann Julian* 12

"Grubb Please, With No S," *by Bill Heins* 14

In an attempt to recapture the spirit of the deceased Dr. Gerald G. Grubb, Bill Heins has attempted to carry his readers into the classroom on the first day of the semester, rebuilding the thoughts and impressions that Dr. Grubb inspired there. Here is what Dr. Harold Tribble said concerning the matter. "In Dr. Grubb's untimely death, Wake Forest College lost a diligent and devoted teacher. He was also a persistent research scholar, especially in the life and works of Charles Dickens. While his sudden death came as a shock to us, it also accentuated the value of his contribution to the College."

Thanatos, *fiction by Jerry Pierce* 17

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In this issue, THE STUDENT introduces a new critic writing the book reviews, Carolyn Burden, senior from Aulander, N. C. Plans for the future include reviews of plays and movies as well as the traditional book review.

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Frank & Stith Co.

We invite you to visit our new "VARSITY SHOP" which has been recently opened in our store next to the shoe dept. In it you will find everything in the "IVY LEAGUE" STYLE from head to foot. It is a complete store in itself, and features student budget prices.

ROBERT E.

LEE

HOTEL

Cover

Spring has sprung, Fall has fell, and the Wake Forest Demon Deacon is about to do the same thing. Bill Shepherd strikes a pose that will be all too familiar to the Deacon fans as the football season progresses. In spite of the precarious position, the Deac seems to have the situation well in hand. You're right, that's a wolf's head held securely in that Wake Forest noose. But the thing that worries photographer Irvin Grigg is how in the world does the Deacon keep his hat on?

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 1 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - OCTOBER 8, 1957

Demon In Us . . .

SINCE THE ENROLLMENT of the university has reached an all-time high this year, the students have taken it upon themselves to celebrate two homecomings. Because of the generosity of the powers that be, a first homecoming was provided with our all-time rival, the University of Virginia. This game was scheduled at a very early date. The students, in appreciation, planned another quick homecoming with Carolina, before the students and cheerleaders had time to get tired. Big Four games are usually so unexciting that the frat clubs volunteered to postpone their decorations to liven up this latter occasion. This was one, also, in consideration of the visiting alumni, so that the decorations might not obscure the visitors' parking signs.

In order that the Carolina afray might not be a financial failure, the athletic department has spread the word that S & H greenstamps might be issued to each fan buying a ticket.

So that those people who find it distastful to dance on the campus might have the opportunity to attend a similar function in a more appropriate local, the second dance has been arranged off campus.

Visitors will be welcomed to the college by the signs of the times. Upon entering the city of Winston-Salem, one sees a sign saying among other things, "Welcome to Winston-Salem—Plenty of Parking Space." Some folks are wondering who put the post script at the bottom—"For faculty members only."

And then, there were the signs that helped speed up registration, done by professional sign painters, no less. Students always welcome progress, so much that they each chipped in ninety dollars per year for the cause.

Progress is an interesting phenomenon Keep up with the Dukes, is the saying, isn't it? This is good, for by this process small liberal arts colleges are able to eliminate many time consuming trivialities. Not having to remember names is a boom to education. Just think how much more room eager minds have to store away valuable knowledge, such as that neatly printed on room contracts and in parking regulations. A professor walked in to an administrative office the other day during the simplified registration period, and was greeted with the question, "Have you been properly admitted?" Well?

In spite of classes and other extra curricular activities, students have managed to find time for a valuable project to add their bit to the cultural progress of the school. The rumor is that there will be ivy planted on the top of the modified Georgian water tank that graces the campus. Wake Forest will then boast the only Ivy League tank in the Big Four.

There is to be noted a definite trend toward cultural progress. This gem of poetic genius found its way to the surface several days ago.

Mary tripped lightly in
Mary tripped
How clumsy, my stumble-in
Mary quipped.

Enough said.

Nothing remarkable is intended by this play. By remarkable, I mean nothing sensational or approaching the sensational. The tone of the play is not ment to be bizarre, though it must be admitted that the characters appear in that light. Yet, I strongly feel that they are real people. As a matter of fact, I have met most of them.

—J.D.M.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDIE HUTCHINS

One act play . . .

The Loving Train

By Jerry Matherly

THE CHARACTERS: Linda–a girl in her early twenties.
Kyle–a boy of about eighteen.
A woman–fifty or so, very large, later identified as Madame Rita
A man–short, thin, older than the woman –he is very pale and obviously ill–he is the woman's husband and is a mute

THE TIME: Late at night. It is cold, unseasonably so, in the middle of February. The year may be any year of the recent past, the present, or the immediate future.

THE SCENE: A passenger car on a train coming from the South with its final destination being Washington, D. C.

As the lights come up, Linda is seen placing her bags under the seat. The boy is sitting in front of her, asleep. The old woman is humming to herself, the mute is staring ahead. None of them take any notice of her, despite the fact that there are no other people in the car.

LINDA: (as she sits down the woman has stopped her humming and has reached out across Linda to put a tract on the seat–Linda picks it up) Is this yours?

WOMAN: No, honey, I just gave it to you. It's one of my special tracts explaining how to get in touch with the spirits.

LINDA: I'm afraid I'm not too interested in spirits.

WOMAN: Well, you should be my little dear. They say that those who aren't interested at first most always become mediators of the best sort. It has something to do with their not being real frightened like the rest of us.

LINDA: I am afraid they would never listen to me.

WOMAN: Don't tempt them, my dear. I used to talk about the dead and you can see me and the old man ain't in any too good a predicament.

LINDA: No, no. I am sorry . . .

WOMAN: Don't be. People are always feeling sorry for us. Like the Roman Catholic Nuns who said the old man was dying and that we should settle down a bit.

LINDA: Your husband doesn't look well. I am sorry, but I should read.

WOMAN: It's a real pity you can't find time to read my tract. It was printed for me by Sam Eman in Chattanooga. Sometimes he prints tracts and the like for the big revivalists. Don't misunderstand me none; I ain't in league with any of that kind.

LINDA: No, of course not, I didn't think such a thing.

WOMAN: As matter of fact, you might say we are quite a piece removed from them kind who set to preaching in tents. Me and the old man are in show business.

LINDA: Show business? Where?

WOMAN: Sure, we've been in the same act for over thirty years. We call ourselves the New Lazarus. See the old man gets in a box which is painted with blue and gold stars and looks like he's dead. Then I hold a funeral. It's a regular type funeral with me in black mourning and holding a bunch of pretty flowers. I used to sing a few hymns before I lost my voice and the people complained. Nowadays I just say the words to the hymns. After the service, as I call it, the old man is lowered down into the ground and stays there overnight. It scares the hell out of the customers and they give money.

LINDA: You mean he stays in the coffin all night long without any air or water?

WOMAN: Yeah, honey, I've often wondered myself how he does it. It's a real marvel when you think of his talent. And sometimes as a lure we come to town early and rent a store window. When we do this, he sits down cross-legged in the window and remains there staring like no one was around. In the morning the people see him and get their interest aroused to come to the afternoon performance.

LINDA: (she stares at the man: she is upset by him) Why doesn't he say anything? Is he one of those people who sleep with their eyes open?

WOMAN: Honey, he don't say nothing because he can't. He's been a mute ever since I married him. That was back in '28 when I had me a sweet little fortune-telling booth down on St. Peter street in New Orleans. He can hear well enough, but he don't say nothing. (laughing) Of course that is kind of an advantage when you like to talk as much as I do.

LINDA: One of my girl griends at school lost her voice for several months when she heard her house had been burned down. But by the next September she could talk again. I've never known anyone who could not talk at all. How strange and horrible it must be to have to keep silent about everything.

WOMAN: Oh, I don't know if it would be so bad. It would be like being dead without dying. You could see and hear everything going on in the world without taking a part in it. That's how the old man must be; dead, but not buried, as they used to say.

LINDA: I don't think I would like that. As long as I am here I would just as soon participate in life. . . . I really must read my book. Somehow the trips get shorter every time, and all I plan to get done I am never able to manage.

WOMAN: (putting her head awkwardly on the man's shoulder) Sometimes I am afraid that when I put you into that damn box you'll die. (leans across to Linda suddenly) Do you go to college?

LINDA: Yes.

WOMAN: In D. C.?

LINDA: No, in North Carolina.

WOMAN: Then that means we ain't going to have you for the whole trip. Matter of fact you ain't hardly got no ways to go. Ain't trains awfully expensive to you?

LINDA: They're the easiest to take and not much more expensive than the bus.

WOMAN: 'Course, I guess anyone who can afford to go to college can afford to go on a train. What's your old man do? Is he a doctor?

LINDA: My father is dead.

WOMAN: Now, honey, don't get upset none. It's just that I think it funny that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Dr. Wilson grins from behind his desk in the Howler office. He was editor in 1943.

He's really not on the fence, just posing. This picture appeared in the 1944 Howler when Dr. Wilson was listed with the ten outstanding Seniors.

In his senior year Dr. Wilson was president of the Philomathesian Literary Society.

The associate deans . . .

Then And Now

When an institution grows, it is inevitable that those connected with it grow too.

It is then with pride and admiration that we congratulate Drs. Wilson and Nowell on their newly acquired assistant-deanships. Both Dr. Wilson and Dr. Nowell are Wake Forest graduates, and each is a member of the Wake Forest faculty. As students they watched other students graduate and walk through the Gold and Black halls and out into the competitive world of medicine, law, business, etc. Realizing the great challenge that those students must face, they decided that they would someday come back to Wake Forest and aid others as they prepared to meet this challenge.

Edwin Graves Wilson was born on February, 1, 1923, in Leaksville, N. C., and there he spent his life up until entering Wake Forest College in 1939. By simply following the dictates of his character, Wilson completed four outstanding years at Wake Forest. He was a member of the *Howler*, the Student, and the *Old Gold and Black* staffs, and later became editor of the *Howler* and president of the Publications Board. He served as president of the Philomathesian Literary society and was a member of Omicron Delta Kappa and also the social fraternity, Sigma Pi Alpha. After being listed in Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities. Wilson graduated Phi Beta Kappa with the class of 1943.

Someone had spilled a firecracker in Europe, and so, instead of going to graduate school for journalism, Wilson went to Northwestern and became one of the Navy's ninety-day wonders. Journalism was not the word of the day out on the Pacific; it was war. Wilson was a sailor now. Commissioned, which meant that he slept in a bunk and wore a few decorations. Being a sailor was interesting and fighting the Japs had its merits since it was compulsory, but somewhere in the academic world of people Wilson felt himself drawn.

When his DE (destroyer escort) finally made port, Wilson came back to Wake Forest. The war was over and schools were flooded with veterans. Teachers were needed badly. Dr. Jones asked Wilson to stay and teach awhile. Wilson stayed and found himself at home. He taught through '46 and '47.

In the fall of '47, he entered the Harvard graduate school of English. There he studied until '51, the year he returned to his alma mater.

If a man is to do well, he must do what he feels strongest. It was this maxim that guided Dr. Wilson to where he is, and he believes that no matter what other environmental impulses ply on a person's actions, if he will listen carefully to his own inward dictates, he will achieve himself.

We often have the mistaken idea that professors are dull and inactive. This is absurd as has been expertly demonstrated by Dr. Wilson's entire life. The good scholars are not only awake to the modern world, they are an active and integral part of it. It is this same activeness and alertness that Dr. Wilson appreciates most in his students. One has only to be around him a short while before realizing his deep and sincere interest in the individual. When sitting in Dr. Wilson's class, students have the feeling that they take precedence over what is being taught. Undoubtedly, Dr. son has a special feeling for his subject —it shows up in his eyes—but he never allows Chaucer or Shakespeare to dominate his students.

The student must come to know himself, Dr. Wilson feels, and English literature is simply the medium through which the student must travel. Every man is an author and the story he writes is his own life. Dr. Wilson has dedicated his life to helping young men and women become better writers.

Soon after he graduated from Wake Forest in 1940, Dr. Nowell joined the faculty of the college. In this picture he seems to be very happy with the job.

Dr. Nowell prepares to give an award as Province Scholarship officer at the National Kappa Alpha Convention.

Something seems to be lacking now that Dr. Nowell had when he was a senior at Wake Forest College.

Wake Foresters

Strange though it may seem to some, Dr. Wilson has always been fascinated by politics. Walk into his office unannounced and you are likely to find him with his feet propped up on his desk with a newspaper in his hand. He exemplifies what he likes to see in his students . . . well roundedness with plenty of life and interest in whatever is going on in one's immediate world.

HE IS RATHER SHORT and stocky with not too much hair. He has dark eyebrows and looks terribly distinguished. He is physicist, professor, and assistant-dean Nowell.

Wake Forest College has known him and his family for a long time. His father taught chemistry at the College. Dr. Nowell grew up in the Wake Forest community, attended Wake Forest grammar and high schools and entered Wake Forest College in the fall of 1936.

Dr. Nowell was a member of the Kappa Alpha social fraternity and is now a national officer of the fraternity. He graduated in June of 1940 with a major in chemistry, and in the fall of the same year he entered the University of North Carolina. There he did graduate work in the field of sciences until '44. In September of 1944 he was offered and accepted a job as physicist with the American Cyanamide Company in Stanford, Connecticut.

Although he liked his job, the call from Wake Forest College was too challenging for him to pass up. He returned to the College in October '45 and joined the faculty in the department of science.

Dr. Nowell has strong notions about people as well as chemistry. He says, "Science attempts to observe and correlate," but he does not believe that science can prove everything, just as he does not believe man can cure everything.

It is his idea that students should work toward realizing what they believe in. Dr. Nowell has an amazing capacity for realizing different capabilities in people. He says he likes to see a bright student in his class, but that he is not at all averse to the average or the below average student, especially if they show the desire to work.

Dr. Nowell has wide interest and hardily disbelieves the layman's idea that scientists are staid men unconcerned with what is going on in the world. It is his contention that scientists are better informed on world affairs than most because they are so vastly affected. The atomic age has put them directly into contact with every political movement.

Realizing the grave responsibility in dealin directly with college students' personal lives. Dr. Wilson and Dr. Nowell both recognize the need for helping the individual become a little more himself rather than see him pushed into a foreign atmosphere.

Progress is an individual process accomplished through mass individuality. This is the task before the American colleges.

The task confronting Dr. Wilson and Dr. Nowell is guiding students toward their own individuality in order that they will become a vital part of the mass individuality.

—ROBERT FITZGERALD

Wake Forest abroad No. 1 . . .

Europe Plus Twelve

By Ralph James

A SHIP traveling the great international highway is like a United Nations Assembly. Every race, color, and creed can be found. It's a miniature melting pot floating on an overgrown pond, helpless before the whims of its surging power and rolling waves.

In a short time we began to understand the meaning of rolling waves. The rough water off the coast caused by off shore swells intensify the ship's roll. Some of our party were wondering if the trip were going to be that rough all the way. They rushed for the seasick pills. Fortunately, no one in our group became sick during the entire crossing.

At our first meal we were pleased to find that the Dutchmen were to serve six courses every meal. The menus were in Dutch, but the taste wasn't at all incomprehensible. The entire hold of the ship must have been full of potatoes for we were served potatoes nearly every meal for the next nine days.

The sea is a beautiful and romantic place, especially on moonlit nights. The moon hangs like a huge lamp at the end of a silver street which climbs into heaven, a street set off by the dark shadows of slowly swelling water. It is a painted path terminating in a wreath of beauty. The moon is like an imitation sun shaded by the fog of night. As I stood on the deck listening to the splashing waves beneath the ship's hull, I could smell the saltiness that drifts in the wind from the spray. It seemed as if a combination of all nature's elements made an assault of beauty upon the senses. Everyone seemed to feel a great sense of humility before the peace of the Atlantic.

We were introduced to another attraction after a few days at sea. That was the wonderful smile and accompanying personality of a Dutch boy who was our table steward. His name was Barry, and he was one of the most delightfully interesting persons we met on the entire trip. Barry was about twenty-four years old and the veteran of several cruises. He had a deep, full voice and looked at you with his shining blue eyes from under a shock of curly blond hair. He spoke good English, but we sometimes had to pronounce our words slowly for him. We were soon looking forward to meal time just to tease and laugh with him.

It was our custom to get together after supper each night to practice folk games and songs for use in our summer work. We invited Barry to one of these sessions. His coming to the aft area of the ship was slightly illegal by ship regulations, but it was worth the chance. Much to our surprise, Barry turned out to be something of a homespun intellectual. He hoped to become a writer someday, and he seemed to have storehouses of interesting data on almost every subject.

Each day of the voyage we watched our position as it was posted on the log chart near the main lounge. From the appearance of the chart and the endlessness of the sea around us, we country boys were becoming impressed with the size of the pond. In fact, we were impressed with the amount of liquid inside the boat as well as in the pond. Now, back up in the mountains of North Carolina, we know a little about the moonshine-business, and we reckoned we knew enough to judge that someone was making themselves a whole barrel of money. We figured this because they sold bottled corn to most of the people most of the time. We first began to suspect something when we noticed several of the passengers walking sideways while the ship was leaning the other way.

THEY HAD ANOTHER kind of liquid captured on board in the form of a swimming pool. Yes, they had some real angry water stored in an overgrown tub up on the top deck. I say angry water because it was always trying to get out of that place. You know, the waves in that little swimming pool were bigger than the ones in the pond. We tried to swim one day, but the waves kept throwing us out of the hole. We didn't mind much because the salt was too thick to get off.

The most impressive single aspect of the sea was its endless or eternal nature. This is easy to understand after several days of nothing but water in every direction. The sea is a great mixture of paradoxical truths concealed, yet revealed, in its fathomless depths. These truths truly are a form of hope in the permanence of their nature.

Changeless yet changing
Fizzing and bubbling
Floating the foaming vastness.

Breaking waves sinking and lifting
Rolling hills, swelling mountains
Singing the eternal destiny.

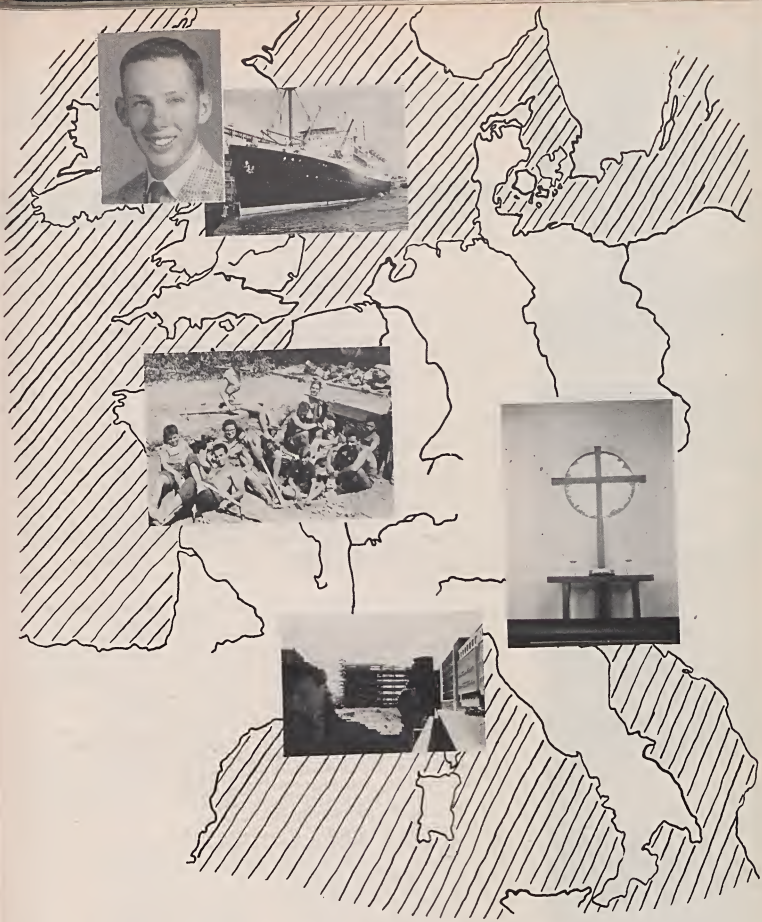
Monotonous yet continuous
Powerful and peaceful
Prolonging the eternal hope.

As our beautiful experiences on the ocean drew to a close, and our melting pot began to near the edge of the pond, our excitement increased. The first port of call was Southampton, England. Finally, one bright, clear afternoon we sighted the coast of the first of the British Isles. A green-brown countryside came slowly into view out of the gray mist. As we came near land and started to sail into the English Channel, we were treated with a beautiful sunset sinking over the gray-white cliffs. When darkness settled, we could see the blinking lights on the distant shore. Occasionally, we would pass a lighthouse situated on the treacherous off-shore rocks.

The next morning found us out on deck early to get our first good look at England. The countryside beyond the harbor was like any other. It was green and spotted with large two-story houses intermittently spaced across the hillsides. In the harbor itself were several large ships and a line of five English destroyers, or the equivalent thereof. These were the first armed boats most of us had ever seen.

After a two or three hours' stop, we were on our way again into the Channel. The Channel was a shade of light green, contrasted with the white foam of our wake and the deep blue sky. At thirty-minute intervals during the day, British jets whistled overhead on their regular patrol of the Channel.

On the afternoon of the ninth day, we



We were ten lives welded into a needle to sew together torn hearts.
Our stitch had to cross the gaping holes of disaster, despair, and destitute souls.
Shouldering the eternal cross of service for those who need care and understanding,
we transversed many cultures and many lives. This was the barrier that had to be crossed;
not language, or custom, only distance and the misunderstandings that they nourish.

sighted the coast of France and were soon headed into the deep harbor of La Havre. The city of La Havre was unlike anything we had expected. It looked more like an oriental or near-eastern city. The buildings were white, with one or two stories — none with over ten. The roofs were flat, and the houses seemed short and squatty. On the surrounding hillsides, were spaced small villages.

Our ship was met at the pier by a special train for Paris. After little delay with customs, we were speeding across the countryside. It was an impressivle ride, partly, because of the historical significance of the area through which we were riding.

As we passed the area of Rouen, the famous battlefield of World War II, we saw for the first time the marks of war. As one rides in ease and comfort past the fields which were one at time and blood, his imagination runs wild. He imagines the bomb and shell craters where men have fought. He can see charging regiments running across the fields like ghosts out of the past. Burning farmhouses where now peaceful scenes have risen from the ashes, stand out vividly. Bursting shells rocking the earth with their concussion can be heard where the farmer now pulls his plow. Craters remaining as rude interruption to the peaceful efforts of man earning his daily bread slow his efforts. The memories are cruel lessons soaked in the melancholy of twelve years' time.

We pulled into Paris around ten o'clock and were amazed by the fact that it was yet daylight outside. The red glow of the sun was just disappearing over the roof tops of the Parisian suburbs. After checking in at a hotel near the Church of the Madelene, we went out to look for a snack. We located a small sidewalk cafe with a clean modern design across the street from the church.

Seating ourselves at the tables, we haggled with the menu and waiter until we had ordered some ham and roast beef sandwiches. The bread was extra hard and probably several days old. This was not at all uncommon for the Continent, however. I was hungry and made the tragic mistake of biting into my sandwich without much caution. Crunch — a startled look came over my face — and I turned to my friend, Zeke Carlisle, and said, "Guess what? I think I've broken my filling!" Sure enough, further investigation into the matter proved this assumption to be entirely correct. I had learned my first lesson on European do's and don't's the hard way.

We walked across the Seine to the Left Bank and Latin Quarters. Past the various artists attempting to capture the beauty of the Seine, we strolled through the buildings composing the Sorbonne. Heading back to the hotel, we visited the "Ile de La Cite," an island in the middle of the Seine, to see the famous Notre Dame Cathedral. It was more than its reputation and we were particularly impressed with the windows.

Some aspects of the city were highly amusing to me, such as the shark who tried to buy my camera and my companion's suit. Then there were, pardon the expression, the tin outhouses spaced about two blocks apart. These were a source of great amusement to our party. Oh yes, we can't forget the funny looking little things in the bathrooms of our hotel. They looked like miniature bath tubs, and I'm going to leave the rest to your imagination.

NOW, IF the Body Temperance Society will forgive me, I'll mention the women of Paris. Nowhere in the world have I seen females who looked quite as feminine. They seemed unusually beautiful. One was, however, faced with the task of determining how much of their beauty was store-bought. They were women of beauty in an artistic sense, yet they were also women of the streets. We could see them from our hotel rooms as they paraded up and down the dark streets, stopping each passing man for a moment, then walking on into the night. On one occasion when we were walking through the streets with the girls in our group, they approached us boldly. "Hello," they said, and made some remarks in French. We didn't catch the French, but it was probably just as well.

After visiting the beautiful Versailles Palace and hearing stories of Marie Antoinette's running bare-footed down the halls, we went to the Eiffel Tower. The view from the top is very beautiful. The tower is taller than the Empire State Building and is not surrounded by anything that can obstruct the view.

Our last night in Paris was spent walking through the Moulin Rouge section and returning to an exhibition in the Louvre. It was a special program on Greek and Roman sculpture, highlighted by the famous "Winged Victory." This was the most beautiful work in the field of sculpture

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1. We saw Europe from behind cameras, and Europe saw us in much this manner. 2. Notice the size of one leg of the Eiffel Tower in comparison to the people and cars in the foreground. 3. This strange structure was not an unusual sight on the streets of Paris. This is a tin "out-house." 4. Many things that we had studied came back to our minds as we viewed the facade of Louvre. 5. In the beautiful city of Geneva is this flower clock that actually keeps time.

Student October Calender

Art

Oct. 3-23 "Executive View" Public Library Exhibit, including works by Roualt, Benton and Dufy; Monday through Friday, from 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. and from 7 p.m. until 9 p.m., Saturday from 2 p.m. until 5 p.m.

Oct. 1-12 Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art Opening Exhibition, "Color," 104 N. Trade Street, Monday through Saturday, 11 a.m until 5 p.m.

1957-58 "Pictures done by artists in the Southeastern region."

Athletics

Oct. 5 Wake Forest vs. Virginia (Homecoming) Bowman Gray Stadium, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 12 Wake Forest vs. Maryland at College Park, Md.

Oct. 19 Wake Forest vs. Duke at Durham.

Oct. 26 Wake Forest vs. North Carolina at Bowman Gray Stadium.

MEN'S INTRAMURALS

	Entries Open	*Entries Close*	*Play Starts*
Track Cross Country	Oct. 1	Oct. 8	Oct. 24
Archery (Mixed)	Oct. 1	Oct. 8	Oct. 14
Bait Casting	Oct. 1	Oct. 8	Oct. 10
Fly Casting	Oct. 1	Oct. 8	Oct. 10

WOMEN'S INTRAMURALS

	Entries Open	*Entries Close*	*Play Starts*
Field Hockey	Sept. 30	Oct. 2	Oct. 3
Tennis (Doubles)	Oct. 1	Oct. 7	Oct. 9
Archery (Mixed)	Oct. 1	Oct. 8	Oct. 14
Volleyball	Oct. 28	Oct. 31	Nov. 4

Lectures

Oct. 8 Alistair Cooke, English correspondent with the "Manchester Guardian" and also M.C. for "Omnibus." Salem College Artist series, will lecture on "The Foreign Correspondent's Job," Memorial Hall, 8:30 p.m. Wait Chapel, 8:30 p.m.

Music

Oct. 11 Wake Forest Artist Series presents the Pamplona Choir, a Spanish mixed chorus. Wait Chapel.

Oct. 15 Winston-Salem Symphony at Reynolds Auditorium, 8:15. The guest pianist is Dorothy Lewis of High Point. The orchestra is under the direction of John Iuele.

Oct. 21 Winston-Salem Civic Music Association presents Ballet Theatre with Nora Kaye John Kriza and Erik Bruhn, Reynolds Auditorium, 8:30 (season membership only). This is the first presentation of the current season. The proram includes a dynamic newcomer to Winston-Salem audiences, "Combat," with John ("Fancy Free") Kriza. Also, the ever-popular "Swan Lake," with Nora Kaye.

Theatre

Oct. 1-2 "Two Dozen Red Roses", a comedy by Aldo De Benetti with Ruth Hill-Hoof and Dick Henkel. Winston-Salem Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

Oct. 3 Film Friends of Winston-Salem's first film of the fall season is "Crime and Punishment" and a short, "Afternoon of a Faun", Little Theatre Playhouse, 8:00 p.m. (season membership only).

Oct. 21-26 Wake Forest College Arena Theatre presents "Blithe Spirit", the Noel Coward smash comedy hit. This play has been described as one of the most "hilariously funny comedies of the London and Broadway stages. The cast includes Dinah Gattis as Madame Arcati, Bob Sitton as Charles Condomine, Margaret Cathell as Elvira and Linda Willard as Ruth. Miss Cathell, the only newcomer to the group, studied dramatics in New York, appeared in several off-Broadway productions and hails from Lexington. The play is under the direction of Mr. James H. Walton of the English department at Wake Forest. The setting for the play is that of a contemporary British home. Tickets by reservation. Phone PA 5-9711, ext. 247. Curtain at 8 p.m.

Miscellaneous

Oct. 8-12 Dixie Classics Fair at Memorial Coliseum.

Forum: Hazing . . .

Hazing—a help or a hindrance? At the present time on the Wake Forest campus there is little if any general hazing of the newly invading freshmen. The time has passed when the newcomer was lead to expect only the most severe ribbing from people who should have been by all rights his most helpful support in those first trying days. Most colleges and universities, in former times unbridled by any administrative restrictions, practiced hazing which became more or less traditional with them. Many people have deplored the lack of hazing as having put a damper on school spirit.

Surely the freshman should be given every chance to become adjusted to the unfamiliar atmosphere of college. There is a deplorable number of drop-outs in the freshman year. Perhaps a return to a very limited sort of hazing would be helpful in helping the freshman make the needed adjustment.

Helping new students to find their place under the collegiate sun is a problem common to all educational institutions. The freshmen have for the most part never left their homes and immediate set of life-long associates. They are unprepared for life in dormitories with new people to meet, new rules to observe, new duties to perform. From the act of making their beds to involved emotional relationships the freshman is harrased on every side to make adjustments and to make them fast. They cannot run to mother and the administration has only a limited amount of time to give to their problems. Some seemingly minor problems are left to grow into major ones through the fault of no one at all.

Most colleges now provide an orientation period prior to the opening of the fall term. Wake Forest offers a week of such activity in which the freshman is given talks, tours, and tests. Perhaps most important of all he is given time and opportunity to meet other freshmen. By getting to know others in his same predicament, before the influx of the upperclassmen, he is able to find at least a shoulder to cry on.

But what about after the orientation period? What happens to the freshman when he is no longer only surrounded by other novices, when the upperclassmen, knowing what's what, come back to the campus? What attitudes and actions should the old have toward the new? As has been mentioned in former times most colleges practiced various forms of "hazing." Too often the hazing which was begun in a spirit of fun became a form of torture, both subtle and not so subtle. Fraternities and the like social organizations became notorious for the harsh physical and emotional punishment inflicted upon their pledges. Despite its evil reputation hazing, in its less extreme form, became to be recognized as a helpful aid in many colleges. The wearing of beanies by freshmen is an example of this type of "helpful" hazing.

The theory behind the mild form of hazing is that something should be done to set the freshman apart. And by setting him apart to help in his development as a responsible upperclassman. If the freshman can feel himself a part of a definite group, sharing with that group minor inflictions of a good-natured kind, the advocates say, he will not only be a part of the college but will be desirous of doing his best in spite of the stigma attached to him.

At the present time, Wake Forest has advanced to the point that no forms of hazing are practiced by the student body as a whole. Small groups of fraternity men do haze their pledges. The paddle still hangs in many rooms as a reminder of hits received for not performing some duty well as a pledge. The argument, if they care to make one or are ever called upon to make one, used by such frat men is that the hazing is done with full consent of their pledges.

Since fraternities are an integral part of college life at Wake Forest the wisdom of these fraternities can be questioned. Are these fraternities acting the spirit of benevolence towards their freshmen? Are they following the accepted pattern already set by the remainder of the college over long years? But the fraternities can rightly come back and say that it is the fraternity which provides the man of action, for the most part, on the campus; it is because of the hazing that their pledges become good members seeking gain for the fraternity and themselves.

Actually one could say that a form of hazing was still in existence at Wake Forest. This is the traditional teasing about their grass-colored status. Being a freshman is a phase of college life, and perhaps a "frosh" would feel slighted if occasional friendly remarks were not about his freshness. Teasing is of a decidedly short-lived duration and leaves little if any serious mark.

A more serious problem at Wake Forest is the fact that it is increasingly difficult to meet and know people as freshmen. The freshman as well as the upperclassman seems to be a victim of a type of segregation that leads easily to the freshman feeling unwanted and the alert upperclassman to feel cheated for not being able to make the type of acquaintance he would desire. Sometimes one would think there are two or three different worlds at Wake Forest, as perhaps there should be. The problem comes in when one considers that a person can easily be in the wrong world for his particular makeup. If there could be a way to alleviate the barrier between the freshman and the upperclassman, there would be a way to have people find their place.

Rules set upon the freshman by the administration are not distinctly a form of hazing but they do set the freshman apart, in some opinions more than is necessary. All are familiar with the closed study periods of freshmen girls (which in turn inflicts one of a sort on the boys). And last year Wake Forest introduced the institution of freshmen dorm for the boys. Arguments against this arrangement are numerous, for it is a more or less common idea that a (at least among upperclassmen) freshman can learn certain things about collegiate life only under the older student's tutelage. But isn't this separation a means by which the administration has seen fit to shelter the freshmen from teasing or perhaps from the knowledge of the certain thing held to be so valuable by the more worldly sophomore, junior, or senior?

Help or Hazard

Bill Shepherd
Wake Forest Demon Deacon

"Hazing if interpreted as an act or acts of physical violence to an individual is almost non-existent on this campus as such. However, a fragment of this type of hazing is present in a degenerate form – mainly the paddling of freshmen by a minority of our fraternities. Because of the relative mildness of this hazing and because submission to any pledge program is voluntary, any attempt to eliminate paddling would be unwise and unsuccessful.

Our most violent form of hazing at Wake Forest is the psychological punishment that we too often enjoy inflicting upon our freshmen friends. Planned shunning and sarcastic remarks or 'cuts', often plague the freshman. When this sort of thing happens day after day it becomes worse than physical punishment to the victim. A solution to this type of hazing can be achieved only at an individual level. Success will depend on how well we analyze our associations with our freshmen acquaintances, and how sincere we are in trying to eliminate this psychological hazing."

Dean of Wake Forest College
Dr. William C. Archie

"The day has long passed on the American college scene that hazing freshmen is an acceptable practice. Mild forms of hazing, such as requiring freshmen to wear beanies and refrain from participation in certain 'hallowed' events or practices, are still carried on on some campuses, and as far as I know, are not harmful. Actually, older students doubtlessly feel an obligation to assist in orientation of new students to the Wake Forest family. In general, a healthy attitude of the old toward the new is precisely the contrary in spirit to the ancient practice of hazaing at Wake Forest and many other institutions."

David Hughes
Orientation Chairman, President ODK

"The purpose of anything done to or for new students in a college must be to help the new students to become a normally-adjusted part of the student body. With this purpose in mind, hazing in its worst aspects is obviously undesirable. But, let's don't make the mistake of saying that all forms of what is generally thought of as hazing is bad. Certain things which we think of as hazing can serve this purpose; for example, rat caps for identification. Things along this line can help to force the new student to learn his place in the college community and help him learn the discipline which he will have to learn if he is to be a well-adjusted student. Sometimes I think that here at Wake Forest we expect freshmen to automatically become well-adjusted students with all the non-academic privileges of an upperclassman without requiring him to earn them. To this end, the non-harmful portions of what we normally think of as hazing could serve a useful purpose."

Miss Lois Johnson
Dean of Women

"Hazing freshmen was and is a mistake, and I'm very pleased that it has almost disappeared from our campus. I hope that the vestiges of hazing that are still left will soon disappear, because the pleasure that hazing affords sophomores is more than offset by the pain it gives freshmen. Hazing is a manifestation of the mob spirit which is deplorable anywhere. It seems to me that any 'freshness' in a student can be eliminated by a more mature and civilized method than hazing."

It is hard for most people to believe that a little teasing ever hurt anyone. And there are certain things the freshmen should be required to do, not so much to set him apart as to aid him in developing a mature attitude. Required attendance at Concert-Lecture Series and other cultural events, would, perhaps, prove invaluable to the freshman if a bit annoying at first.

It seems as if freshmen automatically become an accepted part of the student body without real effort on their part. Many people have voiced this as one of Wake Forest's chief charms. The individual is accepted only on his own merits. He is not inferior because he is a freshman nor is he superior because he is a senior. Except for the fact that a lot of freshmen seem to scurry about a great deal and worry about getting to class on time or just getting there, there is no sure way for distinguishing between a freshman and upperclassmen. Occasionally upperclassmen are heard to say that they have been rankly insulted because they were asked if they were freshmen or, on the other hand, freshment become elated because they are mistaken for upperclassmen. Actually the only type of hazing that remains at Wake Forest is the traditional teasing about their grass-colored status.

Many freshmen have said that they feel a definite respect for upperclassmen and that they are lost enough without having to endure the strain of hazing. It is the general consensus that the freshmen at Wake Forest know what is best for them.

Last year the Wake Forest Legislature discussed the possibility of requiring freshmen to wear beanies or to refrain from certain traditional activities. No action was taken by the group, and it is somewhat doubtful that the topic will be discussed at any length or with any decision pro or con this year.

But whether or not Wake Forest ever adopts a new hazing system, in the largest sense of the word, anything done by upperclassmen to aid freshmen in their adjustment to college life should lead ultimately to their development into mature individuals who are well-adapted to the collegiate society.

Ann Julian

He opened his class . . .

"Grubb, Please, With

"THIS FELLA', what's his name . . . Grubb? What's he like, Fred?"

Fred paused for a moment before lighting a cigarette, opened his mouth to say something and closed it once again. The three of us, Fred, Jack and I, leaned backs against the wall on the second floor of the Alumni Building that dark forboding day in January of 1953 awaiting the dreary sound of the second bell.

"Well?", said Jack, a little more impatient this time. "What's the scoop on this course? You know how English Lit. and I get along. I really can't afford to goof on this one."

Fred struck the match he had been holding in his hand and lit the cigarette with two short puffs.

"Look, Jack," he said. "I don't know anymore about him than you do, except that I hear he's a regular bull about assignments and classwork and stuff. Some of the guys over at the house told me that he's suppose to be one of the world's foremost authorities on Charles Dickens. Almost everytime I've ever seen him he's been fooling around over at the library doing some sort of research. He does a lot of writing for literary magazines like, for instance, *The Dickensian.* My roomie last year read a lot of his things he'd written. You got to hand it to him. He's nobody's fool by a long shot, no sirree. When he gets ready to write something, he knows just what to do and where to go to find it. He isn't all bookworm, though. Likes sports a lot, especially baseball. I know this is hard to believe, him being a college professor and all, but did you know he used to do some boxing while he was in the Navy?"

Jack cocked his head to one side and gave Fred a doubtful look. "Aw, come off that stuff now. You mean an English professor at Wake Forest College is an ex-boxer? Are you kidding me?"

Fred shrugged his shoulders, dropped his cigarette in the butt can and said, "Why don't you just go and ask him if you don't believe me? And I'll tell you something else if you think that's so hard to believe. He was a preacher, too. One of those child prodigies. My uncle, who lives over near where he grew up was telling me about how he used to get up and give sermons when he was only fourteen years old. And that's the gospel truth, Jack. I swear I don't believe I ever saw a man who's done as many things as him."

By this time I was so completely absorbed in what was being said that I scarcely heard the harsh clanging of the second bell at Wait Hall. The impressions I had gathered these past few minutes were incomplete, to be sure, but nonetheless, I had begun to correlate the fragments in rapid order so that by the time I reached the doorway I had already arrived at some general conclusions as to what sort of person Dr. Grubb really was.

First of all, I could tell by the tone of Fred's voice when he related some of the good doctor's accomplishments to Jack and me that he commanded the respect of his students for his versatility in outside activities—common causes and the like.

Secondly, I got the impression that here was a man who devoted every spare minute to achieve certain goals which make little men great. Strength of character and religious devotion were there.

All sorts of things raced through my mind, and one particular thought still puzzled me. I thought "What kind of teacher will he be?" Now I suppose this is foremost in the minds of most students. I, for one, was a little bit worried about it. Sure, plenty of people have accumulated some degree of knowledge in their lifetimes, but a good many of those same people aren't able to share it with others simply because they can't communicate with others. I wondered if Dr. Grubb would be like that. It didn't seem to fit into the picture at all, but still I couldn't shrug it off.

Fred and Jack had already taken seats near the rear of the room when I entered the doorway. I crossed the center aisle and sat down at the one remaining desk on the second row. A hum of conversation filled the room, and I began to anticipate the arrival of this man with some degree of anxiety and nervousness. Having just been discharged recently from a four year hitch in the U. S. Navy, I felt a little bit queasy about entering a college classroom after such a lapse in my academic career. Fred had told me that Dr. Grubb was "gung-ho" about giving veterans (especially Navy) special consideration, having done a four year hitch himself. This, I felt might be just compensation for all the time I'd lost. Later on I was to learn that he was especially fond of the sea and frequently spent summer vacations with his family on the South Carolina seashore.

I glanced over my shoulder at the fellow sitting next to me. He'd been chuckling to himself for sometime. Finally he finished reading "Peanuts" in the comic section and folded his newspaper carefully before sliding

"Yes—doesn't
Charley D. make our little men smaller
than ever—and such 'pencil sharpners'—"

Katherine Mansfield

No 'S' "

it beneath his seat. He shifted his position slightly toward me and said "My name's Harold. This your first time in Grubby's class?"

I replied in the affirmative with a note of eagerness in my voice in hopes that he might add further enlightenment.

"Well, I'll tell you what," he said. "There isn't a person in this school who'll do more for a guy if he just shows him he's a little bit interested in his work. Brother, that freshman English gave me a real fit, and if it hadn't been for Dr. Grubb's helping me out when the going was rough, I'd probably still be sweatin' out that course."

TRIED TO EXPRESS a convincing amount of solemnity, in keeping with the gravity of the situation, and replied something to the effect that I felt sure that I too would be needing plenty of outside help before the end of the semester.

I glanced down at my watch. Dr. Grubb was four minutes late already. Harold started to say something else, but was interrupted by the appearance of a distinguished middle-aged man at the door.

"That's him," Harold said in a low tone. The noise which had centered mainly on the two back rows subsided, and by the time Dr. Grubb had seated himself faded altogether.

All the time he hadn't so much as glanced at us. I took the opportunity to look him over carefully. His gray hair had receded considerably, but retained some of its original waviness. He was a rather heavyset man and wore conservative clothes. His face was creased with lines and beneath two shaggy brows was a pair of the friendliest eyes I have ever seen. Yet, there was more in those eyes—much more than I would dare attempt to describe. As he looked up over a pile of papers on his desk, I was a little surprised to catch the mischievous grin he was directing toward the back of the room.

"Well, Frank," he said animatedly, "I don't know if it's me or the class you keep coming back to every year. In either case it's very complimentary, you know."

The class roared and Frank laughted loudest of all. After the noise died down, Dr. Grubb walked over to the blackboard, and when he turned his head back in our direction there was an almost undescribable look of seriousness about his expression as he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote the following on the board.

"You will bring texts to the next class meeting, please, and you will please note that my name is Dr. Gerald G. Grubb, with no 's."

We remembered.

By Bill Heins

Europe Plus Twelve

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many of us had seen. It was not even excelled by the famous "Venus de Milo" which was also on display.

Finally, we returned to our hotel to rest up for the trip ahead. The room had a little balcony from which one could see a great deal of Paris. One could look down into the dark side street where people enjoy so little beauty, then he could look out across the Parisian rooftops at the moon. The same moon that shines across the rooftops of towns in North Carolina, the same moon that paves a street of silver on the Atlantic, and the same moon that makes Paris a beautiful and romantic city—a city of dreams.

We left Paris the next morning and headed for Geneva by way of one of those extra fast European trains. We often rode close to one hundred miles an hour. The southern French countryside was beautiful, especially in the grape growing regions. Here again, we could occasionally see craters beside the tracks, but these scars were soon forgotten as we approached the border. After going through the usual border-crossing ritual, we rounded a mountain and pulled into Geneva.

Geneva, the city of peace, was like a diamond glistening on the hand of the mountains. In the center of the large lake around which the city was built was a three hundred and thirty foot fountain, a huge stream of water shot skyward by big pumps under the lake. There was a break-water type ridge leading out to the fountain on which we later walked. This proved to be a slight mistake, however, because the wind changed and blew the water back on us—it was quite a shower.

In the first day, we climbed Mt. Saleve which towered above the lake. We had to take our passports because the mountain was on the French side of the border. We were treated by our pastor-guide, Rev. Honegger, to a real Swiss cheese and bread meal while resting on the top.

ON SUNDAY MORNING, we attended a service in German. There were several languages and dialect used in the twenty-two canons of Switzerland. Geneva is naturally inclined to be the French speaking section. We learned that Sunday school was held in French, as most of the children spoke French, and it was their parents who spoke German. The wonderful harmony and inspired voices of the congregational choir thrilled us. It even brought a tear to some eyes.

In the afternoon we walked around the lake to the famous League of Nations buildings. They were beautifully situated overlooking the lake in which distant snow-capped mountains were reflected. The art work inside the buildings which now house the United Nations European Headquarters was magnificent. In the council chamber the ceiling was covered by a pictorial story of the unity between four continents as represented by clasped hands. In the center of the grounds was a huge gold ball turning slowly over a pond in a setting of flowers. It represented the stars and the earth.

In the evening, we walked back to the church and joined the Swiss youth in a program of fellowship. Both groups had representatives tell something of their respective way of life. One boy from Germany attempted to apologize for his country's actions during the last war. We also talked to some young girls who were saving their money in hopes of one day coming to America.

Our last night in Geneva was topped by a Swiss cheese supper. Some students took us down into a small basement restaurant where the lighting was very dim. It had that smoky hide-a-way atmosphere which increased as the night wore on. The cheese was put in big slabs upon a hot surface beside the table, then raked off onto boiled potatoes as it melted. This, in the form of several servings, with some bread and tea, was the composite of the meal.

We had learned to like the Swiss cheese

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These little friends were found in Bregens, Austria. They posed for us in their native costume.

Fiction . . .

Thanatos

By Jerry Pierce

FOR ME TODAY holds only Death. Death – that dark, shunned, and feared word that too many are afraid to face. I, like all the others, feared it once; but, in the last few days Death has come so near to me that he has become my closest friend. I will tell you now that I have promised to go away with him before the day is over; I think we will go soon – today is a beautiful day for Death. The rain has not ceased for forty-eight hours; the house is empty except for Death and me; he will not come into my room this morning but I hear him in the study and in the hall; I have called him, but still he waits.

The house is damp and dark and musty, and lingers with memories of days gone by. As my eyes encircle the room and fall on trinkets scattered here and there, I think of the one who once was warm but now lies in the rain, cold and lifeless. I know that our separation, hers and mine, will not be long, because the stalker Death has promised to stalk no longer.

Now he is the only friend I have; I am sure he does not mind my talking to you about him. When I first met Death I was frightened; I hated him. I knew, though, that somehow I would soon be close to him, that he would stay with me.

* * *

It was over a week ago, just when the fall rains had started, when I walked, whistling, down the rain-soaked avenue. The bright neon lights of the city painted a glorious frieze on the macadam canvas. The rain was still coming down in sheets, but all around me was music, life, gaiety, and people in love with each other. I too had a lover; I was happy for the first time in days. I had received a check for a painting over which I had labored many long hours. Having money in my pocket and someone waiting for my return, I stopped by the market on the way home to buy a loaf of hard bread and a bottle of wine. I carried them under my arm as I made my way down the avenue and turned abruptly into the alleyway that leads to our damp basement apartment in one of the older brownstones of the city. From our several months of residence in that place, I learned not to expect a cheery scene there; I knew, though, that there would be one bright spot and that would be the face of my loved one. As I passed through the hall, I sensed something strange; the house was very, very quiet – almost mystically quiet–frighteningly so. I rushed to the bedroom, threw open the door, and without going one step further I saw him! Death was standing over the bed of my love.

All was quiet, a blue-gray mist hung over the room like a scrim designed for the final performance of Macbeth. I saw Death face to face but I did not speak to him, nor did he speak to me. I walked to the bedside of my love and whispered softly in her ear. There was no answer. Again I whispered, but received no recognition except a tender look of love from her eyes, never to open again. In this fleeting moment as I stood over my love with Death's hot breath breathing on us both, I thought of days of yesteryear, days when life was cheaper; we took no thought for Death. Those same eyes that now stared up at me with tenderness and yearning had once looked at me with mirth, with gaiety, and with a light hearted but strong lust for life. Her face was pale now, thin and hungry – yes, hungry, that was it.

Six days have passed since we had had bread in the house. She was too weak to work, and too frail, a very flower of the desert; I, well – I tried very hard. All night I worked and all day I made the rounds seeing this one and that one but nobody was interested in me until now, and now it is too late. In a frantic effort to revive my love and to drive away the hated Death, I uncorked the wine and pressed it close to her lips. It was to no avail; neither bread nor wine could penetrate the closed lips. With a tear and a

sigh I realized that all was closed forever except her heart of love and her soul of purest white. Death had plotted with his brother Hunger to take the life of my only love, my only hope, the only human body whose warmth could penetrate my very soul, the only human whose smile could melt the pangs of hunger.

From the moment that Death seized my love and snatched her from me, I know that all the angels in heaven nor all the demons in hell could never create for man in woman kind such an inspiration, such fervent love, or one to demand such undying devotion as I gave to her. And in the presence of Death and my love and under the scrim of tragedy I knelt and I prayed to the only One who had united my love and me, to the only One who had sanctioned our love. I prayed for her life, that it might be spared, that she might not be taken from me. Realizing my selfishness, I changed to a prayer for strength, for guidance to face the unquestioning stalker, Death. I knew that the soul of my love would be transported to Paradise, so I prayed to the Almighty that I might follow and there our love would be as pure and unselfish and sacrificing as it has been on this planet. He heard my prayer.

I remained there on my knees for several minutes. My tears mixed with little beads of sweat ran down and fell to the floor where they formed little wet circles which dried and left stains as a perpetual memorial to the day that Death came to our house.

THEN I AROSE, Death had closed the eyes of my love, my other self. She lay there on the snow white sheets. All at once I felt a strange sensation, a feeling I had never experienced before. At that moment I knew how deep my love was for her; I knew that I would never have a life without her; and then I knew that I must become friends with Death. I looked again at her limp body now growing colder with each fleeting second; I put my face to hers and my lips met hers for the last time. I felt the warmth which she had so often imparted to me to still my restless soul. No matter how soon Death cooled her brow I knew that her warmth would never end; I knew that as long as men lived the spirit of her warmth, the warmth of a lover would still their restless souls.

Once more I looked around me. The blue-gray mist still hung there; Death still hovered near, but all was quiet. Death did not speak to me even then. He was patient; he could wait. Now I feared nothing, life nor Death, now the powers of hell. Tenderly I turned back the white sheet that enshrouded the one who in the just past days of life had been my guiding star. Placing my body, hot with sadness and love, beside her body, growing colder each minute with Death's infallible decision, I lay by the side of my love until it was dark. The darkness aided me in doing what I knew was my task.

IT WAS DARK and cold and wet. The rain of the past two days made the earth soft – it was easy to dig. In the back of our building is a little garden where pansies often bloom in the spring and where late summer brings daisies, asters, and mums. None of the tenants would be visiting or even passing by the spot until spring came again and the snows melted and little green shoots began to stick their heads out of the soft brown earth. The garden was to be the place.

Now that the cloud of darkness had enveloped the house and grounds, I got up from the side of my love and carefully covered her with the sheet. I walked, aching with each step, to the closet to get my raincoat. As I slid my arms into the torn sleeves, another tear fell and dropped off my cheek. Quietly I walked through the study and into the hall and out into the wet, dark night. A rumble of thunder frightened me. I found the landlord's shovel in the toolshed where it had been left unused for a year. For two hours I stood in the downpour, soaked to my skin, and dug and dug. When I thought it was deep enough I stood back, aghast. I knew that I had made a cold bed for the warmest love God ever made; I also knew, though, that it had to be done.

I walked the twenty paces back to the house and went in. There was no rain, but the stench of Death filled every room. In the bedroom once again I gathered in my arms the only thing in the world that had ever been mine, the only love in the world that could have guided my heart to the right.

I wrapped her in the same sheets that had adorned her in the last breathing moments. My very heart hurt at having to do such a deed as this without ceremony, without flowers, or any of the things that always accompany the last rites. In frantic desperation I searched the house and found a double pink camellia in a glass of water; it was the only remnant of beauty left. I tucked it lovingly in the breast of my darling. In the just passed days of life we had kissed the flower so that each might touch the place where the other's lips had been; I wanted the flower to go with my love as a symbol of our union, til Death would take me to her as He promised.

The minutes and hours were flying by. I had to hurry for it would soon be dawn, and I dared not let a soul know what deed I was doing. Quickly I tucked the wine and bread under my arm again – God forbid that I should ever put to my lips that for the lack of which my love had met Death. I took her limp body into my arms, as Death stood by and watched. Out of the room, through the hall and to the door I carried her. As we went out into the night, I held my body over hers to protect the pale beauty from the wet rain. After only a moment's hesitation I lowered her body into that place from which it would never stir. The wine and bread I carefully laid beside her, again, on my knees; I sent up a prayer for our souls.

I prayed for God to forgive every black mark that we had made in life while we were together; I asked Him to cleanse our hearts and souls and to make us acceptable in His sight. Of all the wrong in our lives we knew, but we only had eyes and ears for each other. I suppose we worshipped too much the goddess of love and forgot too much the God of light and life. But there in the dark and in the rain, on my knees with a shovel as a staff I made a final plea that our souls be acceptable.

Quickly I pulled myself to full stature and set about my task. God, it was hard for me to shovel the wet sod over her beautiful body and hear the hollow sound as it fell against her. The job was soon done, though. The wet leaves from last season had fallen profusely over the garden; I scattered them over the place. For an hour or more I stood there, thinking of days of laughter we had spent together, days of sorrow in which we had cheered each other, days of hardship in which we had toiled side by side. Most of all, though, I thought of the fact that no one knew nor would ever know of the love we shared, no one except Death, God, the soul of my love and me.

It was almost daylight now, but the rain made it dark. I walked back into the abysmal basement which is now occupied by Death and me. During past weeks we have become the very best of friends; I no longer fear him; he has stayed with me in all my sadness, and I have planned to go away with him today.

Poetry

By A M U

DOG'S DAY

It is early morning now
Dark and quiet and unmoving
A brisk cool wind whispers in the trees
Outside my yawning window
And then all is still again as
It wanders away to another hill
An unconcerned clock clicks
Heavily at my side
I am wide awake dull and sober
A dying empty hulk of past and future
I have avoided my work
And have failed the test
And now I sit at my desk
Staring at a blank wall
And not quite knowing just
What to think
Or say
At all.

ONE AND ALL

In love with all the girls in a world
Of dreams, unbeing, but seen, swirling
To uncurl his skull like a wilting flower
In the sun's searing light;
He, through his flesh, tears the fruit
To fight his beast, yet all that he is
Can be enmeshed into all of one;
And his sole chance being himself,
He is what he must be doing
In a tomb of no deposit no return.

LAWS

The dusty majestic blue ghost is given
To follow the blaring host
  like a proud servant his reckless master
Into the hills waning to the
Florescent senescent straggler
  and all this while
Bits of sand shift and freeze
And along the way sleeps
The glazed-eye animal covered
With crawling hungry young
Pompous little ants.

Europe Plus Twelve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

very much, and took some of it with us on the train to Lucerne—our next stop. Lucerne, also situated around a large lake, was almost as beautiful as Geneva. We had a wonderful trip here by boat down the lake and around the bend to the foot of Mt. Pilatus. On a hill beside the lake was the house where the famous composer, Richard Wagner, wrote his *Lohengrin*. We later heard this played in Venice by the civic music orchestra.

We rode up Pitatus by means of an electric train which pulled a forty-five degree grade on one side. The short stay at the top and the cable car ride down the other side impressed all of us very much.

Nebulous aspirations—floating in atmospheric currents
Oscillating in radiant blue—
Towering gray rocks—jagged rocks—breaking the silent movement
Updrafts from steep slopes whirl the helpless clouds—up—up—up—
Thousands of feet above the green gardens nestled peacefully in the valley below
And the pines – silent congregation – standing in orderly pride
Lifting boughs of praise to the God of height—
And all the world is one vast prayer.

Our last stop in Switzerland was in the city of Zurich, the largest city of that country. We took a train trip at night in the rain to see the lights of the sprawling city. The next day we visited the church of Emil Brunner, the famous theologian, and then prepared to leave the city.

It was passport time again as we rolled across the Austrian border. We will christen Austria the land of Emil Paul John in honor of the wonderful man who met us in Bregenz. We had heard stories of this character that made us wonder if he were real. One, for example, called him the finest Christian he had ever met. Our expectations were very high. We could hardly believe it when someone said, "There's Emil." He pointed in the direction of a big-nosed, bony-kneed fellow in short pants. This was Emil? We got off the train, and he shook hands with each of us, calling us by our names. He had learned them from our pictures.

1. Amid the scars of war and turmoil, we found this tranquil spot, guarded and overshadowed by the mountain. This was taken in Lucerne. 2. In Vienna, Austria, we worked and lived with the Hungarian refugees. This is a picture of our headquarters while we were there. 3. This refugee camp is similar to the many hovals in which the Hungarian refugees made their homes after fleeing from Hungary.

He was formerly a journalist with a newspaper in Rhode Island, and had won the Pulitzer Prize for an article on the Dead Sea Scrolls. He could play basketball, type ninety words a minute, speak like an orator in both English and German, write with a clever, refreshing style. (he finished first in his graduate class in journalism class at Columbia), and he could love people with a mountain-sized heart. He loved to tease and would often drive the first of our two Volkswagons in a circle trying to confuse the other. He became one of the boys immediately, and would enjoy occasional horse play with us. His Yankee accent was amusing to us Southern people and we teased him constantly.

It is said that during the war when he was stationed in Vienna, Austria, he spent his money and leave time hiring a bus. He would then find war urchins in the streets and take them out for a good time. Even today he continues to bring in children from the streets who need help, and he sees that they get it. We met some of the children, who were definitely in great need.

Emil always found time to write to people in places in circumstances in which a card or letter would be of comfort. Every night he would sit at the dining room table and write to people he knew all over the world.

He had what we would call a contagiousness about his life that was bound up in his wounderful philosophy and love of God. He felt one of the great needs of our world today, and that is "to live." A Christian, he says, should be a barrel of joy, not a cup of salted tears. Enjoy life, and do everything you can to help others enjoy it in the process. It was a thrill to watch the sparkle in peoples' eyes as he spoke to them in the various church meetings we attended throughout Austria. Old and young alike flocked to him as if they were drawn by a magnet.

Emil directed our activities in Austria, and also served as our guide and interpreter. Here, the boys in our group slept in the barracks for Hungarian refugees in the basement of the local church. This was a wonderful experience for us and the first of many such contacts. We were deeply affected by the refugees sleeping in the small crowded room on cots obtained from the German Army.

Sleep my refugees from oppression
Sleep in beds from other despotic times
Let the peace of sleep quell your dreams of terror
Let the quietness of night sooth the sounds singing in your ears.
And in the morning when you wake
Look above you at the swastikas burned into the wood of your bed
And remember that millions of efforts could only burn it into wood
Look above you and understand the past which cast your place now.
Then when you have slept and feel new life—new hope—
Turn your eyes to the silent walls about you
Rest your heart in their strength
They are symbolic of your hope—and mine.

Although our stay in Brengenz was short, it was very valuable to a group of Americans who knew all too little about hardship.

PART OF OUR TRAVELING was at night in the valley below the towering Alps on either side. It is difficult to put into words the beauty of a snow-capped peak standing against a starry summer sky. One feels a sense of reverence before the silence and can only whisper in awe.

Continuing eastward across Austria, we came to our next stopping point in the city of Graz. Here we stayed in homes as guests of the church people and had a wonderful opportunity to know them. My hostess was a young working girl and her family. Their living conditions were fairly good, but we must bear in mind that the Austrians do not enjoy many of the luxuries we take for granted in the U. S.

We took a very interesting trip on the last day to visit a nearby castle and the Hungarian border. The castle was perched (like most of them) on a hill overlooking the farms. The rooms were full of weapons including a torture coffin equipped with steel spikes, which was incidentally, constructed for women.

Our greatest interest of the day lay in the trip to the Hungarian border. We were anxious to get our first look at the Iron Curtain. When we arrived at the border, we turned down a dirt road which ran parallel to the barbed wire fence fifty feet away. In the field beyond the double-barbed wire stood two guards. One was a Hungarian and the other a Russian. We had been advised not to stop, and drove slowly along the road trying to take pictures. When we came even with the guards, they laid down in the field beside some peasants who were working near them. Evidently they wanted to be ready to shoot us, or they didn't want us to shoot them (with our cameras). In the distance behind them was a two-story guard house which overlooked the entire area. We managed to get pictures of both the guards and the guard house.

Not wishing to risk our necks in an international incident, we drove back to Graz and continued on to Vienna the following day. Vienna, the capital city, was formed in two great circles called the inner and outer girdles.

In the evening we attended a performance of the operetta, "The Gypsy Baron," by Strauss. It was a very colorful performance in the Volksopera, or the "opera of the people." Our other activities were taken up with visiting the Royal crypts and meeting other groups from the United States who were meeting with us in Vienna. We also visited the church of a Rev. Bartack, who housed for two months the well-known Joe Kennedy of Thomasville, N. C., who had been involved in the Hungarian situation.

It is to the Hungarian situation that we now turn our attention for several reasons. First, our work project for the summer was digging a basement for Hungarian girls. Second, we were to live in the same barracks with the refugees and become a part of their daily life. Finally, the major European problem to which we were exposed was that of the refugees.

When we arrived at the church which had partly been converted into a refugee home, we were led through a long underpass from the street. In fact, it was this long passageway which made our work necessary. The dormitory was to be built in an opening approximately three hundred feet from the street. The dirt from the hole had to be carried by small wheelbarrows to the street and then loaded onto trucks.

AS WE WERE SHOWN the way to the rear area, we saw for the first time our living quarters for the next week. They were situated in the floor of the main church auditorium which had been cleared for the beds. The seats were piled on, and next to the stage under a big cross in the center. The room was divided into two sections by a small partition through the center to give men and women at least partly separate quarters. We could, however, hear one woman on the other side who could out snore any of the men. Each section had a door which opened into the alleyway.

Inside, the quarters were crowded with double beds and various articles of clothing hung out to dry. The rooms were dark, stuffy, and only half-way clean. They had no linens, sleeping only on wool blankets.

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The Loving Train

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

here you are talking to old Madam Rita as you go back to your big college.

LINDA: I have so much to read. I must at least get started on it.

WOMAN: Sure, honey, you go right ahead. I'm just going to sort of doze and look at that moon. I don't think I ever seen a moon as big as that this time of year.

LINDA: It is rather large. Usually I always think of February moons as being small and silver.

WOMAN: Some would say it was a sign of the Second Coming. I don't think it's much more than a weather sign. This is been a cold winter. I ain't never seen things looking so bare as they do under that moon.

KYLE: (suddenly starts and then talks as if he had been listening) I remember a story my Aunt Ida used to tell me. Her daughter, who died when she was very young, was out walking in such a moonlight, and she suddenly stepped in a puddle. She knew it hadn't been raining, and when she looked down it was a puddle of blood.

LINDA: Oh, how horrible. But it couldn't be true.

WOMAN: Couldn't it? I have known much stranger than that to happen.

KYLE: Of course it happened. Things like that always have to have happened at one time. Please don't give me any credit for having an imagination.

WOMAN: I think, honey, we all need a drink. (to Linda) You're just nervous tonight; this gin of mine will put you right to sleep. (to Kyle) And a little snort will wake you right up or put you back to sleep. It all depends on what you want.

KYLE: (laughing) Then bad gin has turned into panacea for all my ills.

WOMAN: I don't know what you mean, but this ain't bad gin at all. (she gets it out of a paper bag)

LINDA: I really don't think I want any. It makes me sick sometimes.

WOMAN: It makes everybody sick. You ain't a bit different from anybody else when it comes to that.

KYLE: She's right. It soothes, but it sickens. Take it from good old Kyle, who knows every in and out of hangovers.

LINDA: Kyle?

KYLE: Yes, it's an unusual name; its mine, however, and was, at sometime, a bastard uncle's of mine. And is yours Cassandra or is it Leda?

LINDA: (laughing a little) No, it is only Linda.

KYLE: It is a fine enough name I imagine. When I pronounce it, however, it feels like a thud on my brain. Not a very heavy thud, but a one-beer thud.

WOMAN: (drinks from gin bottle) Now you children take a drink and put it back in the bag. Poor old man here doesn't get a drink at all. (she leans on his shoulder and closes her eyes)

KYLE: (handing the bottle to Linda) Some old adage about "Ladies first."

LINDA: (she drinks and finds it very much to her dislike.) It's horrible.

KYLE: You have a most limited vocabulary. It exists of: horrible. (he drinks a long drink) It is not too good, but it will serve a purpose.

LINDA: (picks up her book) Gin always makes me deathly ill.

KYLE: You are not going to read are you? How can you read if you are ill? (he comes and sits down beside her)

LINDA: No, I don't guess I will be able to read. I think I could sleep a little now.

KYLE: Don't sleep. Talk to me. (he strokes her hair – this frightens and pleases her at the same time)

LINDA: I can't talk now.

KYLE: Why? Is it because you are afraid of me or the old woman or both?

LINDA: I don't know. Even before I had left the house tonight I felt the world going sterile and the moon becoming medicinal. And when I walked in out of the cold of the outside, I found only an operating room.

KYLE: You are "like the patient etherized upon the table."

LINDA: I don't know what you mean.

KYLE: (reaches down and kisses her) Yes you do. You are here to be dissected.

LINDA: (frightened) Stop! Let me go.

KYLE: (holding fast to her) No, I have a better idea. We shall both go to sleep. Then the Wizard Man won't get either of us. That's what my mama used to say, "Go to sleep now and the Wizard Man won't get you." (his head jerks over to the old man who takes no notice of them.)

LINDA: (still frightened, but gives in and so lies back in the seat, eyes half closed) Then the Wizard Man won't get us.

KYLE: Then you know him, too. In the dusk, under the greenest maples, in the back room of the house I was lying in bed. No one had been home all day and I was forced to do everything for myself. Strangely, I had not minded it, and even before eight o'clock I had bathed myself and was in bed. Somewhere, across the backyard, people were playing their radio. I did not feel sleepy. I lay there thinking of nothing and then I felt him moving across the yard, coming towards the window. He would hide first behind the apple tree, then behind the pear dow I spoke to him, he only turned away tree. When he reached the screen winto come across the back porch into the room. The Wizard Man came to the bed and kissed me.

INDA: This is not true. What you told me was not true.

KYLE: Then why are you so worried?

LINDA: (trying not to look at him) Go away. Go away.

KYLE: You are not the first to say that. My teething words were: "go away." Poor Aunt Ida was the only one who really cared. And she was wrong about me. She did not realize I was bad and meant to be bad to her. Her daughter, Louise – she used to talk about her all the time. How she used to sit on the manhole and embroider handkerchiefs from the five, and ten cent stores. How she could remember Bible verses. I had never known Louise, yet I hated her. Despite all of Aunt Ida's kindness one day I took a pair of scissors and cut up all pictures of Louise. Then, even Aunt Ida told me to go away.

LINDA: How can you tell me things like this? – things I don't want to know.

KYLE: Because you do want to know it. I have this terrible feeling that everybody must know about everybody else.

LINDA: (suddenly) It's cold.

KYLE: (puts his arm around her) Yes.

LINDA: I don't know how I would explain this back at school. They would scarcely believe I ever allowed a boy to put his arm around me.

KYLE: You mean you have never had a boy's arm around you?

LINDA: Yes, I have had a boy's arm around me. Never so soon I mean. I have a boyfriend from Virginia; he puts his arm around me.

KYLE: But I shall leave mine there anyway.

LINDA: I wish I could say: please don't.

KYLE: Absolute honesty. You almost possess it. Of course, far below everything you say there is more. But this is nothing new. I am merely saying it. (reaches down and kisses her on the cheek) There is a certain cruelty in me. I am constantly acting in order to make people reveal themselves to me. I invent fabulous

stories to make them listen to me and try to decide who and what I am. In New York this is easy to do. Everyone will consider me witty and intelligent if a bit neurotic. Of course, finally, someone with the least bit of intelligence will call me and say, "Kyle, dearest, you are amusing and there is much to admire in you. But you use people to your advantage too much. From the simplest loan to an involved emotional love problem, you are always juggling those you have made love you. So get out of my life, get out of my goddamn life." Then the someone with intelligence will cry, for I have made them all love me while they should be hating me. And it is this type of paradox I love.

LINDA: Again I can't believe you.

KYLE: I am not asking you to believe me. That is all part of my plan. Another part of my plan is to be thought of as so clever. I am remarkably ill educated and yet the sophisticates think of me as their baby darling. I go to parties, and I say remarkable things about the same tired writers. Or I make amazing sociological deductions, like this is the homosexual age. Or I even talk about politics in arty circles.

LINDA: You talk about your plans as if you were going to make war on some nation.

KYLE: I am. I mean I am trying to get up ammunition so I can be honest. Oh, damn it, listen to me. I am talking in my old way to you who does not even care.

LINDA: I must get up. I feel as if I am going to be sick.

KYLE: Go back to the ladies' room and close the door and lock it and breathe, "At last I am free."

LINDA: That is not what I am going to do. I want to go out on the platform between the cars and stand.

KYLE: You want to go into another car. Secretly you can't understand why this one is so empty. It must be a plot you are thinking.

LINDA: No, no you're wrong. I never thought that. (she gets up to go and then notices the mute who stares at her – she is frightened and falls over the seat)

KYLE: (laughing) The Wizard Man. The Wizard Man.

LINDA: Shut up. Please shut up.

KYLE: (goes to her and holds her in his arms) I'll shut up. But tell me where are you going in this vacuum, my girlie, my bonnie, bonnie lass. Surely you know it is too cold for February and I do believe you have lost your mittens.

LINDA: Let me alone. I remember now; at the beach I stayed in bed all day long, and then I got up to watch the sun go down. When I got out on the beach, he was sitting watching the ocean. He turned and tried to speak to me, but I ran towards the brightest lights I could find.

KYLE: He hates bright lights.

LINDA: He did not run after me, and I never saw him before until . . .

KYLE: Until tonight.

LINDA: You mean that old man. That dirty old man who sits and stares. No, he was much taller and very erect.

WOMAN: (suddenly wakes up) He wasn't always so. Once he was so handsome. He moved with so much grace. He moved like confetti drifting down from a ferris wheel. From high, high up he came and was never the same because of the fall.

LINDA: (drop back down in seat) This is all so funny. Like a dream. One moment you are telling me of plans to get ahead in society and the next moment I am telling you some ridiculous lie.

KYLE: Plans to get ahead in society. Are you so completely ignorant of this world? You know yourself you belong here. Why did you have to run? Damn you, I hate you for running.

LINDA: Stop this nonsense. I am in control of myself now. All of you shut up.

WOMAN: All of us? There are only two of us talking.

LINDA: There are many more than you two. My mother, my professors, even poor, sweet Neddy.

KYLE: You are cruel. I had always thought it my prerogative to say shut up.

LINDA: Perhaps you have thought too much. There is some term I read in my psychology book to describe you. You are intelligent enough to take such things.

KYLE: (laughing) I was wrong; you are like the rest. You are even worse than the rest.

LINDA: I am going to sleep now and nothing is going to stop me.

WOMAN: Don't go right yet. Let me tell you about how I used to entertain the old man when I owned my little fortune telling booth down on St. Peter Street in New Orleans. Or better still let me tell your fortune.

LINDA: I don't want to hear about anything you have to say. I'm too strong for this.

KYLE: Say that a million times every twenty-four hours.

WOMAN: We use to have the most pleasant time; especially in the summer time. Hot as hell I guarantee you, but heat like a fifth of Kentucky bourbon and three dozen fried shrimp.

(the mute moves as if listening to his wife and being intoxicated by her words. This frightens Linda, and Kyle stands back. The mute stands up as the woman begins to sing, in a horrible voice, a simple hymn. He takes something out of his pocket and goes to Linda and presses it in her hand.)

LINDA: What is it?

WOMAN: (breaking off her song) It is a peach seed love potion. It will do every-

MUSTY BOOKS

I sit and read through musty books,
And though my feet are planted firm,
My spirit disobeys time's laws.
I feel myself unheld by time,
A part no more to present cause.

I view as God the mortal hooks,
On which lives hang precariously;
My mind is unattached and free.
I ask myself why I can go
Ethereal. Can they see me?

About me though time plunges on,
Almost I feel when looking out,
That time has really stopped its pace,
And people from a musty book
Might look me in the face.

LARRY PEARCE

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thing to insure a proper love match. Find you a man, put him to bed with you, even have him marry you if that's what you want. He's going to sell it to you for only one dollar. One dollar ain't hardly anything to a college girl like you. I want you to know we ain't been doing so good lately. Too many smart alecks around, so we have trouble getting a place to have the show. Most of the time it's beside some smelly old filling station which ain't too much of an inducement for giving over money.

LINDA: I don't want it. I'll give you a dollar, (reaching into her purse) but I want no part of this. (she attempts to give the seed back to the mute; he only smiles and clenches his fist)

KYLE: Take it. Keep it. When you leave this cold February train you'll laugh at all this. All of this horrible—and you will say horrible—quarter of an hour. But it shall be remembered as too short for anything important to have happened. Important things take at least half an hour, or at least everyone would seem to think so.

LINDA: (trying to leave, she is stopped by Kyle, who again tries to kiss her) I don't want it.

WOMAN: Of course you do, honey. All good-looking girls like you should want a man to keep them warm on nights like this. ((She laughs)

KYLE: Go ahead, give the man the dollar and then later you throw the seed, a common little peach seed, away.

WOMAN: Not so common. Its peach was from a tree which stood in the middle of an Indian graveyard.

(Linda gives the mute her money and he holds it in his hand)

WOMAN: You are a real angel, honey.

The ole man is really pleased. (Linda takes her coat and puts it up over her head and is very silent)

KYLE: (to himself) What does a Wizard Man's kiss demand in return? A soul, a soul, a simple everyday commodity. (the mute reaches up as if to touch Kyle's face: he draws back and then says in a sing-songy voice as he begins to caress Linda's hair:

Wizard Man, Wizard Man
Is a peach seed same as a kiss?
Is a peach seed no less than one of your kisses?

Curtain . . . .

Europe Plus Twelve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

The beds were hard (at least to us soft Americans) and the blankets were constantly in need of airing. There were, however, enough blankets so that the cool nights were no problem.

Their clothing came largely through distribution centers that are supplied by the United States and other countries. We noticed that on several of the beds were blue canvas hand grips with the letters UNITED STATES ESCAPEE PROGRAM printed in large white letters on the side. Their few personal possessions were either stored in these or lying near the bed which was their home. If you wished to shave you leaned to do it in cold water, or had quite a time preparing warm water. If you worked late and wanted to sleep in the daytime, you crawled into a bottom bunk and pulled blankets down from the top to cover the sides.

Meals were cooked in the church kitchen and carried in large vats to the lunch room in the rear of the living quarters. The meals were simple and designed more to fill empty stomachs than to satisfy the appetite. The average meal consisted of soup, stew, bread, and tea. Here, as in many places in Europe, it was customary to use the same bowl for soup and the remainder of the meal.

As most of us were more in the habit of pushing pencils and swinging books, the wheelbarrow and picks were tough at first. Most of our group had a handful of blisters by the end of the first day. We kept the first aid station busy with sun burns, cuts, bruises, and plenty of blisters. We were satisfied with the work and amazed at the vigorous job our girls did. They worked like Amazons despite strained backs and stringy hair.

In the small group of some forty people with whom we were meeting, there were doctors, scientists, inventors, magicians, professional boxers, and even a writer. The writer's name was Victor ,and he is one of the most intelligent and interesting persons I have ever met.

Victor works as the interpreter for the wonderful Miss Mary Bethea, Dean of Women at Pfeiffer College. She is spending her summer rendering a great service for those who need love so much. Victor qualified himself for this job by teaching himself fifteen thousand English words and their pronunciation while in prison. He was freed from the Russians in the early days of the fighting when the revolutionists opened the doors of the prisons.

It is worth the risk of being criticized for a lack of humility to reproduce part of a letter he wrote and read to our group:

IT HAS BEEN a very fine day on the second of July, 1957. The church in Vienna, with the help of the American one, is very busy. I am really moved. While I am writing this report, American men and women are working in front of me. Imagine! Men and women have been coming from the United States of America and they are building a home for Hungarian youth. Ladies and gentlemen, half-naked—it is a hot day today—with spades in their hands are digging, with hatchets they are loosening the earth. They are in heavy work. For what is this? How can this happen? Everything seems so unreal. I have been for eleven years in prison. I have been taught how to work but this is some other kind of work. You can find no materialistic explanation of this. Delicately constructed girls for hours at the heaviest work, perspiring and without rest. It is transcendental, supernatural, and superhuman. You read American novels and have a strange conception about American people. They are dreaming lifelong of their great tour full with heavy work for strangers, for Hungarians.

"Brethren in our Lord, we are unable to return anything you do for us, the only thing we can do—we shall remember you forever and we ask for the blessing of our God concerning your work done for the Hungarian youth.

"And in the shadow of God everything seems to me real. This work is a work in the name of God and out of love for the fellow creature. It is the spiritual side of the world. And I understand what the moving force of these people is which is greater and mightier than the materialistic one."

We were all greatly moved by the sincerity of Victor's words. This, however, was written about the middle of our stay and we had not yet reached the pinnacle.

On the last evening we were scheduled to be with the Hungarians. We were invited to have a short party with them. It was to be held in the room in which we had enjoyed their fellowship all week. Much to our surprise, they had the entire evening planned including a performance by their magician. They also performed Hungarian folk dances and sang spirited Hungarian songs.

Then Victor, acting as the spokesman for the group, stood before us and read the following letter in his broken English. Only his actual words can express what he said. It is written in the most beautiful handwriting imaginable and to our group is unsurpassable in its sincerity of expression from his wonderful heart:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"We have asked you for a few minutes only that we should have the opportunity to express our feelings toward you.

"Your way of life made a deep impression and a lasting one has been made by your fine tender, pious souls and hard, endurable body and your wholesome good humored spirit. We got to see another side of America and I think the better side of it. And you have got very near to us. We got the feeling that of the brotherhood and we are very sensible for such kind of things. Very often we are treated as refugees. You treated us as equals and that is why you find the way leading in our heart. We have to suffer humiliating treatment almost always and everywhere. We are refugees for everybody what has a false tune in many ears. We are not the fearless and blameless heroes to be thought of. We are human beings full with faults and mistakes. But had not scruple, considerations, or excuses at all. You only took our hands and let us sing and dance with you. The difficulties of language disappeared. We had no need to speak. We could feel the soul and spirit of each other. You did a wonder by your faithful soul. We are very thankful and grateful to you and we wanted to tell you this. It is very hard to speak about feelings, but you must understand. We came very near to you, too. And we should like you would remember us. You came from the country of freedom. We came from a country suppressed. We had a very hard ten years and our present, also, isn't very hopeful. We live in a hard tension as to our future, so our genuine being couldn't be showed. And we should have to give you a more decent thing to remember us, but we are very poor. Nevertheless, what you get is very valuable. You get our heart, our best feelings and best wishes. Accept it as a very precious gift. What you get is our love."

THEY then gave us each a small gift with the Hungarian flag draped in black on each one . . . they who are without jobs and countries. They who barely own the shirts on their backs. They who only get about $1.60 per month spending money—where giving us a gift. If you have ever felt embarrassingly small, if you have ever felt as if your efforts which seemed so strenuous before were suddenly nothing, then you know how we felt then. Most of us

had a tear in our eye as we whispered our humble thank you's to the smiling faces. Faces which were smiling because, even in the face of despair, they could do something wonderful for Americans. Faces full of indescribable love which is so rare, yet makes life so worth living.

Our next stop was Linz, Austria, the home of one of the most remarkable families we will ever be privileged to know.

We worked with them in Linz on the building of a church publishing house. Of course, Helmet, our director, far exceeded us in working ability and stamina because he was a Nausner. But although Helmet could outwork us and his sister Ruth could outlaught us, no one could equal Mamma. Mamma is the type who would grab you in her big plump arms and squeeze you saying, "Mama luf you. Mama luf all her children, her wonderful children." And she meant every syllable of it. She was the kind of person who knew how to love people for what they were. Mama fed us well as we worked, but her love, her wonderful love, was food for a lifetime.

Part of our work in Linz was on the construction of a wading pool in the new church kindergarten. The ground was soft where we dug because it had once been a bomb crater. How strange a contrast it was between the nights the huge craters were ripped in the earth, and the children playing in the morning sunshine. A person could rear back and attempt to philosophize on the difference twelve years' time had made.

Hell came late on a starry night
Concussion rocked the earth on fire
Taring fragments in reckless flight
Filling cold air with sorrow.

Death for old and young, strong and weak
The war thought no propriety
Only damned souls twisted and bent
Corroded by the lust of power and

Men of unknown purpose and doubtful direction
Thrown before the fate of life's necessity
Caught in the scramble to survive
Lost in the delirium of deadly decisions.

Then morning came and the clean up began
And years flowed by with day's fresh breeze
And we came and stood on the crater's edge
And looked down into the dent in God's world.

In the reverence we gaze back to that night
In silence we feel the drill of its thought
In hope we lift our heads to the heavens
In prayer we learn a lesson of man's dark past.

As our stay in Linz came to a close, we were delighted that Mama and Papa were to accompany us to Saltzburg. Here, we were to catch a train to Rome. We all had supper together in Saltzburg in a little restaurant where you could pick the fish you wanted as it swam in an aquarium.

As Mama squeezed us for the last time and told us all again how much she loved us, we were considerably shaken. As we stood watching her, "Zeke," the oldest of our group, said very simply, "Let your light so shine." And suddenly we knew what that eternal phrase meant—here was a light which truly did shine. Emil Paul John, who had rejoined our group, wrote a little note about this when he perceived we were affected.

"The light you saw in Mama Nausner's eyes
Is the thing that turns bare logic into living faith,
This you will reach someday — and you must,
For it is to Life what rain and sun is to plants."

—Emil

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Suzanne Taylor - Class of 1958

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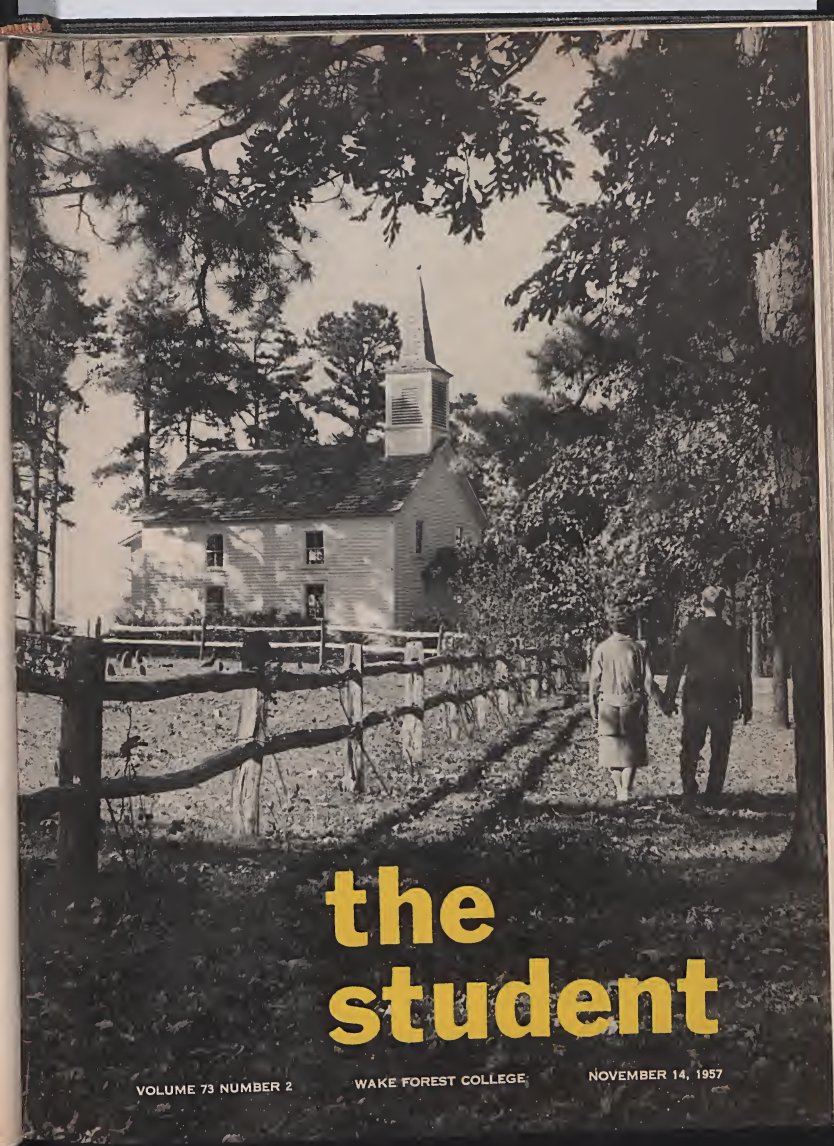

the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 2 WAKE FOREST COLLEGE NOVEMBER 14, 1957

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the student

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Breach, *fiction by Jack Robinson* 7

Million-Dollar Education, *by Gay Smith* 10

The grass always seems to be greener on the other side of the fence, but Gay Smith has found that this isn't necessarily so. After realizing a life-long dream, making good as an entertainer in New York, Gay found just how valuable her life had been. This is her look at the big city and her reactions to it all.

Reflexions On Cognito, *by Charles Richards* 12

Charles Richards, reporter for the *Winston-Salem Journal*, returns as a guest writer for THE STUDENT, as he is better known on campus, was co-editor of the magazine last year. To the new students on campus, he introduces the famous sage I. N. Cognito. To the old students, he brings happy memories of "wise" wisdom.

In Season, *poem by Don Prevatte* 14

Somewhere In The Night, *fiction by Bill Childers* 15

By way of Wayland College comes Bill Childers, who transferred to Wake Forest this year. His story, written in a narrative style, is one of suspense and thrills. This story appeared first in *The Wayland Literary Magazine* in the spring of 1957.

Baptist Inferno, *photographic essay by Leslie Fox* 17

Very few students know what goes on behind the front door of the Wake Forest heating plant, yet, there are only a few who haven't found time to fuss about the services that come from there. Here is an inside view by STUDENT photographer Leslie Fox.

Forum: What About Marriage and Education, *by Evelyn Anderson and C. W. Alford* 20

Should students marry while still in school? This question is thoroughly discussed by Evelyn Anderson and Professor C. W. Alford. Evelyn is now a senior, and has been married since the summer of 1955. Dr. Alford, member of the Sociology department staff, teaches the popular Sociology 48, Marriage and the Family. These two discuss the question from the point of view of a married student and that of a teacher and guide.

Bells of Wake Forest, *by Edie Hutchins* 22

Through the years, Wake Forest history has been told by her bells. There have been four such significant bells. Edie Hutchins turns from art to research, as she unfolds the magic story of the bells of Wake Forest.

Love and This Fool, *poem by AMU* 24

Europe Plus Twelve, *by Ralph James* 25

This is the second and final part of Ralph James' narrative of events and impressions as he and eleven Methodist students toured Europe last summer. This phase of the trip takes us from Germany to England and back home again.

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Cover

In spite of quizzes and reports that always characterize the middle of a semester, students must find time to renew their hearts as well as their minds. Among other things that attract Wake Foresters to Tanglewood Park, is the small white-framed church set upon a knoll. It reaches its simple steeple to the heavens, and points those who would have simple hearts to the Source of their strength. The tranquillity of Autumn, the peace and quite of a country church, and above all, the thanksgiving of students for a completed day of useful study—this is what photographer Irvin Grigg captures for our November cover.

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the student
VOLUME 73 NUMBER 2 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - NOVEMBER 14, 1957

Demon In Us . . .

WE'VE ALL BEEN HAD THIS month by a nasty little germ from the Orient. Our editor, is no exception. She has succumbed twice already and is well on the way toward her third "spell." For this reason, the usual witty ditties and such as appear in this column (on occasion) have been replaced by bits of humor from other college magazines. We like to think you won't enjoy it half as much. "Chacune à son goût," as they say!

"THREE VERY HEROIC COUPLETS"
Wordsworth had an affair with Spring.
Coleridge said "t'was a relative thing".
Byron loved summer best of all.
For new perspective, Frost chose fall.
Now winter's at Wake, and Heins has a rhyme
"I wish it was gone . . . it's a hell of a time".

THE STUDENT

Coach: "What's his name?"
Manager: "Joe Ziplitenskenzcki."
Coach: "Put him in—I never did like that announcer.'

THE SPLINTER

"Did you miss your train,sir?"
"No, I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

THE SPLINTER

Officer: Well, Judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the chapel, and said "My God, I've lost fourteen pounds!" I brought him in.

YALE RECORD

"Mommy, Mommy," bawled the little girl, "Daddy just poisoned my kitty."
"Don't cry dear, maybe he had to," the mother replied sympathetically.
"No he didn't," screamed the heartbroken child, "he promised me I could do it."

YALE RECORD

Mountain Girl: Doctah, ah cum to see y'all about my Granmaw. We gotta do somethin' about her smokin'.

Doctor: Oh, now Elviry, don't worry about that. Lots of women smoke.
Elviry: Yeah, I know, but Granmaw inhales.
Doctor: I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale.
Elviry: Yeah, I know, but Granmaw don't exhale.

SCRIPTS N' PRANKS

There once was a sculptor named Phidias
Whose statues were perfectly hidias;
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which vexed the ultra fastidious.

SCRIPTS N' PRANKS

"How did you puncture that tire?"
"Ran over a milk bottle.'
"Didn't you see it?"
"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."

PROFILE

Two little girls were busily discussing their families.
"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.
"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."

KITTY KAT

Coed: "Daddy, the girl who sits next to me in class has a dress just like mine."
Dad: "So you want a new dress?"
Coed: "Well, it would be cheaper than changing colleges."

KITTY KAT

Pilgrymage to Western

By Bill Heins

Heere bigynneth the General Prologue

When October's leaves are dropped,
And all the rushing's done been stopped.
There comes a time for me and you
To rise above this Asian flu,
And think of more important things;
Fraternity pins, engagement rings.
Football games, we're told are fine,
Who would know on the eight yard
line.
The lousy food's not half so funny
As parking lots which take our money.
The book store prices soaring up,
A dollar for a drinking cup.
Ah lucky us, on this bright day,
If only heat would come our way—
Perhaps we'd all stop having chills
And leave off taking Ozmer's pills.
But who should be so lucky—us?
Forget it man, let's hop this bus,
And hear what people have to say
Of deaconland—that pile of clay
On the edge of Western-Sodom town.
We climb aboard! and rumble down
To see an awful fourth-run show—
It's all we have to do, you know.

Sodom

Heere bigynneth the Head Master's Tale

Dear friends, my name is Harold Tribble,
In school my middle name was "dribble."
Since then I've set no precedent.
I'm just your humble president.
I live just up the road a piece
In that Howard Johnson masterpiece,
With offices on the second floor
Of R. J. Reynold's tobacco store.
If Camels fail, have no regrets,
We'll switch our brand of cigarettes.
We'll have more buildings, wait and see—
That's all I have to say . . . hee hee!

Heere bigynneth the Pre-Preacher's Tale

I'll go with you as far as town,
And then from there I'm Raleigh bound.
I've written up some new decrees
Of interest to the "B. S. C.'s."
It seems that they're all out with us
And you know me, I love a fuss.
Perhaps you'd like to hear them, too,
So listen while I read a few.
I maintain that we should stop
This sinful lust, the bunny hop.
What self-respecting hare would choose
To jump around without his shoes?
And furthermore I think that we
Should ban this Bostwick Sunday Tea.
Do Sunday laws mean nothing here?
Next thing they'll be serving beer.
Now east is east and west is west,
And tea *is* drinking, nonetheless.
Girls who do will cause much sorrow.
They'll be the "bad girls" of tomorrow.
You students are much too immature
To recognize an evil lure:
Swearing, drinking, making bets,
Smoking filtered cigarettes;
And filling papers full of tripe
When I could use that room to gripe.
The paper's simply gone to pot—
Full of ads and campus rot.
And have you read the latest "Views"
By Georgia boy, one David Hughes?
Who loves to sound a false alarm.
He never should have left the farm.
About your statement; you are right!
You really are a "campus blight."

With all of your misinformation
On civil rights and integration.
"Pax Vobiscum," (Pox on you).
You'll get yours from you know who!
This sums it up for now, I guess,
But if you'd like to hear the rest
Come to Raleigh; there you'll hear
The poop presented, nice and clear.
I hate to leave, but I must go.
Have faith in me. Now "tally ho!"

Heere bigynneth the Dietician's Tale of Glee

Ah me, I've no one else to blame—
My chicken dumplings are a shame.
If fried eggs are too often burst,
It's just because we buy the worst.
You'll pay our prices, if you eat,
For skimpy salads, cheap horse meat.
No purer milk you'll ever know
We strain the cream to make it so.
Our pudding from the back sink drain
Will give you cramps, sometimes ptomaine.
Please drop suggestions in the box.
The keys, you see, don't fit the locks.
If you don't like it, call a cop!
My tale is told, and so I'll stop.

Heere bigynneth the Fraternity Man's Tale

I shouldn't go uptown tonight.
My chapter's planned to put the bite
On pledges for a tidy sum
To pay for our new bongo drum.
We're quite concerned about our dough.
Our funds are always rather low.
But even so, we are discreet
About the buckle on our seat.
We're Ivy leaguers, everyone—
And after all is said and done
Our sports and games both mean a lot.
We really give them all we've got.
We hate to lose a football game.
It gives our house an awful name.
And that's our purpose, don't you see?
"Fight like hell, and beat Spee Wee!"
So if you'd rather have some fun
Than get your Greek or Latin done—
Pledge tonight, you really should,
And live with us in brotherhood.

Heere bigynneth the Tale of Three Maids

I'm Willa Wilt—wishful, wise.
Some say I've got wicked eyes.
But what the heck, there's not a man
Who's offered me a wedding band.
I try to give it all I got.
Results, so far, aint been too hot.
Oh cripes! What is a girl to do?
Six more months, and I'll be through.
Now the moral of this story rhyme
Is learn it all while you've got time.

I'm Frieda Frick, the frigid frosh.
I use ice cubes in my wash,
And when the guys refer to me—
They say, "Get her, she's gone P. E!"
But I don't care, I'd rather play
A game of skill than play their way.
I like to pitch; I've quite a hurl.
If you can beat me, I'm your girl.

I'm Vida Veck, the vicious vamp.
The girls think I'm an awful tramp,
But I don't care, I hate them, too.
With boys, they don't know what to do.
They laugh at me, oh "hardy har!"
What care I? "Comme ci, comme ca."
Let's face it girls, you need finesse.
It takes more than a "V-neck" dress.
So try it on your date, "ce soir."
And watch them drool, now "au revoir."

Heere bigynneth the Pope of Wake's Tale

You've no doubt all heard of me,
And now I'd like to make this plea:
Students, please don't come in late—
It always tends to aggravate
The people on the chapel crew
Who plan these talks that stifle you.
So don't complain and don't berate—
After all, there's no collection plate.
The music, too, is unexcelled—
Well worth the quiz it made you fail.
These tunes are really worth your while
In good old Baptist country style.
If you don't come, we're not to blame
We simply have to take your name.
Of course you know just what that means:
Six cuts and you're before the deans.
An inquisition you must face,
A scene right out of Peyton Place.
So leave your papers in your room.
Now when you do, then we'll assume
You've reached a normal level—par.
And please . . . remember where you are!

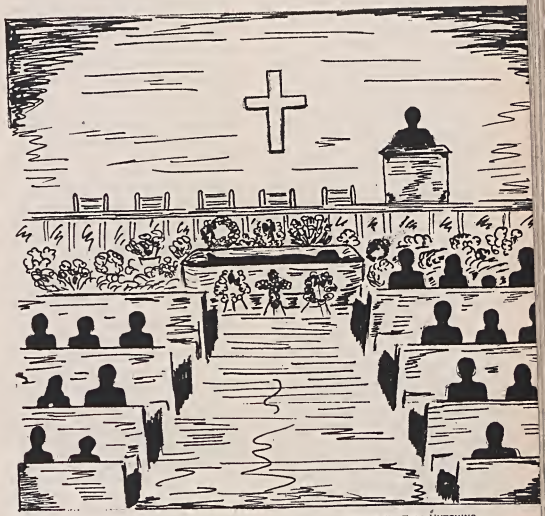
Heere bigynneth the Author's Epilogue

Alas! I see we've reached the city.
And I've just room for one more ditty;
So if perchance you'd like to quote—
Or even make a little note
Of something I have failed to clear,
Chances are I won't be here.
Permission will be granted you.
Write me c. o. Timbuctu.

Story of intense emotion . . .

Breech

BY JACK ROBINSON



ILLUSTRATED BY EDIE HUTCHINS

THE PUNGENT SMELL of carnations had mixed with the odor of human sweat in the one room church.

Preacher Loflin stood at the small pulpit. He leaned down to say a few quieting words to the family of the deceased, directly in front and a little below him. After some minutes he looked down the pews to the congregation, raised his arms and was about to say, "Let us pray."

At that moment, Joshua entered the rear of the church. He clutched his wife, Wanda, and their six-year old child, Larry, to his side and walked slowly down the aisle. The coughs, the fanning and the whispering stopped abruptly. The preacher awkwardly lowered his arms. The three held their eyes on the open casket at the front of the church.

Josh was conscious of the tense atmosphere in the Primitive Baptist Church. He had just come in from the glaring summer sun, so he couldn't see their faces clearly, but he knew they looked at him with curiosity, some with hate. As his eyes gradually became accustomed to the darkened interior, he recognized faces he had not seen in nine years, faces now turned toward him, scowling, as he stood just paces inside the door.

The church was filled to overflowing. Sunburnt men in Sunday clothing lined the back wall of the church. The pews were filled with farmers and their wives, worn from hard work. It looked like any other small country church. Flowers banked the coffin. Elder Loflin glared at Josh, but Josh didn't notice. His eyes were focused on the casket over to the side of the Elder's platform.

Josh stood still. The funeral goers waited. He was tall, like his father, rugged like most boys raised on farms in the North Carolina mountains. He looked old, much older than his thirty years, but anyone would age when faced with the fact that all the people with whom he was raised believed he was responsible for the death of his father.

Flowers covered the coffin, the platform on which it rested and most of the rest of the far end of the chapel. Roses wreathed the box in which Aaron lay, splashing it with color. Elder Loflin remained silent as the three approached. Wanda was a step behind, holding Larry.

Josh looked down at the face of his father. Aaron was just as big as ever. His great shoulders pushed against the sides of his new home. His feet seemed cramped for room. Josh had his hands knotted at his sides. They jerked as he reached to touch the face of the dead man. A thin cloth stopped them. Josh stood there, his big shoulders slumped, his head bent over, his eyes moist. Wanda stood at his side. She put her hands on the boy's shoulder to still his trembling.

Joshua remained at the casket for such a time that Elder Loflin finally came over and took him by the arm. The young man turned and looked at the awed watchers. He stared them down, his head high, his eyes piercing.

The preacher gently motioned Josh to seat with the rest of the family beside the plain glass window.

The Elder prayed, then he talked of Heaven and what a wonderful place it would be. "Jesus Christ, our precious Lord, said, 'I go to prepare a place for you, a mansion of gold will be yours.'" Elder Loflin talked on. "Aaron Bell is heaven bound. He has been our rock."

A thin man at the rear said, "Amen."

"All who knew him loved and respected him. He showed others the way to the Lord by building this wonderful, holy sanctuary. He never left that narrow road to the heavenly gates. In all his life he never

harmed a soul."

"Amen!" Many voices accompanied the Elder's words.

"His sights were set, his aim was straight, and now his goal is reached. He is in that promised land. Praise be to God, and comfort to those he left behind."

Josh wasn't listening. He was in a daze. His eyes turned to the corn field just beside the church. His mind returned to the first time he and his father had real trouble.

Joshua was the oldest of five boys. From the time Mrs. Bell died, he and his father had been at odds. Maybe they were too much alike, or perhaps Aaron expected too much of his children. Whatever the trouble, Josh was the one who paid for the mistakes of all the boys. He ran the gamut of his father's fury. The first time Joshua wanted to use the family buggy to carry Amy to the County Fair, Aaron refused. He said, "Joshua, I ain't gonna help you in the devil's work. That ball playin' of yours is as far as I'll go. Goin' to the fair in a buggy with a gal with no escort!" Josh admitted that it was probably wrong, but he just had to take Amy to that fair and by himself, too.

"Are you plannin' on parkin' that buggy along the road somewhere and sinnin' against that gal?" Aaron asked. Joshua said he reckoned maybe he would spark a bit with Amy, but she wouldn't mind, and he wasn't planning on committing any acts against God.

Josh didn't get to use the family buggy. He borrowed one from Uncle Jonah, his father's younger brother.

He drove up the gravel road to the Session's farm. The sun had just started to burn the skin. The flowers, now dry of dew, seemed to be smiling at him, their fragrance giving a pleasant bouyant sensation to his nose and lungs. Amy was waiting for him at the gate of the yard. Boy! She sure was pretty! Josh was just beginning to realize how pretty she really could be. He was sixteen and about to be alone with Amy for the first time. They had had moments together at school, just enough to whet the appetite. Josh liked to consider Amy his girl. She used to send him notes.

After a rather shy greeting, Josh helped Amy aboard. She had just straightened her dress on the seat when Mr. Session walked into the yard. "Hey, Joshua Bell! You take good care of my daughter, and get her back 'fore sundown. I'm glad Mr. Bell let you go. Now you children be careful and don't get around those city folks."

Joshua waved. The dappled grey sallied out of the yard. The Carolina mountains blazed with color. It was good to sit beside Amy and feel her closeness. The heat of her body tickled his skin and gave him a wonderful giddy feeling.

They talked of a great many things, but from the first they were conscious of being alone and of the feeling running between them. Several miles from the Session farm, Amy, almost like she had forgotten her senses, put her head on his shoulder. "Oh, Josh, isn't this wonderful? Being together like this."

"I'm awful glad it's me taking you to the fair, Amy," Josh said in a manly voice.

"Did you have much trouble getting your father to let you go?"

"He doesn't know I'm goin'. He thinks I'm down on the new ground finishing them stumps. I slipped off and borrowed Uncle Jonah's grey and buggy. Amy, I just had to take you to the fair. I have a feeling about you I can't get rid of."

"Josh, I'm your girl. I always looked at you, even when we were in grade school, and knew you was the boy I wanted to take me out."

Josh turned his head for a quick glance at Amy, and she darted forward and brushed the corner of his mouth with a kiss. Josh blushed. He gave the reins a flit, and the horse trotted faster. His chest couldn't seem to get enough air, and it was so hot. He felt impatient.

"Josh, isn't this wicked?" Amy said, snuggling close. "I'm fifteen and going to town with the best-looking boy in the world. I have a wonderful feeling when I'm near you."

Joshua managed to give her a playful pinch. "Joshua! That's not nice." She didn't seem to mind too much. She tried to get closer to him. Josh squared around in his seat, embarrassed and grinning.

THE BUGGY was rounding a curve in the sandy road and slowed for the approaching crossroad. Two men stood just inside the curve. Aaron and Jonah! Josh's father's buckboard was off the road under an elm tree. Aaron stopped the buggy.

"Oh Lord!" Josh said, his eyes widened and his throat tightened. He pulled in the grey, and Aaron, standing by, gripped the bridle.

Aaron glared at his son, paying no attention to the girl beside him. "You lied to me, boy! You lied! You snuck off from the house sayin' you was a goin' to the lower field. Instead you go a flittin' around like some no good trash."

Uncle Jonah stood back and looked with pity at the young boy and the flustered girl. "He came over this mornin' lookin' for you, Josh. I tried to lie but he could see the buggy was gone. Then there was no keepin' the truth from him."

"Get down out off that seat, Joshua; you're goin' home!"

Josh looked straight into the eyes of the huge man, and he wasn't afraid anymore. He was tired of the fear that ate at him when his father spoke. Josh threw back his shoulders. Always he had tried to mind his father. Life had not been easy under his father's roof. Discipline had been the Bell family tie since his mother died when he was eight years old. This was especially so where Josh and his father were concerned. The other boys had it easy but Josh was the oldest and he had to set the pace. Josh had never intentionally disobeyed his father since he was six years old. He could still remember the punishment he got at that age.

Aaron had taught Josh to listen and not to be heard. One Sunday while at church with his father and mother, Josh had looked up at his mother and had said out loud, "Mamma, what's that man up there yelling for?" Because Josh was pointing at the preacher and because Aaron was embarrassed at his son's outburst, Josh had been punished. He had been made to sleep in the woodshed for a full week. That was a long time ago, but he still remembered his sore back and the bruises and most of all those awful nights alone in the woodshed.

"No! I ain't goin' back. Amy and me are goin' to the fair." The words came out defiant and hard.

Aaron stared at his son and then turned and walked toward the buggy under the elm. He returned with the horse whip in hand.

"Get down off that buggy, Josh." The long leather whip dragged the ground. Uncle Jonah looked pleadingly at Aaron, but the man pushed by him.

"Don't, Pa. Don't whip me with that no more!"

"Get down, Josh. You lied to me."

"Pa, Amy is here. Don't whip me in front of her."

"Get down! Do her good to see."

Josh started to flicker the reins to send the horse running, but Aaron grabbed the bridle and at the same time drew back his arm and the whip slashed across the back of the boy. Josh dropped the reins and jumped from the buggy to keep Amy from getting hurt.

Aaron whipped his son as he lay on the ground until the boy's shirt was stained. All the time Aaron never said a word. The

only sounds were grunts. After a long time Aaron stopped and said to his brother, who had turned his back on the scene, "Take the girl to her Pa, Jonah."

Without a word, Jonah climbed on the seat beside the girl, wheeled the mare and headed for the Session Farm. Josh lay in the road, his father over him, as the buggy rounded the curve. That was the last time Josh was able to look Amy in the face.

When the buggy was gone, Aaron picked up his son and carried him to the buckboard. "I didn't want to do that, Josh, but you set out for no good. The good Lord put me to watch over you, and I aim to see you raised up a Christian man, not rascally trash."

Josh looked up the preacher. He had stopped talking and was down at the casket. Elder Loflin closed the top. Then the preacher motioned to six men seated together. They came and stood by the box. The Elder went over to the dead man's family, motioned for them to rise and follow him down the aisle and out of the church. Josh, with his wife and son, were the last of the file.

Outside the church, the procession walked slowly down the rutted wagon path to the graveyard under the huge oaks, nearly a hundred yards from the church. Elder Loflin led the way across the dusty road to the family plot.

THE CEMETERY was small but clean. Aaron had seen to it that the grass was cut and the stones washed. He used to come out to the cemetery every week and clean it up. It was part of his duty, he said.

The people who had come to pay their respects to Aaron were strung out all the way back to the church. They walked slowly. In the middle of the line of mourners six men carried the casket. They walked in rhythm, eyes straight ahead. The procession poked along behind the pallbearers.

In five minutes the preacher had the family seated to the left of the grave. The pallbearers brought up the casket and placed it over the freshly dug hole. It was suspended on two pulleys.

Josh stared at the box. He needed to look at Aaron again . . . needed to talk with him. Maybe then they could get this trouble straightened out.

Since that time when Josh tried to slip out to the fair there had been a wall separating father and son. Aaron, even in his tender moments, was unable to close the breach made when his son was sixteen. There was no dislike between the two, neither was there understanding.

Josh thought that the trouble had started with the time he was whipped in front of Amy, but now he knew the trouble began back when he started playing baseball. Baseball had at first been a release to Josh. To get away from the slavery of home, to be free of the domineering eye of Aaron, Josh would go down to Sandy Hollow and play ball. Gradually he developed a skill at the game and came to love it. By the time he was eighteen, Josh became a feared batter and a fielder with uncanny speed and ability. Aaron frowned on Josh's wasting his time batting a ball around, but he did not forbid him to play, that is, except on Sunday.

By the time Josh was twenty-one fame had given meaning and sweetness to life that the boy had not known before. Then he got an offer to play for money.

People back in the hill country didn't think much of professional ball players. It was like stealing. It was sacriligious, too, for the games were played on Sunday. Aaron felt the same way.

"No son of mine is a going to dally around with baseball."

"Look, Dad," Josh said, "I want to play. I can do that better than farm, and it's time I left home. Daniel is a year younger than me and he's gone."

"Josh, you're tryin' your best to be a loafer like your Grandpa. He never did a decent thing in his life, not even dying. Drinking and running around. I reared all my sons to keep from bein' like my Pa. I ain't goin' to let you be like him and disgrace me again."

"I got my own life to lead, Pa. I've been listening to you since I can remember. What has it got me? No friends, no fun, no money, no hope. All I have is a belly full of hard-rock religion, a village of hick farmers who look at me and say, that's Aaron's son. Not . . . there's Josh Bell, just a son of a man and that don't mean a thing."

"Ain't you proud of bein' my son?"

Josh looked at his father, "I'm not proud anymore. Your life is empty for me."

"Maybe that's so, Josh, but I won't have you takin' money playin' ball. Look at that Ferres boy. He started playin' and now he won't even own he knows his own folks."

"I'm my own boss, Pa. Can't you understand? That is what I want to do. It's important to me. I want your permission to play."

Aaron looked a long time at Josh. "Never," he said, "You leave home to earn your livin' like that and you ain't welcome under this roof again."

Josh turned on his heel and walked away.

Josh didn't leave home that year. Just why, he didn't know. Perhaps he didn't want to make that final break with his family. Instead he was hired as iceman for Davis Ice and Coal Company. He tried to give up the idea of a ball career and was succeeding until the depression caused him to lose his job, and he had to go back to his father's farm. It was then that baseball came back into his life. He was constantly worried by the image of himself at the plate. Life was meaningless on the farm, and as the days grew into months it dawned on Josh that baseball had to be his life.

At supper that night Josh looked at Aaron and said, "That baseball offer is still open. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

Aaron dropped his fork. "Then don't come back, son, for I'll have forgotten you was ever my son."

Josh packed his few belongings and left early the next day.

PREACHER LOFLIN HAD tears in his eyes. The casket was being lowered into the ground. Josh listened to the broken sobs from the mourners. His eyes were dry now. It hurt too much to cry. His father was dead, and he had killed him. That was six days ago. Josh was in Chicago. He had become a big baseball guy all right, and any time not spent with the game was consumed by Wanda and Larry. A telegram came that morning, and Josh remembered that Wanda had received it and handed it to him unopened. The wire was from Pleasant Ridge. It read, "Josh come home. Stop. I'm sick. Stop. Aaron."

Josh didn't say anything. He thought of that day nine years ago when his father had said, "Don't come back." His Pa had always taught him to stick by his convictions. A man had to do that. Josh looked at Wanda. "Pa kicked me out of the house, and he meant for me never to come back."

"Do you think he's very sick?" Wanda questioned.

"If he was bad off Uncle Jonah would let me know."

"You're not going home, then?"

Josh looked down at his hands, and after a long time he stated flatly, "I made my choice. I'll stick by it."

Three days later Uncle Jonah wired that Aaron was dead. His last words were, "God, please let Josh come home."

Elder Loflin picked up the shovel, leaning on the pile of freshly dug earth. Aaron

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

Away from the lights and glamour of the Big City and back to the quiet routine of student life at Wake Forest, Gay Smith returns and tells of three dazzling months which made her know that she was ready to come home.

From the night life of New York to college . . .

Million Dollar Education

By Gay Smith

TRANSITION DOESN'T come easy to one who is accustomed to one kind of life and dreams of another. This summer I went to New York and fulfilled my dream. Music has always been the most important thing in my life, and New York seemed the only place where I could really prove my ability.

During the four months that I lived in New York, I received a million-dollar education in many aspects of life. I kidded myself about this so-called million-dollar education, thinking all the while that I was fast becoming a sophisticated young woman of the world.

My manager was one of the smartest and most capable agents in town. With her help the breaks came fast, and in a week's time I was working. This is no ordinary feat, believe me. In fact it's very unusual, because out-of-towners just don't come in and take the jobs that New Yorkers are waiting for. Without the perserverence and dogged determination of my agent, all this would have been impossible, and I would probably have been left sitting in the middle of Madison Avenue, bag and baggage, watching the furious race of humanity rush by.

My first job was an initiation into the ways of a type of people that I had never known. I felt a little awed at the sight of some of them. They were very impressive, and the bits of chatter I overheard every now and then sounded so cosmopolitan. Who should wonder that I was spellbound by everything I observed.

My working hours were those that every young girl hopes for, 9:00 PM until 4:00 A.M. The first three hours were usually exciting and stimulating. I played everything from semi-classical to progressive jazz.

With the type of work I was doing I was bound to meet the characters of "little old New York" that I had heard so much about. To know that people such as these exist is one thing, but to see and talk to them is an entirely different matter.

The first of these people I ran into was a middle-aged man from Cleveland, Ohio. He was terribly discouraging as a prospective agent. He lost no time in letting me know that he was very important, and that if I had any talent, he would be the one to do something about it. When he told me he was Arthur Godfrey's brother, I could have just given up and gone home then and there. But for some reason or other I stuck it out. Later, I found out that Godfrey's brother hadn't been in New York for five years, and instead of being from Cleveland he was actually from Washington, D. C. It wasn't the last time I got fooled while there.

Another interesting fellow, whom we shall refer to as "Jungle Joe," made his living by dynamiting in the Belgium Congo. He hadn't been in civilized country for nine years. He started at one thousand dollars and went up to three thousand. All he wanted was for me to go to his air-conditioned room for "idle chatter." But let's face it, men in New York just don't chatter idly.

One night, when I had been on the stand for an hour, I was informed that there was a man waiting to speak to me. He asked me if I ever wrote music to lyrics. He showed me some lyrics and then told me that he would sell me the copyright for $3.98. He also commented that he usually wouldn't sell it for less than $150, but that he needed the money to get home. When I said I wasn't interested, he wanted to know if I would loan him the money.

One night a very nice chap came in. His conversation consisted of telling me that I was in the wrong business. He informed me that he ran the corner prostitution house and wanted my services. After my trying to explain my views about prostitution, his closing remark was "some men like amateurs."

By this time I'd made up my mind not to return to school. I had learned so much in such a short time about things and people, certainly something not found in books.

My next four jobs were in similar clubs, and I received the same amount of interesting people, but the novelty was beginning to wear a little.

One night I met a very affected showman who delighted in talking aloud the whole score of "My Fair Lady" from the piano. He owned a French poodle, Can-Can, who joined the rest in drinking scotch

on the rocks, which proved a very interesting demonstration. After Can-Can had finished his drink, he immediately jumped on the table and made the rounds, lapping up the remaining contents of the other glasses. Who ever said that a man's best friend was the dog? From the reaction of the party, it seemed rather doubtful that they would have supported that famous cliché.

One night, as I came into work, I was informed that I was to play for a female vocalist. She was a beautiful young girl, but certainly not gifted in music. I have seen so many young people with talent shoved aside for people such as this. They are supported by a big person who is known as a "sugar daddy." These wealthy "sugar daddys" usually are men who carry a great deal of weight with the owners of night-clubs. They usually pick up young girls, buy their wardrobe, pay for their music lessons, pay their living expenses, and often times their salaries. After this they take care of all the preliminaries; they take the girls to the owners of the night-clubs. This is probably the most disgusting and frustrating thing in the entertainment business. Those who think that playing in a night-club is glamorous and exciting soon come to see that much more goes on than meets the eye.

Of course I have given you quite a one-sided view of the people I met in New York. Among these so-called characters, I met some very fine people.

The clientel of my first location consisted of many special agents and government men. From my opening night, they realized that I was more or less a small town girl who didn't know much about the fast New York life and the atmosphere that lends itself to alcholism, dope, prostitution, etc. They took an interest in me and informed me of so many things that had never entered my mind.

TOWARDS THE END of summer I found my thoughts going back to school. I began to think of the kind of people I was used to living with who seemed to want out of life the same things that I did. With these thoughts came the desire to go back to the normal life I had been living.

The idea that I had of a million-dollar education seemed to form into a new definition. Exactly what kind of an education was I receiving? The kind of life that I had been subjected to was an education, but a very one-sided one. I had learned so much that I didn't want to know anymore about these frustrated people.

The question then came to my mind, after seeing these people night after night, "How long can one person live with this and not become a part of it?" If it had been an improvement on the way I had been living, there would have been no decision. For anyone who knows a better way of life, what I had seen was enough to make him run away as fast as his legs would carry him—so I ran!

Many people still think I was crazy to leave New York and give up the opportunity that I had waited for so long.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hands out fervently. "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dropped something squarely into the middle of Walter's out-stretched hand.

"Oh please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."

VIRGINIA SPECTATOR

Student: "Do you have another razor?"
Barber: "Yes sir, why?"
Student: "I'd like a chance to defend myself."

LOG

The sage tells his story . . .

Reflexions on Cognito

BY CHARLES RICHARDS

THE CHANCE TO SPEAK one's mind without censorship or fear of reprisal is a rare opportunity, indeed. I have known one person who dared to talk readily about anything without regard for superiors or reverence for any sacred cow.

That was I. N. Cognito. I knew him two years. In fact, I brought him to Wake Forest. I may regret doing this, but I. N. Cognito is about to be exposed by his best and only friend—me.

But let me make this one justification. In the words of an editorial writer for the Winston-Salem newspapers, I brought I. N. Cognito to Wake Forest in "the gray cells of my imagination." I reserve the right, then, to talk as freely about Cognito as he talked about everything concerned with Wake Forest.

To begin with, Cognito was a substitute. With the graduation of Bill Williams and his mythical friend Boregarde Smith from Wake Forest in the spring of 1955, the campus was seemingly void of an adequate satirist. That fall, Tex Newman, then editor of *Old Gold and Black*, suggested that I find some character to liven-up the pages of *Old Gold* with some humor, some satire and some of anything else I could find.

I accepted the challenge, and in a few days met this character. At the time, Dr. Folk was trying to teach me something about this guy named Chaucer who went on this pilgrimage, you know. One of the few things I remembered is that Chaucer traveled incognito. So there was the name: I. N. Cognito.

Well, after that, I had to get this character to say something. Two interviews produced two articles for THE STUDENT magazine. They dealt with professors and students. That was the total of Cognito's career as a magazine character.

The fall of 1956 came, and I was a senior. I knew a little more about the college, or university as Cognito would insist on saying, and so did my friend. I promised the editor of *Old Gold and Black*, then Lloyd Preslar, that I would provide an interview with Cognito each week. Cognito promised me he would say something interesting each week.

There was a great change in Cognito from his first year's existence to his last. At first, he was the usual freshman type—spouting off humorously about everything. By and by, as he came more and more to point up the absurdities of college life by praising them, his humor slid into satire. I don't know whether Cognito ever considered himself a satirist. I think he just said things and it turned out that way.

I don't think his existence ever had any effect on Wake Forest, other than as an amusement to its students and as an oddity to its faculty. I like to think he made a few people think, a goal which, if accomplished to the slightest degree, is a great goal.

Cognito said some unkind things in his day. He even got personal a time or two, which is the only sin for a columnist in a newspaper. Of course, he never considered himself a columnist, since everything he ever said was reported through me. I think if he were around now, Cognito might raise himself to apologize for personality conflicts. No one knows better than Cognito that differences in people are the spices of life.

Probably the greatest undertaking attempted by Cognito, and he had a lot of help in this, was the organization of the LAMBOC club. The purpose was to point out faults in the new campus. The letters stood for "Let's All Move Back to the Old Campus." He never really meant it.

I suppose if there was any one thing that Cognito praised too highly, it was the athletic department. The relationship of athletics and scholarship at Wake Forest was foremost in his mind. When last I heard from my friend, he was mourning the fact that there are no athletics at Wake Forest now, in spite of the complete coaching and administrative staff.

But Cognito had something to say about everything, and most of the time he was wrong. For instance, he said of the proposed night school: "There may be calls for courses in the Art and Philosophy of Cigarette Manufacture." He was wrong, too, when he said "faculty members are paid almost as much as the coaches." "I think everyone should know a lot about philosophy"—wrong again. And wrong again when he said, "You may never get a job, but that's no matter when you have a fine outlook on life."

But, in case you don't know it by now, dear reader, Cognito said everything wrong in such an overstated manner in order to make people realize that it was wrong. Or, to use a less complicated explanation, Cognito was satirical.

A lot of my friends liked Cognito. I sometimes fear that they even liked me because of Cognito more than for myself. At any rate, I received more credit for reporting what Cognito said than I ever did for saying anything myself. Cognito found his place in the sun. The Journal and Sentinel editorial writer said, "To know Cognito is to be charmed."

IN COGNITO RECEIVED his campus praise, too. *Old Gold and Black*, so long served by the sage, had this to say: "The little man has tried, perhaps successfully, to point out the weaknesses of college life and trends in education to those he believes 'can't see Wake Forest for the trees.' Whether his readers realized it or not, Cognito's weekly capsules contained an abundance of food for thought."

And so aptly put by the editorial writer, Bill Connelly: "Every worthwhile institution needs a Cognito to persuade its governors to slow their pace and take stock of the road ahead."

To return to my opening remarks, the Old Gold editorial states in a wonderful way the attribute that was Cognito's and that is one of the most valuable opportunities in America and on the Wake Forest campus. If the time ever comes when the following quoted statement isn't true for every Wake Forest student, the college will die.

"Cognito's greatest attribute has been determination to speak his views on any issue that strikes his fancy. No one is sheltered from his keenly-edged barbs."

For the benefit of the few ignorant and unfortunate who don't remember Cognito, I would like now to revive a few of his outstanding ideas and explain why Cognito chose to think that-a-way.

His first interview revealed that "faculty members are not invited to seek my advice." This was because he realized the "omniscience of professors."

To students griping about food, he suggested that the cafeteria be closed. He knew students would immediately recognize the greater of the two evils.

One of his epigrammatic remarks bearing repeating is this: "Old colleges never die, they just pick up and move to a new place." He admired an institution that was really on the go.

Cognito was an admirer of traditions. He noted that "rich traditions are about to be created" at Wake Forest. I'm sure he could find many new traditions here now.

The sage was aware of the importance of honors. "I will be important because I will be in Who's Who," he said.

Cognito was military minded: "I think the Physics Department should be converted into a school of atomic warfare and the Chemistry Department into a school of chemical warfare," he said. And "the ROTC department should be extended to cover the entire school, making Wake Forest a center of Christian-military education."

He was cognizant of the importance of students. "What's a college without satisfied students? Students and their wants first, I always say. Isn't it true," he concluded, "that students always know what is best for themselves."

A few more examples of his opinions: "I feel it is time this University made itself known in the education world. We must have stronger athletic teams."

"We all are here to learn. That is why we object to school dances. That is why men students spend little time with coeds."

"By having few professors and steadily increasing the student body, we are preventing the instructors from interferring in the student programs that our students work out for themselves."

"My suggestion is that we drop all day classes and run the whole college at night. Night life is so much more fun anyway."

"Students don't really need advice. That is, they never ask for or use it."

"I sure do wish I were coming back to Wake Forest next year. With the prices so much higher, I know there will be much more to learn."

Cognito said one thing that I agreed with, and that's the reason I'm repeating it here. He said, "My only regret about my college career is that more people didn't listen to me." That's my only regret about his career, too.

I didn't know when I started writing the short and fantastic pieces about this fictional character that the matter-of-fact avocation, so to speak, would develop into the outstanding phase of my college life. But speaking quite frankly, as I have learned to do from Cognito, my connection with *Old Black and Gold* and THE STUDENT and Wake Forest College through I. N. Cognito remains to me the most memorable facet of that period.

Satire is a funny thing. It can backfire on you quite easily. I don't recall that Cognito ever said anything that was misunderstood. I think he was always clearly satirical. If that had not been true, he would have made enemies, and I don't know any enemies of I. N. Cognito. That's the remarkable thing about the whole story. That's the remarkable thing about Wake Forest College. Every word that old sage said was in mock praise of something he didn't like, and the parties involved knew it was mock praise. And the parties involved knew a lot of people read about Cognito and smiled about what he said. They knew a few thought about what he said.

But he got away with it all.

And I got away with it all.

That is the source of my greatest admiration for Wake Forest. I guess by now, everybody knows I liked the same things I. N. Cognito liked, and disliked the same things I. N. Cognito disliked. But I was not rebuked for saying my sometimes sharp opinions in disguise. Nor was Old Gold and Black rebuked for printing the same.

One parting word. This situation that existed in regard to I. N. Cognito must always be possible, whether for a fictional satirist or for the most common sophomore.

IN SEASON

The mountain forests echo still
From every crest and colorful hill
The evening song of a whipoorwill—
My dream of Autumn and you.

Then lightly falls the sleepy snow
Upon the trees, then sifts below
To rest where waters once did flow—
My dream of winter and you.

And with the warmth of Spring's new sun,
The swollen streams break loose and run
To kiss the flowers, but drowning none—
My dream of Spring and you.

The thirsty sun that dries the plains
And browns the farmer's gathered grains,
Yet laughs to see the falling rains—
My dream of Summer and you.

— DON PREVATTE

A narrative of suspense . . .

Somewhere in the Night

BY BILL CHILDERS

"THIRTY DEGREES below zero and snowing." That was the report intercepted from the Frobisher Bay tower. The ceiling was twelve hundred feet, two hundred feet below the minimums.

The pilot radioed Goose Bay, the only other landing field within range of the heavily loaded C-54, only to find that the weather at Goose Bay was closing in too.

The responsibility was heavy, almost too heavy to be placed on one man. The pilot had a choice; he could proceed to Frobisher Bay and chance a landing at two hundred feet below the airport minimums, or he could return to Goose Bay, sacrificing his mission and gambling that the weather would clear up there. The lives of the fifty-two passengers and two crew members depended upon his decision, but it was made without hesitation.

His voice rang out over the air waves. "Frobisher tower, this is Air Force three zero five three, twenty five miles south of your station, flying at nine thousand feet on a mag heading of zero four zero. Request landing instructions, please."

Immediately, a high-pitched voice with a distinct English accent drowned out the monotonous static that filled the earphones. "Three zero five three, this is Frobisher. The ceiling here is down to eleven hundred feet. Advise you return to Goose Bay."

"Sorry, Frobisher," the pilot chimed in. "We just received a report from Goose. They've closed tight. How long before a let-up here?"

"Standby, five three. I'll check with weather."

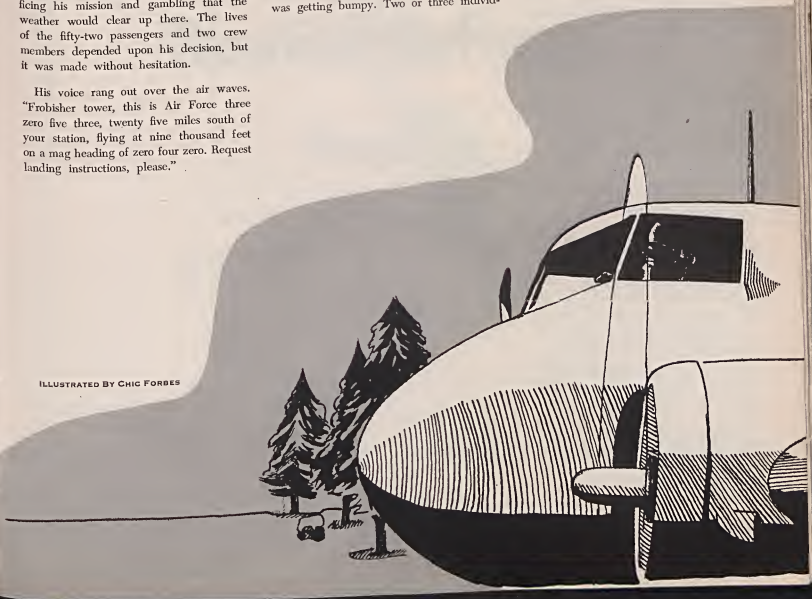
A stilted silence followed. Tension began to grow. The pause seemed to be an eternity of waiting.

The passengers sat glued to their seats, knowing only that the weather was bad but not knowing to what extent. The air was getting bumpy. Two or three individuals began to fasten their seat belts. Up front, the crew chief began to sweat a little. The co-pilot fidgeted with the buttons on his shirt. To the pilot who had seen 10,000 hours of Arctic flying, this was only one of the many tension-filled moments that are likely to occur while flying over this seemingly God-forsaken country. But still his lip quivered slightly as he ordered the crew chief to check the passengers.

The radio silence was suddenly broken.

"Air Force three zero five three, this is Frobisher. There should be a few breaks in about an hour. Think you can stick around?"

"Roger," was the excited reply. "I'll anchor up here till you give us the word."



ILLUSTRATED BY CHIC FORBES

The worst of it was over, or so it appeared. The pilot and co-pilot breathed a sigh of relief almost simultaneously.

A check was made with Frobisher tower every fifteen minutes as the four-engined transport circled 'round and 'round high above the storm. A half-hour passed, then forty-five minutes, and at last, the hour was completed.

"FROBISHER, THIS is five three. How does it look now?"

"It'll be another fifteen or twenty minutes. How's your fuel?"

The pilot was getting impatient. He checked his fuel gauge. "I've got about an hour and a half left, Frobisher, but I sure hate to use it. Get me down from here as soon as you can."

"Roger, Five three. I'll let you know as soon as there's any sign of a let-up."

The radio went silent again. Ten minutes passed by. Twenty. Thirty. Still no let up.

Forty minutes. Fifty. It was getting dark.

"Frobisher, how long are you going to leave me hanging here? We can't stay much longer. What's the ceiling now?"

"Looks pretty bad, Five three. The ceiling hasn't changed and it's getting a little misty down here. It may get worse if you wait. Pretty tough situation either way you look at it."

There was another moment of decision. "Frobisher, I'm going to wait another fifteen minutes, and then I'm coming in."

Frobisher's radio operator gripped the microphone, tensely, "Roger, Five three. Watch those hills. Some of them go up to 900 feet. Sorry we couldn't clear it up for you. Good luck."

"All right," the crew chief yelled out to his passengers. "We're almost there, so fasten those seats belts."

The torturous fifteen minutes ended the anxiety in disappointment. There was no sign of any break-through.

Slowly, nonchalantly, the pilot pushed the wheel forward. Almost immediately the plane began to bounce in the turbulent air. The aircraft began its slow descent. Seven thousand feet. Five thousand. Four thousand. Three thousand. Two thousand. Each moment the plane seemed as though it was breaking in half as it bounced around, groaning and creaking like a sail boat in a typhoon.

The passengers, lacking flying experience, became horrified at the strange behavior of the helpless craft. Many became nauseated by the incessant bouncing. Others were too scared to get sick.

Still the pilot pushed the plane downward. Seventeen hundred feet. Sixteen hundred. Fifteen hundred. Then airport minimums, fourteen hundred feet. Nothing could be seen. Thirteen hundred. Twelve hundred. Still a black fog hung over the windshield. Eleven hundred feet. Snow began to pile up on the windshield. One thousand feet. But still no sign of a break in the clouds. The hills were somewhere a hundred feet below. Somewhere! Somewhere in the night!

The panic-striken co-pilot glanced at the altimeter. "Good grief, Frank! Nine hundred feet!" But there was nothing to do but to sit and to sweat.

Eight hundred fifty feet. Was there no opening? Was there no end to this incredible blackness?

The black mist that engulfed the plane did not give up easily. Eight hundred ten feet and still the darkness was unbroken.

Not knowing whether to swear or to pray, the pilot yelled out at the top of his voice, "Great God in heaven, help us!"

Suddenly a white blanket of snow sped toward the plane. The whole aircraft jolted and veered sharply to the left. Frantically the pilot attempted to correct for the change in course. The controls seemed almost frozen. He turned the wheel completely to the right. Slowly the battered aircraft returned to its course.

"Look! Look!" The co-pilot pointed in ecstasy. "We're through!

Gazing in wild excitement, the pilot's eyes came to rest on two rows of glowing lights dead ahead.

"Gear down," the pilot ordered.

"What do you say, Jack, we go to church tomorrow, Huh?"

"Roger, Chief!"

WALTON

Photographic essay . . .

Baptist Inferno

By Leslie Fox

IF YOU EVER happen to stray past Bostwick dormitory, you'll be amazed to find one of the largest and most carefully maintained steam boiler plants in North Carolina. Within this building are three floors of pipes, valves and machinery working every hour of the day for proper college heating.

Upon entering the main lobby, one sees the office of plant foreman Jim Laprede. Opposite this office are located two giant furnaces, each of which is run for a two-week period. During the lay-off period, the inactive furnace is cleaned and given complete maintenance service. It also receives a state inspection under North Carolina regulations. Facilities are provided for a third furnace which will be added to the present heating plant on the completion of future college buildings.

The control board for the furnaces is located on the left of the building as you enter. From this board all operations of the plant can be controlled either manually or automatically.

The second floor of the building houses two exhaust fans which take care of excess smoke. Also on this floor is the small laboratory used by Mr. Laprede in testing all of the water that goes into the boilers. Chemicals used in these boilers include sulfite, phosphate, and caustic acid.

From the roof a coal conveyor feeds fuel from the basement coal bin up through a shoot to the top of the furnaces. This belt delivers fifteen tons of coal to the gravity fed fire bins of the furnaces until ready for use. On an average winter day, a furnace will consume six tons of coal every eight hours.

In the basement there are two compressors which feed warm water to the boilers on the first floor. On this level is also found the ash disposal equipment. The ashes are sucked from the furnaces by two large fans into a silo at the rear of the building. Eighteen tons of ashes are carried from the silo by trucks to a disposal area every week.

A foreman, three operators, one janitor and two relief men maintain the entire heating plant.

In addition to heat controls there is in the building the IBM electric clock which controls the time indicated on each of the electric clocks on campus. Through this control board any clock on campus can be set. The master light switch of the college is also located in the plant.

Two large blowers and compressors situated on the main floor provide the air conditioning for the warmer months.

The plant has gained the reputation of cleanliness throughout. Mr. Carrol Hardy, managing director of the Bituminous Coal Institute of Washington, D. C., praised the building on a recent visit by saying that it was "hospital clean."

The next time you take a study break, look around inside the buildings on campus. You'll be surprised at what you may find.

Baptist Inferno

Leslie Fox, a student at Wake Forest, goes into the heating plant with his pencil and camera, and comes out with a photographic essag revealing a part of the campus only remotely known to the students.

1. The Wake Forest heating plant is situated on the north east side of the campus.

2. The lobby and space for a future boiler are located on the main floor. Shown in the background is one of the giant furnaces.

3. Clean floors and rubber mats are noticable throughout the plant. The furnaces are surrounded by many massive pipes and tubes.

4. In the pump room, electric pumps are operated twenty-four hours a day to provide an adequate water supply for the boilers.

5. Mr. Speas, left, checks in the newest member of the staff, right Mr. A. L. Bean.

6. From the control board, operators may observe every aspect of temperature and pressure of the operating machinery.

7. This turbine powered pump is the largest single piece of equipment in the heating plant. The glass enclosed office of the superintendent is in the background.

8. The pump room and control board are centrally located on the main floor of the plant for more efficient control.

Forum: What About - - -

By Evelyn Anderson

SINCE THE WAR OUR colleges and universities have had an increasing number of students who marry on the undergraduate level, and of students who intend to continue their college work after marriage. Many have said that the returning veterans, who were older and married, started a movement which eventually resulted in a change of mores among college students. Married students are now accepted and commonplace in the campus community.

Actually there is no problem for the college itself, despite the growing number of married students, except with regard to housing facilities for them. The traditional point of view is to assume entire responsibility for the housing of all students. To take the opposite opinion would be to dismiss all concern for the facilities for married students labeling such matters as entirely individual responsibility. Wake Forest has adopted a moderate policy in providing adequate facilities for a large number of the married students, but by no means for all of them. Many students feel that the housing problem is entirely their own and do not expect aid from the college. Should a student suffer financially, however, his ensuing problems are also the college's problems; the liabilities of the student influence his school.

The college community provides a unique environment for scores of young men and women who enter each year. On the campus students are removed, usually by many miles, from their own homes and from the force of their attachments to family and friends. They live in a community of adults and post-adolescents in which they are closely associated with people of their own age. Many new goals are incorporated into the student's total ambition for his life, among them the choice of a profession or career and that of a mate.

It is well to keep in mind that education is so very important that for the undergraduate, particularly one who is entering one of the professions, marriage should come after the completion of college. Statistically, we know that only one out of seventy-three marriages ends in divorce when both students have completed their college education before marriage. The undergraduate who is considering marriage should ask himself whether his reasons for marriage are the rational product of a self-directing person who can face his own problems, or whether he believes marriage to be the solution to some existent complication of his own which he has not solved. An undergraduate boy, for example, realizes that when he chooses to marry he is choosing to become a part of a minority group. He might be marrying because he is lonely. This means that he would bring into marriage an incapacity to get along well with others. The ability to adjust socially is a characteristic which he needs for marriage and which marriage will not give him.

The proper age for marriage is, of course, an individual matter depending on maturity, economic status, etc., but statistics show that both partners should be at least twenty (the man preferably at least 22). For those who marry under twenty the divorce rate nears fifty per cent, and contrary to public opinion, for students who marry in college, the divorce rate is very nearly one to four out of five. Realizing that the time for marriage differs with the maturity and character of individuals, there are several goals which we may set to gauge preparedness for marriage:

1. The individual should be a self-directing person, able to make his own decisions. Marriage is just the beginning of a lifetime of decisions to be made. Only one who can relax in the confidence of his own ability to face complications and make decisions is capable of such a task.
2. The person should have empathy. Of primary importance in getting along with others in work, or at home, is being able to feel as others feel.
3. The person should have good judgment. Wisdom is necessary in maintaining a proper conception of the values of life.
4. One should always be adaptable. That means not lacking resolution, but on the contrary, the ability to accept the truth when confronted with it.

After considering the individual's qualifications for marriage, there are other factors which influence the happiness of marriage. Health should never be overlooked, because good health is certainly important to married happiness. Economics play a major role in every marriage. We are aware that many would propose that marriage not even be considered when there is a lack of financial support. How could it be otherwise? In particular there should always be enough money available to finish educational training.

The importance of education for marriage should never be overlooked. Marriage is not to be taken lightly; it is a glowing jewel which deserves to be polished. Actually, many of us fail in just this way; we fail to recognize that marriage is not just a joyful relationship which comes spontaneously without preparation or work, but is something for which we must labor if the prize is to be won. Our schools and colleges recognize that fact by offering courses in marriage and the family. The first course was taught dealing with that subject in 1922 at Boston University. This year 637 colleges are giving instruction in this matter. It is interesting to note that Wisconsin high schools have installed such a program and that the rate of divorce and illegitimacy has been lowered.

Finally, we stress that the co-ordination of marriage and education is entirely personal. Maturity and the recognition of values are perhaps of most importance. It is disturbing to realize that those who are emotionally, socially, and spiritually immature are those who enter marriage without proper consideration and planning. We can only hope that education will bring to them an awareness of the gravity of the matter. The success of many undergraduate marriages also reminds us that there are individuals who possess unusual strength and maturity for whom early marriage constitutes no problem.

In conclusion, we believe that it is time to realize the important position which marriage holds and should hold in our society. In so doing, may we strive to discipline ourselves and work to upohld that position.

Marriage and Education

Mrs. Ethel Nash

Marriage Counselor and Assistant in the Department of Preventive Medicine of Bowman Gray School of Medicine

"Marriage is the most important event in life after birth, and it is one which deserves the very best we can bring to it. For not only is marriage the most satisfying relationship, but it is also the most difficult and demanding. Generally, those who marry earlier are those who should wait until later. Urged by loneliness, many who come from homes in which there has been divorce or bereavement marry early. Statistics show that this very group should have the extra advantage of later marriage. The undergraduate should ask himself if marriage is the next step or if it is the answer to some other problem. Marriage between people who are failing either intellectually or socially would have serious liabilities. In general I would agree with Floyd who says that the emotionally mature person is competent in both love and work."

Dr. J. W. Angel

Associate Professor of Religion

"To ask whether education or marriage is more important is an invalid question. Education and marriage should not interfere with each other; young people should have both. The facts are that this is a growing problem in that the war and the professions are demanding more schooling. The problem is basically that it is desirable to get married in the twenties but from the standpoint of professional training it is more desirable to get married in the thirties. Oftentimes economics may solve the problem, because if the couple cannot afford matrimony all other reasons for marriage would be subdued. The old adage "When poverty came in the door, love flew out the window" is quite true. In any case it is wise to finish college before matrimony, because the detainment could be for no more than three years.

Dean W. C. Archie

"In general it would be wise to complete college before marrying for economic and social reasons. Two cannot live cheaper than one, and economic complications would be thus avoided. It is also true that to delay marriage is to give the student a greater opportunity to develop socially, intellectually, and emotionally—which might be expected to result in a more mature decision regarding the choice of a mate. Experience has shown that marriage is not necessarily unwise for the undergraduate because a great majority of undergraduate marriages appear to be quite successful. This probably means that for an indeterminate number of people marriage is wise at a younger age."

Lynn and Steve Blackwell

Seniors—Wake Forest College

"After due consideration of all economic and social factors involved in marriage, we would speak from a practical point of view and say that one should consider whether he is prepared to accept the unforeseen difficulties or problems that may arise from marriage. One should consider that sickness or bereavement may disturb one or both partners from pursuing his or her education. On the whole we find that in a common effort to obtain an education we can better utilize our time and attain a more satisfactory goal together than one could ever do alone."

By C. W. Alford

SOME YEARS AGO a work on marriage was published entitled *Marriage Is a Serious Business*. In it the author highlights the fact that staying successfully married is no child's play. In addition, sociologists are now emphasizing the important difference between a successful, harmonious marriage and a couple who merely live together as man and wife until the death of one of the partners. Marriage requires a degree of all-round maturity with understanding enough to see difficulties and wisdom enough to avoid or solve them.

Readiness for marriage is something more than "being in love." In our complex, dynamic society the immature, the ignorant, the unskilled person is often foredoomed to failure, however much he may be in love. Just as a home is vastly more than a house, so marriage is something far more than mating. One is simply following the natural impulses of physical attraction; the other is a blending of two mature personalities into a lifelong companionship in which each gladly shares with the other his ambitions, his abilities, and his resources as well as the emotional and physical aspects of his life.

What, then, constitutes readiness for marriage? Certainly it is not the mere fact that an individual has reached the chronological age of fourteen, eighteen, twenty-one or twenty-five. Regardless of age, if one is irresponsible, undisciplined, and unable to make or carry out a plan, he is immature. It is altogether too much to expect that a wedding ceremony will change a person into a competent and self-sufficient individual with mature judgment, well-balanced emotions, and an integrated personality and character.

In the present world a person is not likely to succeed in marriage by accident or sheer luck. Holding the family together in the past were many functions which have now been transferred to other institutions—the school, the church, the play house or recreational agency, the business and economic institution, *et cetera*. What holds the young couple (and their children) together today is primarily the affectional bond and the mental and emotional interdependence and interrelationships between all the members of the family. Wise planning and intelligent effort are always an important part of success in any aspect of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Hark! the sound through the years . . .

Bells of Wake Forest

By Edie Hutchins

THE RINGING OF the college bell splits the quietness of the morning. It brushes away the remaining fog as the first rays of sunlight appear on the horizon. Thus, the campus wakes for another morning. Faint stirrings can be heard from inside converted slave quarters which are clustered about the white frame house. Fifteen minutes quickly pass, and the bell peals again. At the second intonation, doors open and a steady stream of professors and students heads for the remodeled carriage house where all assemble for prayer. After devotions, the time is occupied with class recitations until 7:15. The bell calls again, this time for breakfast. And so a typical day began for Wake Forest College in the year 1834.

In contrast, a different college bell peals over a brand-new campus of red-brick buildings, sprawled in an entirely different location. The doors of six new dormitories open, infrequently at first, and then more steadily as students begin streaming out, making their way towards classroom buildings. Vibrations drift through an open window into the room of a sleepy coed who stirs and brushes the sand out of her eyes as she looks to see if the sun is shining. At the sound, a professor starts for his car to begin the short trip to the campus and his first period class. So the signal is given and another day has begun in the year 1957.

The pealing of the bell has raised the curtains on a typical school day at Wake Forest since 1834, the year when the college first opened its doors to students. Therefore, the bell has become one of the school's most cherished traditions. Colorful and varied traditions are accumulated as the years pass by, and they become an integral part of the college's existence. Concerned with anything and everything from freshmen hazing to becoming pinned un-

derneath a certain tree, the traditions are religiously repeated year after year. Many of a student's happiest memories of his college days are centered around these, without which a vital part of his college days would be lost. And so it has been with the bells of Wake Forest. Their history has been long and colorful.

It all began in 1834, the year the college opened. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, Charles W. Skinner donated a bell to the school. When the college building, used for chapel, as a library, for classes, and as a dormitory, was completed in 1837, the bell was hung there. It was rung by means of a dangling rope, by a sexton who was employed for this job.

It was against the college rules to ring the bell except at certain times, but students were continuously disturbing and frightening the professors and surrounding community by ringing it at night. According to Dr. George Paschal, the boys also found pleasure in teasing the members of the faculty by ringing the college bell at the midnight hour and sometimes earlier in the night. They would ring the bell until the look-out warned that someone was approaching. After all was quiet, they would start again.

ONE NIGHT THE BELL began an incessant clanging which continued after the college officer appeared. He investigated, finding no reason for the bell to be ringing; yet the noise kept on. Imagining all manner of catastrophes, a crowd began to gather, and it was not long before every member of the faculty appeared. It was beginning to look as though the belfry was haunted, and the professors were beginning to fret. Meanwhile, the students remained calm. This kept up for half an hour until a member of the faculty caught his foot on the rope, and noticed that when he did, the bell's regular ringing was interrupted. He followed the rope and found it tied to a rocking chair in which a student was calmly rocking and reading. The professors were so relieved to find that there were no spooks around that the prankster was immediately forgiven.

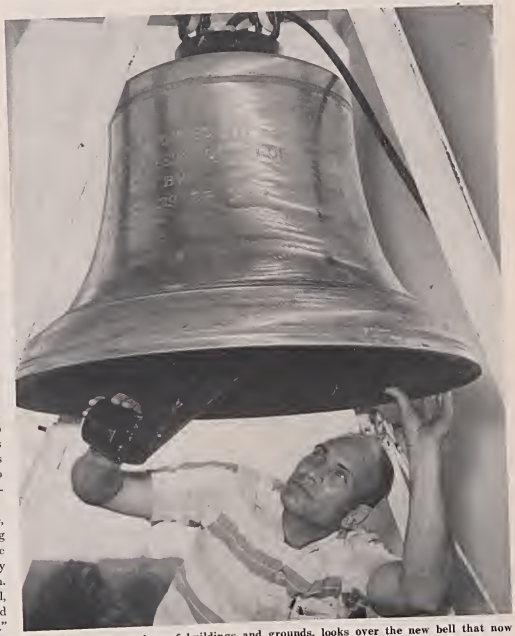
Another time, hoping to evade capture, a culprit climbed into the belfrey and rang the bell by its clapper. But his efforts were to no avail for he was soon discovered by a faculty member with the aid of a lantern. When asked why he was ringing the bell, he said that in his lesson that day he read that, "Caesar made a bell of German Sylva." This translated means, "Caesar made a bell of German silver," and he wanted to see if it were true. Once again punishment was escaped; this time because of the offender's witticism.

In 1885, it was decided that this bell was too small and should be replaced by a larger one. The new bell was constructed especially for college and church by the American Bellmarkers in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, the old bell was given to a country school and was forgotten for the time being.

The new bronze bell had an unusually beautiful tone that was noted for its mellowness. It not only served the school, but the farmers and workmen around also came to depend on its ringing to let them know when to tell their laborers to go to work. The community depended upon the bell to regulate their lives.

The students also used this bell for their escapades. One night pranksters carried a cow up to the belfrey, and tied her to the bell rope. All night long, the poor animal worked feverishly to get loose; consequently, the bell clanged away all night long.

Disaster struck on May 5, 1933. Shortly after midnight, fire broke out in the College Building. Students rooming in the end sections managed to escape with their lives, but the year's records were destroyed. The leaping flames attracted the townspeople, and the fire departments from the surrounding towns gathered to put out the fire. All their attempts were useless. Suddenly, the bell gave one long, vibrant peal



Pete Moore, supervisor of buildings and grounds, looks over the new bell that now hangs over Reynolds library.

and then crashed to the ground. It was the last time that the bell ever rang, for all that could be found in the still glowing embers the next day was a mass of run-together metals. It was more than just a bell being lost, though. In describing the fire, Dr. George Paschal, whose family has always been closely connected with Wake Forest College, said, "Perhaps the greatest emotion was aroused by the loss of the bell, the molten ruins of which were found in the ashes the next day." *Old Black and Black* for May 6 said, "The bell which has called students to classes for many years is somewhere in the mass ruins in the central section of the building," and estimated that since being installed the bell had heralded more than 2,500 college victories.

THE RUINS WERE CLEARED away, and soon the new building, Wait Hall, was completed. A white belfry was placed on top of the structure, but it remained empty. Meanwhile, a steel farm bell, placed on top of a pole in front of the new administration building, was used to hail the beginning and ending of classes. It had a metallic ring and was hard to hear. On cold mornings the bell would be covered with ice which had to be melted before it could be rung.

This bell was replaced by one donated by Dr. J. W. Dichie of Southern Pines. It was placed in the new belfry. While an improvement over the previous one, it was still inadequate.

One day Professor Percival Perry happened to mention that there was a huge bell in a church in his hometown of Chesterfield, S. C., which the college might be able to buy. Sometime later, Professor J. L. Memory happened to be near there. He went to the church, climbed the belfrey and inspected the bell. He was favorably impressed, and offered Dichie's bell plus $35.00 for it. His terms were accepted, necessary transactions having been made, and the bell was placed in the belfry of Wait Hall. Its tones were said to be almost identical to those of the cherished bronze bell which was destroyed in the fire. Like the previous bells, it was also rung by means of a hand-pulled rope.

On a rainy Sunday morning in February of 1946, the first bell donated to the college in 1834 again came into recognition. It had come into the possession of the Olive Branch Baptist Church in the Negro section of Wake Forest. It was raining so hard that morning that the Sunday School superintendent decided not to ring the bell at the usual 9:00 time. Children from miles around assembled on the wide front porch of the church, which was directly under the belfry, to play until the second bell at 9:30. The superintendent did not want the children playing in the wet, cold weather, so the first bell was at 9:30. The people filed on into the church without lingering on the porch. At 9:45 the bell-ringer was sent out to ring the bell for the second time. As the boy pulled the rope, he heard a loud snap of metal overhead and the ripping of the rafters. He jumped quickly aside as the bell crashed through the porch ceiling and buried itself in the wooden floor. A Higher Power must have been watching that day; because, except for the rain, unsuspecting children playing happily on the church porch would have met certain death.

Through the years, the bells of Wake Forest have truly been the voice of the college. Who can tell when the tradition of ringing the bell after each school victory began? Perhaps it was when the debate team won its first victory, or maybe after the first baseball game. Nevertheless, the happy shouts of the students and the elation of the team members were echoed in peal after peal of the bell, often ringing far into the night, announcing to everyone that Wake Forest had been victorious. And when Wake Forest did not win, the silence of the bell carried undertones of disappointment and failure, but at the same time, the determination to try again — and to win next time. But the least desirable task of the bells was that of tolling for the funeral of a beloved professor who had passed away.

The college accepted the Reynold's offer, and moved to Winston-Salem, leaving behind the college bell in its familiar place in the belfry of Wait Hall. In the fall of 1956, the gates to the new campus were officially opened. There were many necessary adjustments to be made. Weeks passed. Then things began to calm down, and with the calm came the stark realization that the bell was missing! This then, was the cause of a strange sense of quietness and emptiness. The irritating sound of a mechanical buzzer called students to and from classes. Gone was the warm friendliness of the tones of the bell that somehow made everyone feel secure, and in its place was the cold impersonal sound of a buzzer.

This just would not do. Whoever heard of Wake Forest without a bell? The members of the first senior class on the new campus immediately began a campaign to raise funds with which to purchase a bell. With class projects, student and alumni contributions, the sum was collected and the bell was purchased. It was presented to the college and placed in the cupola atop the Z. Smith Reynolds Library.

With the return of a bell has come the return of something intangible. Things are falling into their proper places, and a sense of rightness pervades. Once again there is a bell to greet the new and welcome the old, and once again the bell reigns over the campus with an air of safe-keeping and affection.

LOVE AND THIS FOOL

When the sun sets on my fingers,
When the stars skirt round my skull
And my bays are a scarf binding the sea
To ruffled grainey shores,
I frown and steal the urge to say:
When a moon of eyes gleaming the boom of lies away
Becomes dark in passing, all it leaves is my love.
And this word is static and dry on my tongue,
And a bar to feed my foolish voicing
Of the stare and daredeviling wish
To be always looking for a temporary binding
Asking how and please when will you seeing say
Nothing only that you feel the same as I,
Naming nothing new only wishing to wash away,
Or at least smooth the stucco of our savior faire.

— AMU

Continued from last issue . . .

Europe Plus Twelve

By Ralph James

TWELVE METHODIST Students from colleges all over North Carolina threaded their way through Europe, working, observing, helping, and praying. Ralph James, author of this series, was a member of this group. This article concludes his observation and reflections and encompasses his travels from Italy, through Germany, Holland, and England. All of the pictures included were taken by Ralph or a member of the group as they traveled.

Immediately, as we started down the long rows of foothills in Italy, the landscape changed. Where there had been tall pines, we now saw short, knotty orchards and terraced hillsides. Soon the countryside was flat, and lengthened into farms of greater dimension.

We arrived in Rome too tired to do more than get a good night's sleep. Early the next morning, we began visiting the famous places in the usual infamous manner, by touring bus. Seeing the Pantheon, Coliseum, Forum, and Catacombs brought dry, historical facts into a living focus.

In the Vatican City, we saw the world's largest church, St. Peter's, and watched the Pope as he gave his daily blessing to the crowd in the square.

No one can stand in the Cistine Chapel without feeling the strength of Michelangelo's genius, nor a person view the artist's sculptured figure of Moses without sensing a deep dedication.

At night we walked from our hotel to the famous fountain best known to Americans through the song "Three Coins in a Fountain."

You are the fountain of my strength
Pouring refreshing life into a thirsty world
Giving beauty and truth a bath in clear crystal
Sustaining today — that tomorrow might come.

On our last night in Rome, we attended Verdi's *La Traviata*. It was performed on the beautiful open air stage which was constructed over Agrippa's ancient bathes.

We turned our compass north to the city of gondolas and canals. The first day in Venice, much to our surprise, was spent swimming at the "lido" (Italian for beach). The water was clear, and we could see the bottom almost a mile out. It was really a relief for dusty travelers to float for an afternoon in the warm salt water.

The city of Venice is one of those places in the world which can make a claim to true uniqueness and substantiate that claim. The canals of Venice have a built-in romantic quality that holds the visitor spellbound as he rides quietly down the waterways.

Dip the paddle into still water
And glide past historical shadows
Where children have laughed and cried
Where men have fought and died.
Watch your wake touch the walls of history
And see the meaning of life's impressions
Where ripples have splashed and bound
Where waves have beauty and sound.
Hear your heart beat in the water
And feel the tremor of breathing hope
Where ages have ceased and rusted
Where men have doubted and trusted.
Turn your oar in currents deep
Let its wood search the unknown depths
Where swords have flashed and sunk
Where sailors have sworn and drunk.
Touch with your hand green black water
Ruffle the mirror of ageless secrets
Where lives have come and gone
Where loves have lifted a song.

In the center of Venice is the famous St. Mark's square, opening before St. Mark's Cathedral. On the side of the pigeon-filled square is a series of shops that are very attractive to the tourists, and that thrive despite their high prices.

From Venice our little group of caloused train riders headed for Munich, Germany. We entered the land where our fathers and older brothers had fought only twelve years before. We were to see for the first time here the scars that the last twelve

1. Ralph, on the left, poses with three of the Caravaners in one of the many camera shops that they visited. 2. Standing in contrast to the free sector of Berlin are the ruins of East Berlin. 3. In the midst of a growing prosperity in West Berlin, stands this monument to Red Russian war heros. 4. Pictured here is the Krass family. On the right is the conductor friend who had never seen an American until he saw Ralph. 5. Lord George and the custodian look at the carefully preserved Wesley Bible.

years had not yet covered.

Upon arriving at the partly reconstructed station in Munich, we were met by our guide and German interpreter, Martin Brosse. Martin was the son of a Berlin minister, and was studying to become an organ teacher.

Here we stayed in what the Europeans call a "youth hostel." These are rooming places which are often very much like a hotel, but more often like the Y. M. C. A. In the summer months, many European young people spend their holidays traveling. They stay at these places for less than fifty cents per night. This usually includes breakfast. These hostels are usually initiated by a gift of a building or land to the civic improvement. A youth may join an association of these hostels and spend the night for even less. This system makes it possible for students and working youth to travel around Europe on their motor-cars and bicycles.

We had been warned that there might be some resentment by the Germans toward Americans. Nowhere, however, in the various cities of Germany we visited, did any sign of resentment appear. In fact, we were cordially welcomed and royally treated everywhere. The focus of their blame for their destroyed country was centered on Hitler. Even the anti-Adenauer propaganda of the Socialist Party (the "outs" wanting in) was aimed at Hitler. One poster read YOU GAVE HITLER 12 YEARS, HOW MANY ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ADENAUER? The good chancellor seems to have the situation in a little better control than the Socialists like to think, however.

We visited the sights of Munich, including the world's largest beer garden, which was like a giant beehive bustling with activity.

We visited a beehive in Munich
Ah, my friend, what a beehive it was
There was lots of honey there
Yes, and lots of sticky bees
It was full of smoke, too
An enemy, a vigorous, pious enemy
must have tried to smoke them out
But there they were—smoke—and honey
—and bees
Ah, yes, we can't forget the music
Suspenders and baywindows and bases
They had quite a combo in Munich.

Continuing on to Nurnberg, we met the people with whom we were to stay. My host was a very remarkable gentleman. He was eighty-three years old, and had been in the United States from 1889 until 1898. Here, he had made a fortune which was later lost on "Black Friday" 1929. Returning to Germany, he had raised a large family. He still gets around with amazing spryness. He was the kind of person who makes you re-examine yourself, especially when a man of eighty-three does such things as feed his chickens at 5:00 every morning.

My host, your back is bent with years
Your face is wrinkled by the sands of time
Your old yellow hat is tattered today
It has been dofted so many times
My host, the twinkle in your eye is home to any man
Your open arms are bands of peace though once they fought us
Your smile is an open book of understanding
It has shown what all men seek—appreciation.

The old Nurnberg Castle was very interesting to visit, but it was the night symphony concert that we enjoyed most. The concert was held just inside the walls in an open-air auditorium. During the first movement of the second selection, we had some real movement. The wind started to blow the pages so that all the musicians were on a different selection. This was further confused by a loud crash from the concussion section.

We went by train the short distance to the famous Heidelberg Castle. The first thing we saw of interest in the streets of the old town was a small group of students carrying flags and waving class hats. The castle itself was something of a disappointment, just another place for tourists to gape at old walls. They did have a big wine barrel in the cellar, however. It was big enough to hold fifty-five thousand gallons and had only been filled three times.

The next day, we caught the train to Frankfurt. Here our rooming place was the Methodist Seminary. We met and talked with its president, Dr. Carl Ernst Sommer. He gave us some interesting views concerning the recent changes in the Russian Government. Upon being asked what the general situation was, he gave us his opinion of an issue that could have world shaking implications. One of the main hopes, he feels, the West should maintain, is concerned with the Russian intellectuals. Remembering that these leaders could hold the fate of the world in the devastating power of the atomic and hydrogen bombs, he hopes that they think clearly. No one can say, he said, whether or not the more intelligent Russians play a part in the control. We can only hope that enough of them are still around to keep the others from acting foolish.

ANOTHER INTERESTING visit in Frankfurt was with Bishop Wunderlich. An interesting fact about this man is that he serves as Bishop for both the East and West German sections. He is one of the few people who can cross the Iron Curtain without much difficulty. He makes frequent trips across the border and recently attended a conference in East Berlin. Accompanying him to this conference was a colored Bishop by the name of King. They say that it is very rare for a person from East Germany to see a member of the Negro race, and he was well received. Bishop King preached to an overflow crowd in a manner that held them spellbound behind the *Iron Curtain*. Reports from several sources indicate that the people there are very desirous of freedom of worship.

Bishop Wunderlich told of an experience in which he was invited to attend a reception given by the Communist government officials. He gladly accepted the invitation and attended the reception. The officials, not wanting to waste any chance to lay the propaganda on thick, spent a good part of the evening with the butter knife. When they made the mistake of asking the Bishop his opinions, he preached them a sermon and they were forced by the circumstances to listen.

Oh, yes, before leaving Frankfurt we heard the story of a museum in Moscow dedicated to the propagation of Atheism. It seems the museum is constantly having to replace its director, and needs one this very day. If you have any atheist friends who are sorely in need of a position, let them know.

The next morning, we caught a train to Mainz and caught a boat up the Rhine in the afternoon. It was rainy, and we were unable to appreciate the full beauty of this historic river. It was lined, however, with numerous castles and occasional towns or villages. We were anxious to see the bridge where the Americans had crossed near the end of World War II. An officer on the boat explained that there were still several tanks sunk in the river where the historic crossing was made at Remagen. We could see the old stones where all of the other bridges up and down the river had been destroyed. (They, also, played the record of Loralie when we passed the rock which inspired its writing.)

As we neared Bonn, we passed the residence of West Germany's Chancellor Ade-

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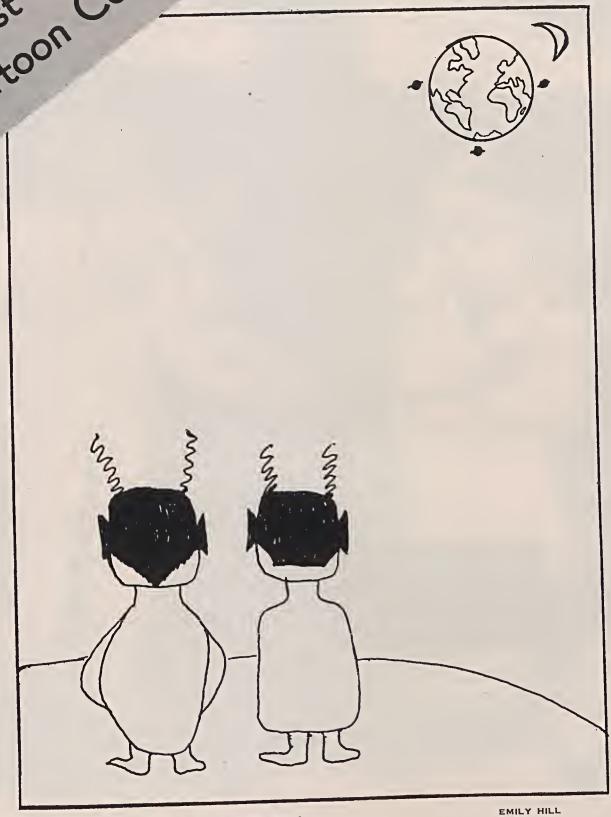
1st Prize Cartoon Contest



Show Offs!

EMILY HILL
SOPHOMORE
BOX 7028

Visit

Our

CAMPUS SHOP

on the

Plaza

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

Featuring

Ladies' Apparel and Accessories

Thalhimers

Downtown Location: West Fourth at Spruce

Breech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

had been lowered into the deep, lonely six foot grave. The Elder was preparing to cast the ceremonial first spade of soil on his body. Josh looked at the preacher, and was a little surprised to see him returning the look. Loflin had been at the side of Aaron the day of his death, and Josh could see from the look on his face that he blamed him for the death of a life-long friend. Didn't the doctor say that Aaron could get well if he wanted to? But Aaron had been sick at heart. His first born child had refused to come home.

Elder Loflin pushed the spade into the fresh dirt. He reared back on the handle to dislodge the shovel full of grave dirt. With no realization, Josh jumped up from his seat and walked back toward the church.

"I ought to have come home," Josh said aloud. He ran his hands through his sandy hair and across the back of his neck. "I killed him. If I had tried to understand him, he would be alive. Oh, God! He never let me down. If only I had known."

He threw himself against a huge elm in the churchyard and grabbed around the tree desperately with his arms. With head hugging the tree, Josh broke down.

"But I got here, Pa. I got here. See, Pa! Forgive me, Pa. We got along all right. Pa, I'm doing good in the city, better than I could've done on the farm. I always remember the things you taught. When I needed a hand, I got a picture of you in my mind, and got the right answers. I didn't forget you, so please don't forget me up there. Don't forget me anymore, Pa."

Some of the people were leaving the cemetery. Josh walked back toward the grave. He passed old friends. They ignored him.

He walked over to his wife and child. Wanda touched him, a look of concern in her eyes.

The six year-old boy had not been able to understand the events of the last few hours. Life wasn't the same as that to which he had been accustomed. He looked at his father. "Daddy, I didn't like that man in the box covered with flowers. He made you and Mummy cry."

Josh puts both hands on the boy's shoulders as he knelt. "It wasn't your grandfather's fault, son." The father looked at his son for a long minute. "Larry, I will never stop you from doing anything you want to do."

Wanda's countenace reflected anxiety. The small family trudged down the path. The mother held Larry tightly to her.

Second Prize Winner:

DICK DAWSON
JUNIOR
BOX 6185

Europe Plus Twelve

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nauer. It was a white two-story house next to the river across from the government buildings. Upon landing at Bonn, we went immediately to the government buildings and were shown around by a guide.

The West German government is one of the newest governments in the world, and has some of the most modern buildings. The grounds were beautiully decorated with flowers and flags. Inside we were shown the council and assembly chambers. They were situated very similarly to our government chambers in Washington.

Continuing to Cologne, we saw the famous Cologne Cathedral, which was the most beautiful of any we visited in all of Europe. Across the river from the cathedral was a huge perfume manufacturing plant. Behind this was a tremendous area set aside for a flower exhibition. We visited this, and were further impressed with the beautiful flowers that we had been seeing in all of Europe. They were arranged around a series of fountains and lawns and could be seen from a chair lift or miniature train. We took the chair lift and saw the flowers from overhead, but the lift also took one back across the Rhine. As we rode over the Rhine in our little chair, we could get a better idea of the tremendous amount of barge travel up and down the river.

Before we knew it, we were in the air again, only this time a little higher. That night we caught a plane and winged our way toward Berlin. The first half of our two hour flight was in or over clouds. Occasionally we could see lights from the Communist held land below. About ten o'clock, we suddenly were above the clouds, and believe it or not we could see the sun. We were high enough that the sunset was still visible as a bright red glow in the west.

The city of Berlin is one of the most strategic cities in the world. Its three and one-half million population is a tender box in world affairs. Two million of these people constitute the western sector and a thorn in the side of Communism. Into this little outpost of freedom pours an average of four thousand refugees from oppression per week.

Our first day in Berlin was spent visiting the tremendous Borsig Steel Plant. Here we saw the molton steel poured, and watched ship's engines being made and tested. We walked across the plant yard toward the ten percent which had not been completely bombed out. Here we watched coils of steel bands made into pipe by a fascinating heating, pressing, and cooling process.

In the afternoon, we walked across the western sector to the refugee camps. The camps are in two classifications, A and B. The A camps are for political refugees who cannot return to the East. The B camps are for those who for a multiplicity of reasons fled to the freedom of the West. It is not too difficult for the political escapees to find employment, and they are usually in the camps for only a short time. The B refugees are the real problem as they continue to stream into the camps by the thousands.

We were led down the long halls of the living quarters and show single rooms where whole families with children were living. Some families with five members had been living in a single room for over five years. These people had rather given up their homes, and families in some cases, for this. Part of the furnishings and clothing come from the Berlin city government, but a great deal of them come from Western countries. Before leaving the home, we went upstairs to an auditorium where some local volunteer clowns were performing for the children. Children enjoy fun everywhere.

Our group was slightly fidgety as we mounted the steps from the subway and walked into the bright Saturday afternoon sunshine of East Berlin. "Stick together and don't take too many pictures in an obvious way," our guide instructed us. We started walking across town looking nervously around us, fully expecting an army to open fire at any second. A few of us had heard that a good souvenir would be a record of the Red Army Choir. Our guide led us across the street and into the record shop while the rest of the group waited.

"See those blue and green scarves those little girls are wearing? They are the mark of the Communist Youth Movement," Martin remarked as we crossed the street.

Upon entering the store we were all impressed by the wall to wall carpeting and beautiful woodwork. Behind the counter were large glass framed pictures of the Party leaders. (One would suspect that there could be little or no dust on the frames.) Our interpreter explained what we wanted, and the clerk brought out the records so we could listen to them. The listening device was a set of ear phones set into the wood of the counter. We listened to a few bars, paid for them and left.

Back on the street, we rejoined our group and headed toward Stalin Alley. The East Berliners have not renounced Stalin as have the other countries. Walking past the University of Humbolt, which has many of its students studying part-time in the Western section, we finally arrived at the famous street. The thing which struck us most was the deserted look about everything. We wondered if four-fifths of the population had left town. We walked down Stalin Alley several blocks trying to snap pictures of the propaganda posters which lined the sidewalks without being too obvious. Stalin Alley is a wide avenue with four-lane traffic and a park type lawn down the center. Most of the buildings were new, and the street extended several miles to two high domes on either side of the avenue. We crossed the almost trafficless avenues and turned down a side street. As we walked along, I noticed that about half the stores and shops had large green letters H O above the doors. "What do those letters stand for?" we asked Martin. "Those mean that they are state owned and operated shops. Only party members can shop in them and receive the benefits of their lower prices. Most of the people cannot use them because they do not carry a card." He went on to explain that pressure was further exerted even on students by giving them "Party" scholarships.

This was clearer when we received a further explanation at the little church a few blocks away. We asked the pastor about Communist pressures, and he said that his little girl as the daughter of a Protetestant pastor must maintain an A average in school. If she were to drop below an A in any subject, she would be kicked out of school and denied an education. Of course, those students who were in favor with the "Party" were allowed to continue in any case, regardless of grades. The pastor further explained that his church was in an insecure position as would be natural in a country controlled by an atheistic government. He said that his congregation is visited each Sunday, supposedly unknown to him, by a member of the "Party Church Committee." This agent has the responsibility of checking him for political inferences during his sermons. Of course, the agent could be any number of people in the congregation.

As the sun was beginning to sink in the West, we decided to head that way, also. We had seen no police or armed soldiers to speak of, but we did not relish the thought of roaming after dark.

The next day, we drove through the beautifully rebuilt Western section and visited the International housing exhibit. This was the most modern series of buildings

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POEMS

By Liz Forbes

TO A FAR-AWAY LOVER

I saw you again today . . .
The sun shone
A breeze blew
Birds sang
I saw you . . .

REQUIEM

Weep o'er me quietly
Take me up tenderly
Cover me somberly
Lay me to rest.
Bring me no lilies white
Bring me no roses red
Bring me your love instead
My last request.
Mine is the silent path
Mine is the lonely path
Mine the ne'erending path
Death, meet thy guest.

MEMORIES

little Nothings . . .
flashings smiles
touching fingers
friendship rings
old love letters
faded roses
Memories . . .

ASPIRATION

Night-whistled tune
soothes troubled thoughts
feather-light . . .
windborne . . .
Floats through an open window;
caresses listening ears . . .
soothes troubled thoughts . . .
Aspires—
to kiss a star . . .

TO ALICE

They say you are
rebellious . . .
defiant . . .
But you are not!
You are, instead,
a dreamer.
You have a Wonderland;
Sometimes . . .
I envy you

Forum—

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life. From careful research studies and skilled marriage counseling experiences, the discovery has been made that there are several types of maturity which combine to make one ready for marriage. These include physical maturity, mental maturity, emotional maturity, social maturity, economic maturity, and a mature and stable philosophy of life. Complete maturity is never attained in life, but we find that there is expected to be a continual process toward the development of maturity in these areas.

Teaching marriage and family classes in college for several years has given the writer the impression that many students have almost no idea of what their own clothes cost, to say nothing of the expenses necessary to maintain a husband and wife. Some have never attempted to live within a budget and know little of the importance of keeping expenditures within a definite limit. Without some preliminary practice in budgeting, few couples are likely to succeed with their monetary matters in marriage.

Marriage counselors are often unable to make constructive suggestions toward averting a breakdown in marriage when a couple started out so young that neither of them knew quite what they wanted in life. Because of their general immaturity at the time of marriage it was almost inevitable that, with the passing of a few years, one or both members would draw apart in his way of thinking about life. Until a person has a rather well-defined goal for life and has made progress toward the attainment of that goal it is very doubtful whether he or she is ready for marriage.

A person's philosophy of life is often related to such matters as occupation, where he wishes to live, for what he is willing to study and work, his attitudes of superiority and inferiority, his ideas of government, God and religion, his attitude toward children, and his theory of what constitutes a home.

In its widest, most profound sense, religion should permeate a person's philosophy of life. Students often ask about the role of religion in marriage. They want to know whether its role begins and ends with the initiation of marriage through a religious ceremony. They wonder whether it plays any part in marital adjustment except in connection with certain types of mixed marriage and the education of children. They are curious to determine whether it has any role in the relationship of a couple that is different in either kind or intensity from its role in the lives of individuals not associated in marriage. In short, what part does —or perhaps we should say, can—religion play in marital adjustment?

There are numerous elements in life that are basically religious, yet are not always labeled such. It must be admitted that whatever role religion plays in marriage must usually be through the channel of individual behavior, since almost everything that affects marriage must in one way or another be accomplished through that channel. Religion colors a person's thinking about standards and values. It plays a part in his decisions concerning what is important in life, what is meaningful, what is worth striving for. It colors his attitudes toward other people and influences his behavior toward them, what he does to or with them, how he relates himself to them. Religion constitutes a motivation to action. It provides a pattern of ethics; but it is more than such a pattern, because it may provide a foundation on which a person may base his ethical system. Religion involves more than the way an individual lives, because it involves also the reason for which he lives.

Marriage is a special association between two people whose relation is highly personalized, deeply significant, and profoundly influential upon the personality of each of them. Whatever attitudes toward people an individual holds, whatever lies at the root of his behavior, whatever his treatment of others is, whatever values and standards he considers important, whatever goals he has in life, whatever colors his thinking about life will play a part in the way he reacts to his spouse and to his marriage. Too often it is assumed that young people have discussed and agreed on many of these matters. The socially immature often go blithely on as if such ideals, ambitions, standards and values never existed or are unimportant and inconsequential in marriage.

HAVING A GOOD educational background is especially important today when there are relatively few unskilled jobs in comparison with the large number of highly skilled occupations requiring specialized training. The following table indicates the estimated life-time income for men by amount of education.

Education	Life-Time Earnings
4th grade or less	$ 72,000
8th grade	116,000
12th grade	165,000
1-3 years of college	190,000
College graduate	268,000

Source: Derived from 1950 Census of Population, Vol. IV, Special Reports, P E, No. 5B, Education, Table 12.

However, a good general educational background is important not only for earning a living, but especially for living a life. The educated person who "knows his way around" in the physical and biological sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities, is at home in much more of the world than the relatively uneducated or narrowly specialized person.

How much education should the wife receive is often discussed. The general consensus today is that education is important for a woman, as a worker, as a wife and mother, as a citizen, and as a person. The young woman with an education has something to offer that assures her a higher salary than otherwise would be available. Even more important is the contribution which the woman can make to her family generally, as well as, more specifically, to the education of her children. A recent study of 1,100 college girls and 752 of their mothers found between 80 and 95 percent of both groups feeling that a woman should have an education equal to her husband's.

The experience of World War II veterans has demonstrated the feasibility of marriage in college. Men, women, and institutions have made adjustments to combine marriage and education. Housing, though not luxurious or elaborate, was built on many campuses to accommodate the veteran's family. Courses were offered to wives, and both husbands and wives were able to find part-time jobs to supplement government grants. Grades and academic standards did not seem to suffer.

What are some of the problems a couple expect if they decide to marry while they are in college? For the most of them, a problem will be living on a small income. The parents and the government are not going to provide the income which the husband could earn on a full time job. However, this does not mean that the marriage necessarily should be postponed.

Veterans who were married were able to live on the sum provided by the government with some $20 to $30 extra a month according to a study made in 1947. The same study revealed that married students lived on an average of $148 a month in 1947. However, by 1952, the average had increased to $222 a month. In another study, conducted on a college campus, of fifty couples who had been married ap-

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Student November Calender

Art

Nov. 15-Dec. 5 "Graphic Art", Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art. Formal opening, Nov. 15, 8:00 p.m. The speaker is Claude Howell, Wilmington artist. Included in the exhibit are woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, drawings, and silk screens.

Dec. 6-Jan. 2 "Christmas Exhibit", painting and graphic art. Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art, formal opening Dec. 6, 8:00 p.m. Gallery hours are Monday through Saturday 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Lectures

Nov. 8 LeRoy Lamm, "Psyciatric Aspects of Art", Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art, 8:00 p.m.

Dec. 3 Wake Forest Concert Lecture Series presents Edward Weeks, distinguished editor of "The Atlantic Monthly". Wait Chapel, 8:00 p.m.

Music

Nov. 5 The Wake Forest Chamber Music Society presents The Hungarian String Quartet with Zoltan Szeskly, violin; Alexander Moskowsky, violin; Denes Koromazay, viola; and Gabriel Magyar, cello. The group is described as "Playing by a most finished and balanced ensemble. The men live in the music and the music lives in them, and emits straight from heart to heart." Magnolia Room of Reynolda Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 12 Anna Russell, Wake Forest Concert Lecture Series. Wait Chapel, 8:30 p.m.

Nov. 18 N.B.C. Opera Company presents, La Traviata", in English, beautifully staged and costumed. Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro, 8:30 p.m.

Nov, 19 "Cavalcade of Song" by Winston-Salem Civic Music Society. Reynolds Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 19 Chapel Hill, Concert of Chamber Music, directed by Edgar Alden. This same group will be on the Wake Forest Concert Lecture Series latter in the season. Concert time 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 24 "Collegium Musicum", by the Civic Choral Society. Memorial Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 26 Winston-Salem Symphony, featuring the Beethoven "Tripple Concerto", with Eugene Jacobwsky, Charles Medlin, and Hans Heidman at the piano. Reynolds Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

Nov. 28-30 THANKSGIVING RECESS
HAPPY HOLIDAY

Dec. 1 Mozart Club's annual presentation of Handel's "Messiah". Centenary Methodist Church, 4:00 p.m.

Dec. 10 Chapel Hill, University Symphony. Orchestra, directed by Earl Slocum. Time 8:00 p.m.

Dec. 11 Jacob Lateiner, pianist, Civic Music Society. Reynolds Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

Dec. 15 Wake Forest College's annual performance of "The Messiah". Wait Chapel, 4:00 p.m.

Theatre

Nov. 10 "The Doctor in Spite of Himself", Moliere. Playreading in the Wake Forest Arena Theatre, 3:00 p.m.

Nov. 14-19 Winston-Salem Little Theatre presents "The Chalk Garden" a poetic drama by Enid Baganold. The cast includes Mrs. Carolyn Green as Madrigal, the governess; Mrs. Ethel Powers as Mrs. St. Maughn; Mrs. Clyde Sifford as Laurel. Curtain time, 8:15 p.m.

Nov. 24 Playreading, Wake Forest arena Theatre, 3:00 p.m. Ibsen's "Master Builder".

Dec. 2-7 Arena Theatre of Wake Forest College, 8:00 p.m. "Inherit the Wind" the compelling drama written by Jerome Lawrence and Robert Lee, based on the famous Scopes trial in Tennessee. The dramatization is based on history, but is not historical. It was first produced at the Margo Jones Arena theatre in Dallas after being considered "too hot to handle" by Broadway. When the play did reach Broadway it enjoyed a very successful run with Paul Muni as Henry Drummond, in the leading role.

Director James Walton says of "Inherit the Wind", ". . . a powerful moving drama with a strong truth expressed. It certainly deals with a controversial subject, but it is not 'talkie'. It is packed with tension, humor and satire from beginning to end."

Europe Plus Twelve

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

some of us had ever seen. They provided quite a contrast to the ruins, the major part of Hitler's old, but now flattened headquarters.

Also near the ruins of Hilter's underground shelter was the archway leading into the East sector. On top of the archway was a large red flag. About two hundred yards away was the monument to the Red Army soldier.

The monument is actually across the line in the Western sector, but is maintained by agreement. When we got out of our bus in front of the monument, we were surprised to see two Russian soldiers guarding it. In front was a tank and artillery piece. After taking pictures of these, we went on up the walk, and I asked the Russian guards if I might take their picutre. When I motioned toward my camera one of them snarled something that sounded negative. I turned away. However, as soon as they took their slanting eyes off me, I took one anyway. They both had sub-machine guns across their backs.

When I returned to the home of my host after a fellowship meeting at the church, there was a note waiting:

Dear Ralph:

Tomorrow we go to church. I inform you if it is time to get up. I hope you have had a very beautiful day. In this morning I have ordered your trunk, but only in surface.

God night and eat.

The note was from my wonderful young hostess. "Ordered" the trunk means that she had straightened it and in the final line she had misspelled "good". "And eat" meant she had prepared a snack for me. Next morning when I woke, she had shined my shoes and fixed my breakfast. During breakfast, she entertained with her piano playing and Swiss yodeling.

SHE TOLD ME MORE ABOUT East Berlin as we listened to classical and popular records after breakfast. She buys her books there because they cost one-fourth as much as in the West sector. This is true because the Western mark is worth four times as much as the Eastern. She said that the East Berliners have a difficult time obtaining even a simple item like shoes. She told of one worker who tried to come to the West to buy himself a pair of shoes. When he returned to the East with them, however, they were taken away from him without explanation.

We had a visitor while I was in their home. An Uncle who had not seen them for twelve years came. He had been working all of this time on a Communist run railway in the East. The family asked me if I would be afraid to sleep in the same room with him. I said, "Of course not," probably more from fatigue than lack of fear.

The next morning, he said I was the first American he had ever seen. He was very cordial toward me and told how he was unable to return to the West. He said he would enjoy corresponding with me and said the Communists did not open his mail. He cemented his friendship by helping carry my suitcase the eight blocks to the church where we were to meet.

We took off for Hamburg by night and flew for the last time over the Eastern zone which completely surrounds the city of Berlin.

After a day of sightseeing in Hamburg, we spent the evening at a very unusual concert. It was played in the rain in a park on an organ—a water organ. It was constructed in the center of a small lake on a series of pipes and lights. These pipes were so arranged as to shoot metrical patterns of water into the air under the desired pressure.

Catching a train in the middle of the night, we arrived in Holland the next morning. The scenery around the port at Hook of Holland was very similar to most European scenes. From Hook of Holland we caught a "Channel steamer" and were off to London.

In London we were met by Rev. George Groves, who was to become known to us as "Lord George". He turned out to be a rather jolly chap. George took us to the hotel, which was located in the heart of Piccadilly Circus. This is London's equivalent of our Time Square. At night we mingled with the mingling throngs in an effort to see what it was like.

London, the world's largest city, swimming in tea and fog toward its slow progress. A city full of women in the streets— crowding the corners by night.

Prostitutes stalk down the streets of despair
Lost in the sounds of lost nights
Caught in the web of chance and fate and fault.
Homeless souls trailing in life's wake
Certain in the uncertainty of self-sufficiency
Insecure in the papier-mache—called false security.
Yet owners of sacred personalities divinely endowed
Yet children of the God of saints
Yet in need of understanding's peace and hope's privilege.

Not all the time in England was spent in London. We took a fast trip up through the city of Bath (the town with 50,000 bathrooms) for a short stay in Bristol. From Bristol we visited the University of Oxford. The University is actually a collection of colleges which operate almost independently of the central University.

Returning to London, we visited the Chapel of John Wesley and the adjoining museum. We spent a night in the surburb area at Southlands College. Here we attended meetings connected with the church work in England.

In all of England we were never out of sight of a place to have tea. Our guide amused us one afternoon when we were hurrying to see the famous House of Wax. "Lord George" was very anxious to arrange time for tea. In fact, we almost didn't get to see the Chamber of Horrors because of this. When you separate an Englishman from his afternoon tea, then you are trying to take the bone from the dog.

Saying goodbye to "Lord George" and his tea and London's traffic fumes, we headed back toward Holland. This time we landed at the city of Rotterdam. Rotterdam had its entire heart bombed out during the war. We had seen destruction in London, but nothing to compare with the destruction in Rotterdam.

But now, twelve years after it was flattened, here was a modern and beautiful city. Ultra-modern shopping centers lined the rebuilt streets beneath the new buildings. The building program is substantiated by the wonderful Marshall Plan. This was more evidence of what American capital had done toward the rebuilding of Europe.

As we finally set sail, one was tempted to think of the total impression Europe had made. The horror of the war's destruction was still everywhere. It may be erased by time from the cities and towns, but it's tear remains in the heart o the people. They have stopped and started over in the face of despair. They have started the job which can never be finished until mankind is willing to seek a common understanding. If we ever hope to stop destroying and start the kind of building that can last, we must do it now.

Our task is like building a bridge across a great flowing river. To build this bridge, we must wade out into the deep water. To build this bridge we must find the courage that only love may bring.

Forum—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

proximately 3.5 years, almost one-half of the group listed their most difficult problem area as "financial." The problem of inadequate income was a major concern, as 32 percent of the wives and 66 percent of the husbands found it necessary to work either full or part time to supplement their government income.

Perhaps the period since 1945 has been abnormal in that there has been available to the married student, and for the spouse, income from the government due to service in the armed forces, and full or part time work available to almost any who desire to supplement their income. In the future the economic system may be unable to provide the positions necessary for a student to attend college and have a family at the same time. The present condition may be only temporary and adjustment to change be anticipated even if it does not occur.

Many have proposed that parents permit the marriage of their sons and daughters while they are still in college, if they have made what seems a suitable choice of a mate, and if the family approves the match. If, at present, $1,000 to $2,500 a year is spent by each set of parents on a son or daughter in college, a continuation of this contribution would make it possible for the young couple to marry and live reasonably well on the joint income. There are difficulties associated with this plan, but it is receiving increasing favor. It secures for the young couple the advantages of early marriage, assuming, of course, their psychological and social maturity. However, it creates some problems.

The plan of voluntary parental subsidy involves some dangers. The husband may come to lean on the subsidy. In addition, the parents, who are paying bills, may attempt to direct the activities of the couple by interfering, not only in financial matters, but, also, in their private lives. The chief barrier to the general adoption of parental support has been the inability of many parents to afford it. Many, who could aid their children after marriage, do not believe it wise to continue economic support when the child marries.

A further complication occurs when there are additions to the student's family. This often occurs, necessitating drastic revisions in the plans of the couple, financially and educationally.

An important problem facing married students is that of budgeting their time. Since education is being sought at the expense of other things, there is often the tendency to devote as much time as possible to study. If the husband has a part-time job, there is very little time to spend with his wife. Even the most generous wife may feel left out of things unless there is a conscious effort to include her in his activities. A husband who spends most of day at school, comes home to eat, and then buries himself in his books until late at night can expect complaints from his wife. It is easy to understand how she might become jealous of his books. Since this is likely to happen gradually and unconsciously, both husband and wife should make efforts to prevent a serious disagreement.

Even if the wife is willing to step aside almost completely during the school years, it is generally not a wise thing to do. The working wife and the student wife, as well as their husbands, should realize that there must be a continual sharing of their interests, hopes, and problems. Sometimes, due to development of interests by one spouse without a sharing with one's mate, a person finds his mate excluded from too many of his interests and activities.

Marriage is a serious business. However, no one finds greater satisfaction anywhere in life than in a happy, successful marriage.

SENSUALITY

Throughout shadowy existence
I feel whence I cannot think;
Thoughts, too, may naught avail
Where language may fail.
Lips may excitedly express
Soothing, tender knowledge
With their silent caress!
Where mind cannot penetrate,
Fingers may quiveringly relate
The proundest breath . . .
The deepest sigh,
Which would find death
In faltering articulation
And hollow pronunciation
Of a feeble mind!
Along the mysterious path
I feel and often find!

—W. Kendall Nunn

from the Editor's desk . . .

Brass Tacks In Nutshells

IN THIS DAY of world transition and history shattering events, students are bound by tragic knots that cannot be untied, knots that fear dares them to cut. To get down to brass tacks and concrete examples pertinent to Wake Forest students, here is a nut-shell survey of two paradoxes that are deeply rooted in and by daily student life.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDIE HUTCHINS

The Paradox of Buisy Minds

College is that place where boys and girls mature into men and women with broad ideas and with an awareness of a larger and broader life outside themselves. This statement is neither confusing nor contradictory. With the great progressive sweep of science rushing overhead, and with the time honored conception of the equality of men being questioned, no one will bicker over the statement that this is a critical era in the history of the world. But those people who would mold the future of Wake Forest and shape her policies have found it necessary to spend an infinite amount of time haggling over the question, "Is dancing a sin?" And furthermore, if dancing is a sin, "Does dancing on the campus of Wake Forest make said activity sinful?" Few people, if any, would be surprised to hear that the discussion had reached such an absurd extreme as, "Is Wake Forest College located on sufficiently sanctified ground?"

The tragedy is not in the discussion itself as much as it is the fact that educated people have even considered spending valuable time on the floor of the North Carolina Baptist Convention arguing a point that could only bring dissension within the ranks of already divided Baptists, and snickers of laughter from outsiders looking in, who do not understand the Baptist idea of "freedom of choice."

In years past, the problem was not dancing, but something just as important. Should a young lady in a Christian college, either faculty member or student, cut her hair? Absurd, you say? While a member of the faculty of Meredith College some years ago, the present Dean of Women here at Wake Forest decided to cut her hair. She was among the ladies who felt the barb of absurd and uneducated criticism. To this generation, such an issue is completely unreasonable. Much progress has been made. Now students are the victims of "progressive absurdity," soundly grounded in the light of more broadened concepts.

Students look up for leadership in the forming of their lives. They are expected to see far-reaching goals. In their cloistered, separated lives it is no wonder that they think of earth satellites as "flying Chaucers."

Fundamental Abstractionists

Sooner or later, every student is faced with the problem of learning to be a fundamental abstractionist. The theory sounds far-fetched, but it fails to be so to the person who is actually faced with the predicament. Joe College arrives. He is steeped in a positive outlook that has grown as the product of the security of a happy home and faithful friends. Suddenly, he hears that this is all wrong. Foundations rattled and wavering, he is faced with the ultimatum, "Express yourself." After all, isn't it the function of a college, a small literal arts college, to teach students to express themselves and to push them into fulfilling to the utmost their capacities?

In answer to the demand to express himself, the student comes forth with his reply—to himself, to his fellow students and to his instructors. He forms his statement in terms that he knows and understands. To this the college world shouts, "Naive!" In a rush of enthusiasm, he blurts out his heart, only to hear the reply, "Too verbose." In short and naked terms he tries again. The collegiates counter, "Inadequate." In desperation he turns to abstraction and philosophy. Blocking his efforts is the answer, "Too deep."

Yet, out of all of this grows progress, true progress. The road is paved with mistakes made in earnest endeavor. The future is held together by brass tacks that prove to be golden, and by nut shells that prove to hold seeds.

—B. W.

Joan Carpenter - Class of 1963

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Arts In Winston-Salem, *by Becky Lampley* 4

There is a great store of culture in the city of Winston-Salem. Students have been told this for several years now, but few of them have found their way around in this world. Becky Lampley brings specific examples to the readers in this issue. With this article comes the invitation on the part of the parties involved to Wake Forest students to join the ranks.

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Greetings for Christmas 9

Somewhat weary staffers take this opportunity to throw heart felt bouquets to some folks who really deserve them. The message is carried through the pen of managing editor, Jerry Matherly.

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Because of popular demand, the sage returns from Timbucto to go to the North Carolina Baptist Convention. He takes with him a few friends. On the road back, some of the pilgrims find time to tell their tales. From time to time, there is a need for an unbiased glance at what is going on. We expect this critical survey to become a regular feature in THE STUDENT.

Under the Influence, *picture feature* 11

Photographer Irvin Grigg helps capture a little of the Christmas Spirit as he finds usual people doing quite unusual things, under the influence. We thank the wonderful people that we victimized for their friendly and good-humored co-operation for this feature.

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Janet Binkley, sophomore, went to Maryland to see the Queen of England as she watched the football game. Afterwards, she reflects on the occasion and trys to find out just why Elizabeth II and the English crown mean so much to democratic Americans.

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TRAP DRUM ENSEMBLE

Cover

Students aren't the only ones who are wondering what in the world it is on the top of the chapel steeple. Santa Claus was caught unaware the other day while roaming around looking for a chimney to climb down. This editor couldn't resist the temptation to capture the mood as the old fellow dangled happily from the renowned Baptist pitch fork. Oh well! There is good and bad in all things, and this is probably just one of the impediments of Modified Georgian architecture. But then, who ever thought that Santa would be on top of the building. But even in his present condition, Jolly Old Saint Nick smiles over the campus and wished to all a very Merry Christmas.

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 3 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - DECEMBER 17, 1957

Demon In Us . . .

PANIC! HERE COMES Santa Claus! here's no fireplace on campus! Finally, we have a real problem. Rumor has it that the Methodists are trying to get into the act. They've investigated the situation, and have come up with the report: "Where as Santa Claus is a spirit, and whereas students write letters to said spirit every year, we, the investigation committee, being of sound body and confused mind, do hereby recommend that all fireplaces be abolished. Fireplaces may not in themselves be evil, but they lead to the delusion of Santa Claus, and Santa Claus to letters, and letters to Santa Claus can lead to praying to false gods, and this leads to idolatry, and this to paganism, and paganism to sin, and sin to hell, and this isn't supposed to make sense because it is the report of an investigation committee."

In the same line, the fraternity evangelical council has started requiring its members to sign a new pledge to the effect that when, after his college career is over, and he is happily married, and when he has children of his own, he will never, under any circumstances, let his baby come near a bottle. This leads to the love of the bottle, and thus to alcoholism. The problem now confronting the council is how to keep the death rate down from strangling infants.

Speaking of Santa Claus reminds me that someone ought to write the United Nations and inform them that they should stop squabbling over nations and get in the race for Santa Claus! My stars! Why all the fuss over one tiny dog in Sputnik? Jolly Old Saint Nick has been flying around in the atmosphere and out of it for hundreds of years. (How do I know he's been beyond the atmosphere? There's too much hot air near the earth's surface.) Not only has he flown around up there, but he's been pulled by eight reindeer — oops — nine reindeer, excuse me, Rudolph! Now all we've got to do is harness Santa Claus, find his secret, and we can spend all of these millions that are going for research in guided missiles and earth satelites for useless luxuries such as cancer cures and comforts for crippled children.

There is a hitch. Santa might be a Russian. After all, he does wear a red suit. This is evidence. He believes in equality and this is communistic. But this is all right. There is a way to get him on our side — take him in as an associate member.

I'm afraid that the only place he could stay is at the Tribble home. They have a fireplace, and Santa could never get through a door. But this would give the alumni a reason to investigate, because of the aforementioned investigation.

There's really not much danger in our being bothered with Santa, though. After all, it takes a little imagination to get him into the picture, and he could never get a vote of confidence.

Speaking of confidence reminds me of the alumni again. And the alumni remind me of athletics. And athletics remind me of de-emphasis, and de-emphasis reminds me that it ain't so. Why, the whole campus is built as a monument to athletics, athletics that we don't even have yet. Among other things is the track that surrounds the college,

the giant bowling alley with the king pins on the porch of the chapel, and above all is the great spear on the steeple for no one knows what all! Need more be said!

These days it takes one coach for each six members of a given team so that said team may be consistent. But this is only fair. If the team was winning, no one would have time to watch the Deacon, and think what waste of money that would be, four plumber's friends wasted completely.

Football and basketball have even gotten too big for the campus. They had to be moved off and clean up town. The college was making so much money that they felt the need to share it to keep them out of a higher income tax bracket.

Finally, speaking of sharing, folks sure have been liberal with the news of the day, haven't they? Shame that some of the hot air wasn't saved to reduce this winter's heating bill. It certainly has thawed out a lot of frozen tongues. Kind of makes you think that perpetual motion isn't as far away as it seems to be.

Yes, there is a lot of Demon in us, but let's remember as we approach the Christmas season, that the whole title is DEMON DEACON.

The world of art and culture awaits exploration...

Arts In Winston-Salem

By Becky Lampley

THERE ARE UNLIMITED facilities offered by Winston-Salem for both participation in and enjoyment of the lively arts. Many people are unaware of the full extent to which outlets for the various arts are available. Under the direction of the Arts Council, Winston-Salem sponsors a full and varied program of theatre, art, music, and art films. The Arts Council is now in the process of expanding its already good facilities into a program which will more adequately supply the needs and tastes of this metropolitan area.

Winston-Salem's Little Theatre is one of the most active members of the Arts Council organization. Director for this group is Miss Doris Pardington, who presented five plays last season, including such memorables as "Bus Stop" and "Come Back Little Sheba". Those who saw "The Crucible" experienced the most powerful and moving play on the schedule. This season opened with a delightful, although little known, comedy "The Dozen Red Roses", which added to the theatre's already established reputation for a fine selection of plays well done. The Little Theatre will benefit more visibly, perhaps, than any other group from the proposed Arts Center. Designers and crews do a remarkable job with the limited facilities of the present theatre. In the process of expansion the Little Theatre hopes to include in its season some plays to be done in the summer. The city would benefit greatly from year round program.

Theatre is not only for adults in this community. Faculty members and students with children do not realize the treat in store for them if they have not taken advantage of the service rendered by the Children's Theatre. It is sheer delight to watch the reactions of several hundred children captivated by a little Swiss girl and her goat, as they were in last year's production of "Heidi".

A group of students from the Wake Forest Arena Theatre did a play for the Childrens' Theatre this year. The play, "The Hunter and the Hen Wife", directed by Jane Freeman proved to be an especially rewarding experience for the students who participated. Miss Freeman said interest was at its peak among cast members because "the unpredictable reactions made the audience more inspiring by its very nature." These same children become the Little Theatre participants and audiences in a very few years. The Children's Theatre usually does two plays and includes a symphony concert for all school children as the third attraction for each year.

Winston-Salem is noted for the excellent musicians that she has produced, and the appreciative sense of a large segment of her population due in part to the great importance that the early Moravian settlers placed on music. Now in its eleventh season, the symphony orchestra, conducted by John Iuele, has helped greatly to give good music to the people of Winston-Salem. Citizens can be justly proud in calling it their own. Membership in the Symphony totals more than eighteen hundred, which itself is indicative of the enthusiastic support the symphony has gained.

The Youth Orchestra and Training program, which is part of the Symphony organization, gives the youth of the community a chance for special study of their own instruments with members of the orchestra, plus a chance to play together under the direction of Mr. Iuele. It is a ten weeks program offered twice yearly with the second session this year beginning January 11.

Rigorous training is the order of the day for these aspiring members of the ballet corps. An hour before each performance is set aside for special bar exercises, at which time their travel weary muscles are limbered up before the curtain rises.

From its beginning, the Civic Music Series, has reached out far and wide to bring the best in music to enthusiastic patrons of a culture-minded community. Musicians and ballet groups known both nationally and internationally have performed here.

Film Friends brings to the Twin City the best and most widely discussed foreign films. This facility is necessarily limited by season membership, but it is definitely a worthwhile activity for those who know about it at the beginning of the season.

The Little Theatre playbill for last season included the successful "Bus Stop." Pictured are Ed Oerter and Pat Sommardahl in the leading roles.

Painting and the graphic arts find their place in the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Art, located in an obscure building on North Trade Street. Varied cultural programs are presented monthly, plus monthly "openings" of new exhibits for members. The Gallery was set up to encourage appreciation of fine art, to aid in the development of artistic talent, and to give the public an opportunity to buy art of high quality at reasonable prices. Although the building is not large, it is very well equipped, particularly the lighting system which is comparable to fine New York galleries. It is the only gallery in the Southeastern United States consistently offering fine art for sale. Many of the local artists are well known nationally, and are represented in several of the large private art collections.

A welcome newcomer to the musical life of Winston-Salem is the Wake Forest Chamber Music Society. Under the leadership of Dr. John Philip Couch, head of the organizing committee, the society sold its full subscription quota for this first season. Students as well as faculty members have made the comment that "it is the most cultural thing that has happened to the campus in a long time."

Sigma Pi Alpha, modern language fraternity, has been seriously considering returning to the campus the foreign film series that was so well received by both Salem and Wake Forest students last year.

Wake Forest is able to gain much from the rich cultural environment of Winston-Salem. The college must, in addition to drawing from these surroundings, add to them through continued high standards in music, theatre, and lectures.

I serve a purpose in this school
On which no man can frown:
I gently enter into class
And keep the average down.

—Log

Smart Guy: Changing a tire, eh?"
Motorist: "No, I just get out every few miles and jack up the car for a rest."

The timid customer, in a restaurant, squirmed and fidgeted something awful: finally, he beckoned the waitress and, looking very much embarrassed, he said: "Could you tell me where the smoking room is?"

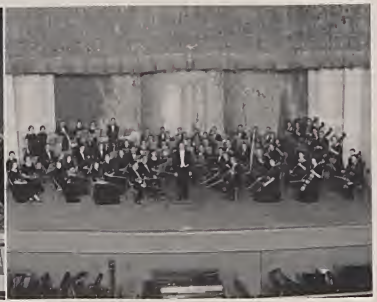
"Oh," the waitress replied, "you can smoke right here at the table." —Log

---

"You're in the wrong place," said the Devil. "This is hell and this ticket you have here is for heaven."

I know, said the shade, "But the ticket allows a stopover here. You see, I'm from Wake Forest and I have to make the change gradually."

Make-up time for the young actors and actresses of The Children's Theatre, and these look as though they are professional already, judging from their poise back stage.



Posing for a formal portrait is the sixty-two piece Winston-Salem Symphony Orchestra with its director Mr. John Iuele. Mr. Eugene Jacobowsky is the concert master.

For only a moment it lasted . . .

World on the Pier

By Leon Gatlin

EDDIE WAS RESTLESS.

He pushed his typing stand away, sat back in his chair and picked up his pipe again. It was clogged and sour tasting; he did not feel like cleaning it out so he put it down again. He stared at it. He compared it to himself, burned out and lifeless.

A dozen or more crumpled pieces of typing paper lay on the floor. Eddie snatched a sheet from the typewriter, wadded it up and added it to the growing collection. The paper had exactly two and one-half sentences written on it. Wearily he rose and stretched his lanky frame. "It's no good. None of it is worth a damn," he thought, "looks like the editor will have to wait on this one."

Illustrated By Chic Forbes

He paced in slow, measured steps to the picture window across the room. Outside, the moon was shining dimly on the ocean from behind scattered clouds. Each wave that broke on the shore left phosphorescent patches in the sand. Somewhere out at sea a light was blinking. But Eddie perceived all of these things with his senses only; his mind was far away.

Mechanically he lit a cigarette and wandered around again. He stared over the water a while longer, then walked to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, and looked blankly inside the door. "Just what did I want in here?" he asked himself. "I'm not hungry, or thirsty either." Angrily he banged the door shut and walked out onto the porch.

There was a very soft breeze blowing making it extremely pleasant. He sat down in a deck chair and listened to the ocean sounds.

Down the beach to the right, the lights of the ocean pier and the pavilion behind it were visible. They twinkled with life, gaiety and people—always with people. He felt a strange longing to be there with people—any people—even in a crowd. He mentally cursed himself for such thoughts, especially with so much work to be done, but he could not shake it off. He tried to think of something else, but there seemed to be nothing else. He stared at the lights again. In his mind he could see the mass of people enjoying themselves—gay, full of life and happy. And here he sat, doing nothing.

Abruptly he decided to go down the beach and join the crowd. He realized that normally he hated crowds, but, he told himself, he wasn't exactly normal tonight. "Besides," he thought (or reasoned), "I can't do any writing in this condition; I may as well give in to whim for once." He glanced at his watch; it was only 9:15, still early. Perhaps he could still get some writing done when he got back.

He walked through the living room, ignoring the heap of paper on the floor, and picked up his jacket. On his way out, as he stopped in his room to pick up his wallet, he glanced in the mirror. His jet-black hair lay in a tangled heap, extending down onto his forehead. He combed it into submission and examined himself again. He was surprised at how youthful he looked. His eyes were dull blue, as they often got when he was tired, but other than that he looked fairly presentable. He picked up his wallet and left.

The night was warm, so he put the top to his car down. The little convertible roared into life, as if it shared his desire to hurry. The drive was pleasant.

He drove into the parking lot near the pavilion, parked and climbed the stairs leading to the entrance. Distorted organ music blared into the night and he supposed that the crowd was roller skating. He was right.

As he stepped inside the door, the shock which hit him could not have been greater if he had suddenly projected himself beneath the sea into a society of fish. The music hit his ears with a blast, and the figures of people skating around in circles appeared unreal in the glare of blue and red neon lights. The room was smoke-filled, adding to the false effect.

He took a seat next to a wall and watched the proceedings with interest. Somehow it struck him odd that the skaters went around and around in circles. Of course, there was nowhere else to go, but they appeared to him to be a crowd within a crowd. He tried to imagine himself out on the floor, skating, but found it impossible. He looked around him, and, although the people seated outside the rink looked pretty much the same, they were different. He felt out of place. The noise of the skate wheels and the unmusical music grated in his ears.

Unable to stand the din any longer, Eddie left the building through a side door. It was quiet outside, and he lit a cigarette as his ears adjusted to the silence. The moon had disappeared behind a cloud, the only light coming over the water from the pier lights. It seemed to be quiet on the pier, so he walked up the walkway and out onto it.

There were several fishermen on the pier, the sort of people who fish more to be alone than to catch fish. Eddie walked up to one of the nimrods of the sea, leaned over the railing and joined him in staring silently at the water below. After a proper interval the man spoke. "Quiet, ain't it?" he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes," Eddie answered, and added, after a short pause: "I like it quiet."

"Me too." There the conversation ended, for a time. Both men continued to stare over the water.

After an indeterminate period of time the fisherman hauled in his line, rebaited it and cast it out again. Then he reached down and removed a piece of canvas, exposing a tub filled with ice and beer. "Join me in a brew?" he asked.

Eddie looked at the tremendous number of cans in the tub. "Yes, if you don't mind. I believe I will."

The two men sipped their beers in silence, neither having anything to say. When Eddie finished his beer he declined another, offered by the fisherman, and walked farther out on the pier. The noise from the skating rink, which he had heard faintly in the distance ever since he came on the pier, died away. He propped himself on a fishing bench and let the ocean breeze, faint in the night, sift through him. He extended his long, thin legs through a gap in the railing and closed his eyes.

"Hi." The voice—definitely feminine—aroused him with a start. He turned and saw a tall, dark-haired girl standing behind him. She wore dark shorts and a short-sleeved, blue sweater. Eddie was impressed by her beauty.

"Hello," he said, trying to regather his composure. He was uncomfortably aware of her beauty. As always, it embarrassed him to be in the presence of a beautiful woman he did not know—and she was beautiful; he was sure of that. She looked at him with dark, shining eyes.

"Oh," she said, surprised, "I thought you were somebody else." She was embarrassed for a moment, then, regaining her composure, said "You don't come out here very much, do you? I haven't seen you here before." Her voice disappointed him; it was not at all like he had thought it would be. It was deep and soft.

"No, I rarely come out here. But it seemed pleasant out here tonight so I walked over."

"Yes, it is nice out here. It makes me feel sort of—chilly all over. But not cold—do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," Eddie said, "I think so."

"Do you like to watch the ocean at night?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, very much. It's my favorite way of spending time."

"I really like it, too. Next to roller skating and dancing, I guess I like it best of all. Do you dance?"

Eddie had been trying to study this girl, to find out something about her by observing her, but her habit of suddenly changing from one subject to another baffled him. "I used to dance some, but I haven't lately."

"I love to bop. Do you?"

"Bop?" he searched his mind for an answer. "No, I don't—at least I haven't ever tried." He was amazed at his words.

"You should. It's fun, and almost everybody does. If you don't dance here—well, people call you an old fogey or something. I like being popular, do you?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

After almost a whole semester and three issues of the magazine, staff members relax in the shade of their modified Georgian year-round tree, hoping that their endeavors in this issue will help you to have a very satisfying holiday season.

From the Student Staff to you . . .

Christmas Greetings

THERE IS ONE TIME during the year when we think it is perfectly all right to be sentimental, to make an effort, no matter how strained at being cheerful. We enjoy having people around us who are doing nice things for people other than themselves; we enjoy hearing a few kind words from people who generally speak in grunts. We like tinsel; we like Christmas trees whether green or chartreuse; we like lavish displays in windows of miniature Sputniks and mink coats and Jaquars; we like Christmas parties where the punch may be slightly spiked to make the mistletoe seem an important symbol. In fact, if you haven't guessed it by now, we like Christmas. And we are not especially nostalgic about the Christmases that use to be, though our elders tell us they were the *real* Christmases. We like Christmas now. We like it despite the commercialization, despite the change of symbols. Santa Claus is a wonderful old man who may no longer bring us toys and nuts and fruits and candies. But we are not too sophisticated not to appreciate crew neck sweaters, new cocktail dresses, or checks.

Before we leave the campus for turkey, parties, and freedom, we would like to jingle our silver bells at a few people who we think deserve a warm "Merry Christmas." We must admit that some of our especial warmth toward some of these people has been prompted by favors that have directly or indirectly affected us. Yet we say these two little words with a considered sincerity and hope they will be whispered back to us.

Merry Christmas to Harold Tribble, president of Wake Forest College and one whom we feel has the best interest of the school as an institution of higher learning and the student as an individual at heart.

Merry Christmas to William C. Archie, dean of the College. Despite a rough start and low position on our Christmas tree of last year, we now realize that you are trying to be a fair judge and discipliner of student affairs.

Merry Christmas to Ed Wilson and Jack Nowell, associate deans of the College. We still have misgivings about your giving up so much valuable teaching time, yet we like the more personal approach available through your positions well carried out.

Merry Christmas to Miss Lois Johnson, Dean of Wemen. We have always considered you a lady in the finest sense of the word and after the speech in Raleigh we now consider you one of our chief champions.

Merry Christmas to all the faculty. You have stood behind us marvellously well in a time when cooperation between faculty and studnt body was especially needed. And especially, may we say, to some of our special friends: David Smiley, Claude Roebuck, James Walton, John Philip Couch, Broadus Jones, E. E. Folk, Mack Sturgill, and Russell Wood.

Merry Christmas to those people who do something around here. We complain too often of the lack of enthusiasm and real work by organizations. We feel as if we are justified, but there are some who do things and do them well. So here's to the members of *Old Gold and Black, The Howler,* W F D D, the College Theatre.

And Merry Christmas to you, our readers. You disagree with us often, you praise us often, but, thank God, you deem to read us. And what is the purpose of any publication except to be read and enjoyed and understood (at least in part) by its readers?

Pilgrymage To Purgatory

By Bill Heins

Heere bigynneth the General Prologue

I've journeyed far from Timbuctu
To see the annual Baptist "do."
The atmosphere is getting hot.
Your author's really on the spot.
The things I said were all debated.
It seems I've been investigated.
But someone goofed, or else had pity;
I find I'm on my own committee.
You should see this mass confusion -
Baptists in their grand delusion.
It's "Vote for this." and "Vote for that."
"Bow in prayer" and "Pass the hat"
"Down with dancing," "Down with lusts"
"Down with arty Grecian busts."
"Down with low-cut sexy clothes
And Arthur Murray Studios."
"How's the budget?" - "In the red."
"Where's the toilet?" - "Straight ahead."
"I don't b'lieve that Tribble's sound."
"Mr. Bulman, please sit down."
"Vote for Harold." - "Kill the bum."
"Down with-" "Tennis, anyone?"

My case comes up at three o'clock
When they get through with Lou Aycock.
Poor old Lou was unaware
That art is almost always bare.
Now he's up for showing lewd
Grecian statues in the nude.
Careful now, you'll get it, too.
Big Brother might be watching you.
Students are a bunch of fiends,
Heretics and libertines.
I wish you'd all go back with me
To deepest darkest Afriky.
Where women are women and men are men
And mutual attraction isn't sin.
There, at least, there's no dissention
They have no Baptist State Convention.
I'll take apes, if you please,
To men who think they're deities.
Chimps don't feel that they are cursed
Because they've never been immersed
They don't care who takes the plunge.
The ones I know prefer a sponge.
Leave us go with this in mind-
If you can't dance, please be kind.

Others do, so have a heart.
What say you, in this ox cart?

Heere bigynneth the Demon Deacon's Expostulacioun

I'd say it's time for us to rise;
Denounce the things that we despise,
Wake means thought and revolution,
Not *just* a Baptist institution.
The leaders of our State Convention
Seem quite concerned with fire prevention.
They're quite convinced that we will burn.
Oh rue the day we sought to learn!
For this, they claim we've been forsook.
Must be true—"It's in the Book."
I think they've stretched it just a bit,
I've never seen such Holy Writ.
They say a dance is downright sin
Somehow they know, yet haven't been.
This doesn't ring quite true to some
They must think we're awfully dumb,
And dumb we are, for we can't speak

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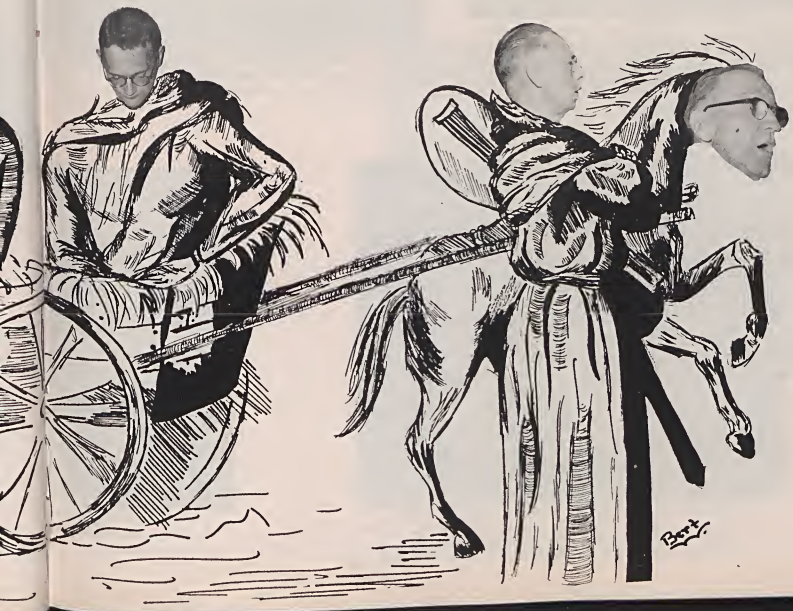


Under the Influence of the - - -

Three of the favorite bachelors on campus show definite signs of being extremely normal. Bob Johnson explains to Phil Couch and Mac Sturgill the mathematical accuracy of the figure involved. From the side we seem to hear strains of, "You're all I want for Christmas."

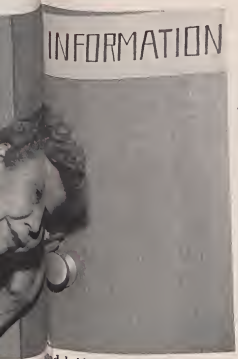
This is a switch! Christmas greetings being put on student cars instead of parking tickets is a new innovation. Things can't be as bad on campus as they seem.

Dr. Tribble is no different than most daddys who can't resist the Christmas toys. He says that he is just making sure that the train will run so that no little child will be disappointed on Christmas morning.

There is much whispering Mrs. Aycock picks up hints along to Santa Claus.

What's this! Dr. Reid emmits his famous half-puff, half-sigh as he opens an unexpected gift from a well-meaning student.

What happened to Scrouge? The mischievous twinkle in Dr. Jones' eye betrays the fact that the Christmas Spirit has caught him, also. Beware, all you hot-roders, there's a new entry in the drag race.



spering
up hints
us.

d behind locked doors.
and there to pass

"Come on, Ed, let me go first." There's a conspiracy afoot and Mrs. Greason seems to be the victim. Dr. Nowell sets the stage as Dr. Wilson and Dean Archie get ready for the action.

Christmas Spirit

Forum: Segregation - - -

By Robert Fitzgerald

WE ARE NOT NECESSARILY bigots because we prefer to keep Wake Forest College predominately white. The South is traditionalized. So is Wake Forest College. Good traditions need not be abused, for good traditions are often prime factors in the initiation of new ideas.

Ever so often people should stop and ask themselves just which traditions are the good ones and which are adhered to because they offer that simple security of "dogmatic knowledge." The person who knows the answers is undoubtedly more happy and secure than he who must, out of sheer ignorance, admit that he does not know just why he is here, exactly when the world was created, and why there are men with different colors of skin. The man who is afraid to let his mind question is the man of little faith, because he is afraid he will learn that God is not only the god of "him" or that God purposely created Negroes just as he did white men.

Whether the Negro was God's mistake or not, he is here. He possesses five senses as the rest of us. He consumes a certain amount of food, casts a valid vote toward the maintenance of this United States government; he wears clothes and does a day's work, and believe it or not, he worships the same God as we do.

There will always be those few co-habitors of God's throne who know that the American Negro is an black animal. Perhaps they are right; but if they are, it is highly probable that white men are simply white animals.

The Negro is insecure. He is not satisfied. He has now been around the white man long enough to have become educated to the point where he realizes he is not satisfied. Dissatisfaction breeds progress. It is up to this generation whether or not we are to allow this dissatisfaction to become constructive or destructive.

We can no longer sit back and say the Negro is an "ignorant black." Such a statement would not only be a lie, it would be a gross miscalculation that would one day make the white man a fool of his own words.

The American Negro is 17,000,000 votes of our government. He is 34,000,000 arms wielding shovels, picks, and hammers to build our cities, our college, and our homes. He is 5,321,000,000 days earning power which becomes an equal number of days consuming power.

It is no longer ethical for us to deny the presence of the Negro. In fact, it was not ethical for us to deny the Negro's presence some hundred years ago. We tried it and lost several thousand of our good Southern boys as a result.

It is quite true that to admit that the Negro is human is to offer him your daughter in marriage. Stop a moment. Look at that sentence. If that happened, who would you think was crazy? It is incredible, but there are people who raise both dogs and rabbits and are never tempted to intermix the two even though both are animals.

The Negro is nearly 1/8 the human potential of the United States. Take 1/8 of this potential away and you have 7/8 left. Take away another 1/8 to hold the Negro population in check and you have only 2/3 the original potential. Look at Russia and remember that they are between 2 and 3 hundred million strong.

THE NEGRO MAY SMELL, but so do a number of whites. His hair may be oily, but there are whites who do not even have hair.

The Negro has always been the lowest of the common. It is difficult for a Christian nation to have a dirty common negro mess up its fine mahogany pews. But this is something we Christians must bear. It is better that we bear this injustice with patience now so that later we alone may reap the glories of heaven. Trash!

None of us is sure there is a God. We do not know how we got here or why. We often think we do things beyond our normal capacities. This uncertain thinking has brought every generation to the conclusion that there is a God or gods. Along with this uncertain thought has come definite knowledge—the latter to compensate for the former. The Jews knew they were better than anyone else. It has now been proven by the fact that they own and control about 1/1000 of the land area. It is also proven by the fact that Americans love them because the Russions do not love them, and because they are hated on general principles by the Arabs.

It is time for men to grow up and quit putting words into God's mouth. The poor fellow is going to get choked someday and then we will be sorry—we may be lying under one of Russia's atom bombs.

Laying all prejudice aside, the Negro is a man and we need him. We have him as a laborer, but due to our negligence he has become intelligent—too intelligent to remain nothing more than a laborer. He has stood in dirty ditches too long watching his white father ride past him on beautiful horses and in fine automobiles. He has finally reached the conclusion that he too is capable of owning big cars and living in a home with running water. He has learned through the slow process of evolution that his mind too is capable of understanding mathematical formulas and other forms of knowledge that are standards of the educated. More important than this, he has realized that strength is action and it speaks louder than the educated and formulated intelligentsia.

The Negro knows that if he stops for a minute he will be stamped out. Only a fool could think he would dare stop. What idea does the white have strong enough to stop this burning ambition? Look and look well. The Negro is fighting a positive fight while we are toying with negative bigotry. It would perhaps be nice to have an idea powerful enough and spontaneous enough to counteract the Negro's bid for equality, for if we did, it would likely be strong enough to challenge any opposition in the world. We do not have such an internal idea; although we should have such an ideal in our opposition to Russia, especially since we are determined to dominate them too. There is a possibility that we will not be able to have our cake and eat it too. In case we should find it necessary to choose between the lesser of two evils, it might pay us to consider that the Negroes

On What Basis?

Joan Owen
President Woman's Government

Though integration is forced upon the schools by law, much more is needed, including time, before it will ever be accepted. There is a great need for people to accept others as individuals, not to reject them because they are members of a particular group. When we look at masses, disregarding the individual's capacity for full development, and allow personal prejudices and selfish pride to color our outlook and limit our associations, then we clearly display our fears of losing social status.

Charles Deane
Student Legislature

Through the advancement of science and technology the nations of the world have been drawn closer together. What happens in Moscow affects the thinking of Washington. The racial unrest in Little Rock has resulted in bitter feelings in India towards America. Our foreign aid to the dark-skinned Asian wins no friendship when they learn that nine Negro children must have a military escort to attend a U. S. public school.

Those who opposed integration in Little Rock probably never conceived of taking a world perspective on the issue. We fail to realize that the daily decisions we make could determine whether or not a country goes Communist. Our greatest enemy, however, is not Communism, but the selfishness in each of us which divides student from student, race from race and nation from nation.

Dottie Braddock
Past Editor The Student

The stand of the Baptist State Convention for integration in North Carolina Baptist colleges can only be interpreted as an attempt to refute any outside criticism of the traditionally Baptist faith. There has not, to my knowledge, been any machinery put in motion for accepting applications from Negro youths. At the same time, the Student Legislature's opposition to a recently proposed motion asking the Board of Trustees to admit Negro students indicates that our student leaders seek to preserve the "status quo," a negative kind of Southern liberalism.

I, too, am a modified "middle of the roader," for though I would not approve an active solicitation of applications from Negro students, I would certainly not approve of turning down a ualified Negro student's application. I think that before applications are accepted there must be a reconditioning of the College's democratic atmosphere. The same college that condones and supports campus groups that practice discrimination cannot very well open its door to Negro students.

Larry Ingle
Student Legislature

It seems strange that individuals who call themselves Christians and/or democrats could allow the blight of segregation to exist the length of time it has. At this junction there is no middle ground, one is either for or against equal opportunities for all men. Wake Forest (supposedly a Christian school) shares equally in this "sin"; perhaps we should issue turbans to any Negro who might apply, as this type of non-Caucasian can always get in. Let us hope we as students and the administration will accept the challenge which has been presented so that we may set an example for our society.

are only asking us to let them live and fight with us on an equal basis, while the Russians are asking nothing but planning to take everything.

There is a time for every man to be a fool, and that is when he can get away with it. At present, it might not be a good idea to have a war within and at the same time try to fight a greater war on the outside.

Something must give—our pride or our freedom. The Indians held onto their admirable pride. They probably still have it. There is nothing wrong with the Indian today, but make sure you really envy this life before you choose it. Americans too can discover that there is such a thing as being "too late."

It will probably never affect the majority of Americans if Wake Forest College does not admit Negroes. It is quite possible that Negroes will not even want to come here where presidents are being kicked out and certain Baptist churches are not allowed to associate with other Baptist churches.

Integration is actually a minor problem when viewed beside the overall aspects of the Negro demands in this country. The Negroes do not want things so much as they want the assurance that social structures are not standing in the way of things they might want. There are a number of things the Negro will never demand unless we tell him he cannot have them. Man's inherent nature is to challenge that which opposes him. Tell a man your daughter is too good for him and you invite him to want her.

If we are the superior of the two races, it will be proved in whether we use this opportunity to enhance our own status or let it be used to destroy us.

As students we have no responsibility other than living up to our own characters. If morality is now thought of as an ancient character quality, it might be well for us to view this problem in the eye of expediency. The Negro wants from us and we need from him. It is that simple. Simply by being human without ulterior motives, we could solve this racial problem and at the same time unite our forces in the eyes of the rest of the world.

We need not invite the Negro to our school in order to prove that we can be magnanimous. It will be enough if we keep our senses about us when the Negro does request permission to join our Baptist superiority.

A timeless debate . . .

The Monkey Crisis

By Wayne Nunn

The problem that caused the famous Scops' trial in Tennessee is not foreign to students in colleges and universities today. Wayne Nunn, Wake Forest Senior, has done a great deal of research in this field. He recounts both fact and impressions in this article, realizing that even though the argument has long since been dissolved as such, that the fight for academic freedom will continue as long as institutions fore education remain.

THE WEATHER WAS exceedingly hot and tempers were sizzling in Dayton, Tennessee, that summer in 1925. During the trial this small Southern town enjoyed enough publicity to make it a center of national interest. The State of Tennessee vs. John Thomas Scopes! It might well have been changed to: Fundamentalism vs Modernism, or the State vs. Freedom of Education. The defendant was virtually ignored once the case got underway, but the issue was what caught the interests of a nation of issue-conscious Americans: Is it wise to forbid by law the teaching of important, though controversial, theories in our public schools?

The "roaring twenties" are recognized in American history as a period of loose morals, and no doubt there is some justification for that indictment. But I personnally question the accepted attitude of many people that the nation as a whole had gone on a "ten-year-toot." On the contrary, I think that some of its more inquisitive and enlightened citizens were searching their minds and consciences, and were thereby seeing some of the folly of their past attitudes and beliefs. Americans were now opening their minds to important data and forgetting some of their prejudices and taboos.

Butto many Fundamentalists, the name of Darwin, like that of Sigmund Freud and others, was heresy, and they had dedicated themselves to the task of stamping it out and to closing the ears of the younger generation to its evil connotations.

William Jennings Bryan was numbered among these crusaders against Modernism. He saw in the Scopes trial a golden opportunity to take a stand for the "good old time religion," and for this reason he volunteerced as attorney for the State. Previously, he had remarked in a public address that modern scientists were ". . . dishonest scoundrels, afraid to tell their beliefs—burrowing in the ground and stealing away the faith of our children." He went on to say, "But we've got them now where they've got to come up and fight."

The seeds for the affair were sown when school children started coming home with news that their teachers had contradicted the Biblical account of the creation of man. Their parents were horrified, and John W. Butler, a pious member of the Tennessee Legislature, was determined to do something about it. The result was that in March 1925, the Legislature enacted a law which prohibited the teaching in the public schools of Tennessee of any theory which denied the story of Divine Creation as taught in the Bible and teaches instead that man descended from a lower order of animals. The penalty for violation of the law was a fine not exceeding $500 for each offense. Governor Austin very reluctantly signed the bill in hopes that it would never be applied. The legislators didn't realize at the time the bill was passed that G. W. Hunter's *Civic Biology*, a text book authorized for the instruction of high school students, had embodied in it Darwin's theory of evolution.

The prelude to the Scopes case began in a drug store in Dayton where four young men were discussing the new act. Two of them were lawyers, and the other two were Dr. George W. Rappleyea, a chemical engineer, and John Scopes, a twenty-four year-old biology teacher at the local high school. They all agreed that the constitutionality of the law should be tested, and Scopes agreed to defy the law by teaching evolution to his students from *Civic Biology*. Rappleya took the next step in their scheme and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Scopes. The case went before the Grand Jury, and the defendant was indicted for the offence.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES Union came to the aid of the defendant and procured for him three of the best criminal lawyers in the nation—Arthur Garfield Hays, Dudley Field Malone, and Clarence Darrow. Darrow was to reach the zenith of his brilliant carcer as a skilled attorney, while his adversary, William Jennings Bryan, was to reach an anti-climax in his career in the same case.

The drama unfolded in the hot, stuffy little courtroom in Dayton. Most of the participants and spectators removed their coats and ties by permission of the court. The 68-year-old Darrow was distinguished by his purple suspenders, while Bryan was seen most of the time with a palm-leaf fan. Darrow objected to the customary procedure of opening the court with prayer, but the judge saw fit to overrule his objection. On the twelve-man jury were six Baptists, four Methodists, one member of the Disciples of Christ Church, and one who professed affiliation with no Church.

The proceedings were extremely bitter, beginning with the State Attorney accusing Scopes of teaching a doctrine which was "undermining the faith of the children of Tennessee and robbing them of their chance of eternal life." At one point Attorney General Stewart asked Hays to keep his mouth shut. When Hays was asked if he believed in Divine Creation, he responded, "That is none of your business." On one occasion, Darrow was cited for contempt of court.

But these were only the side-shows. The main ring featured a heated battle between Bryan and Darrow. Bryan accused Darrow of trying to slur at the Bible and proclaimed his own intention of protecting the Word of God. Bryan called his adversary the "greatest atheist and agnostic in the world." Darrow's courtroom tactics dazzled his audience as he tore into Bryan with merciless fury. He made reference to his opponent's "fool religion" and proclaimed his intention of "showing up Fundamentalism and preventing bigots and ignoramuses from controlling the educational system of the United States."

The climax came when Bryan agreed to take the witness stand. For two hours Darrow took his opponent apart in a cross-examination which dealt with the probability of Biblical legends. During this time Darrow exposed whatever defects Bryan may have had on the score of ignorance, shallowness, and bigotry. Bryan's unquestioning faith proved to be a pushover for Darrow's intellectual skepticism. Soon after this dramatic cross-examination, Bryan made his last speech and closed his case. He walked out

of the courtroom a broken, shattered man, his only consolation being that a prejudiced jury had voted in his favor. In less than a week, William Jennings Bryan was dead.

The defense appealed to the Supreme Court of Tennessee, which handed down the final decision in 1927. Scopes was released from all penalty, but the constitutionality of the law was upheld.

The Scopes trial shed no light on the Darwinian theory, for the fact remained that the authenticity of a scientific hypothesis cannot be proved or disproved in a court of law. However, the question of freedom of education had been clearly brought before the eyes of the American public. Whether evolution is true or untrue had nothing to do with the issue; the question is whether a legislative body or a religious group has the right to prevent young minds from knowing the teachings of the world's greatest scientists and philosophers. Is it constitutional, American, or even just for any organization or body to claim a monopoly on the determination of truth and to prevent students, through with-holding information, from forming their own judgments in regards to life and its meaning? It is shameful to think that such a prohibition should ever have been on the statute books of an American state. Knowledge will not be smothered by foolish legislation, nor can bigots and fanatics be allowed to dictate sentimental dogma simply because it is conventional and orthodox.

OUR MAJOR RELIGIOUS denominations are a large factor in determining our educational philosophy in the United States, and especially in the conservative South. Not only are a large number of our colleges and universities operated by their conventions, but their force is also felt on the elementary and secondary school levels. I am convinced that their influence can be, and is on very many occasions, detrimental to education.

When a religious organization takes on the responsibility of instructing, the tendency is for it to omit and distort information in order to justify its own dogma. A liberal arts education cannot be separated from religious ideas, nor should it be. However, if education is to be impartial and objective, it must be free from all externally imposed prejudices, whether they be religious or social in nature. Indoctrination and learning are not synonymous terms! It would appear that some churches want simply to control religion, not to promote it. I seriously wonder whether some of these churches recognize education as a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXIE HOBI

UNDER THE BURNING TREE

Under the burning tree see
Mean men defying the end
And then painting the sea with
Red sails under cross and bone
Sending the innocent home

Voices seek before the star
Enters to speak of the best
New world green from afar
Under the clouds at hand and
Singing they welcome the man

Just as I am the sir said
Even if you should see me
Swaying the crazy crowd to
Unknown heights of unseen light
Sent within a sole black night

Under the burning tree see
The old wives listening lovely
And oh how lovely is the
Evening of a cold black sky
Above a heartening hearthstone.

Under the burning tree see
The old men looking proudly
Children set the scene and
Surging from the gates of hell
The lamb and bull tell the tale.

Oh must the tree die daddy?
Must we burn the tree so soon?
Said a child while the wind blew
Outside round the breathless room
And down by the ice-bound pond
A frozen cricket eyed the moon.

BY A COLLAR OF BLUE

The hand that moves the water
That smooths the cobblestones
Pegs these clasped hands to
Grasp crossed legs and bootless
Bootstraps in a backward second glance
In the mutterings and hopes
And deaths of a moment's breath
That cuts the skull's bone to bits of wax
And melts them back to bone at once
The hand that moves molehills
That cracks the black cloud
That zigzags the flash
That splits the heated point
The hand that shoots the ringing rain
And drives the wheel and the hum
That twists the hazy ball
That hand can glue the gloom of the sea's fog
To the bloom of a potent moon ring
That hand can honey a bitter tooth
Can chisel the rust from a beaten hulk
But that hand can only swing the seed
From cell to cell by a buzz and a bar
That hand can only whirl
A star to its course by a sun
That hand can only point
To the chains that stain these hands
Beckoning and even begging
Can only write on the mind's pall:
Sore sinner follow me.

December Review . .

DURING THE LAST THREE OR four weeks, I have read a half dozen or more books not directly related to my studies. Only one or two are of immediate publication; the others were published anywhere from two months to thirty years ago. All except one are classifiable as excellent; none are classifiable as great. Following are some comments which are more reactions than reviews, more marginal notes than little essays.

In the second edition of the *Anchor Review* published by Doubleday's subsidiary paper-back publishers there appears a long excerpt from a novel as yet unpublished in the United States. The novel, *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabolokov, has already obtained a certain degree of notoriety from reviews in avant garde publications.

If the whole novel is as fascinating as the excerpts then I am tempted to send to the Olympia Press in Paris for a copy. Plans for its publication in entirety in this country are still incomplete. Seldom if ever have I read such a completely funny yet horrifying book. If these two ingredients—horror and comedy—do not seem to mix it is because we have been without the *roman noir* for so long. The *roman noir* as a literary genre flourished in France during the eighteenth century. That diabolical clown, the Marquis de la Sade was its chief exponent. In this tradition criminal and sexual horror and perversions are presented as they are tempered by comedy. The bawdy wit of the Elizabethans is merely good—natured fun without the niceties to which we have become accustomed to. Modern day "realism" (of the John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway type) is a "stark" presentation of life as these writers see it—for the most part in a sordid way. The Elizabethans were not stark; the modernists are not amusing. But the *roman noir* (if by now you've asked for a translation I suppose "black novel" will have to do—the rest can probably be felt or surmised) attempts to do both. And because of this *Lolita* which is in this tradition has found difficulties in finding a publisher except in France.

The subject matter of *Lolita* is the love of nymphets, that is to say young girls between the ages of ten and fourteen, by a psychotic middle-aged man who calls himself Humbert Humbert. Hardly a topic for a comedy, hardly a topic for even a novel in our society which revels in stories of prostitutes and homosexuals but shys away at anything else not acceptable to their already perverted sense of values. I dare say, however, if our bookreading elite discovers *Lolita* and finds her "interesting" we shall be flooded by books in which twelve year old mistresses hold sway over New York and the societies of ever popular decadent Southern towns.

The plot of *Lolita* is at once stereotyped and unusual. Written in the form of a journal kept by Humbert, it occasionally suffers from the faults of this device—lack of dialogue and imperfect pictures of all but the narrator. Nevertheless, since Nabolokov is a stylist in the grand manner it is accomplished and beautiful writing if superficial. Briefly the plot centers around the efforts of Humbert to possess *Lolita*, a high-spirited twelve year old who realizes from the start what he is up to. Humbert comes to the small New England town of Ramsdale after being released from a sanatorium on the pretex of finding a place to write a book. Actually he is interested in discovering the ideal loose young girl for whom he is always looking. He is forced from his original residence due to a fire and is induced to seek lodgings with a Mrs. Haze whom he describes as "a weak solution of Marlene Dietrich." Mrs. Haze is a widow with a twelve year old daughter, Lolita. Humbert is of course immediately attracted to the girl and maps out a plan to possess her. He marries her mother, who promptly discovers his secret by taking the wifely prerogative of reading her husband's journal. She is so upset that she runs out of the house and is killed by a passing car. All is well and good with Humbert who takes Lolita out of school and then begins a nightmarish, as it were take off, on the American father-daughter tour of the United States. They stop in Kosy Kabins, they eat in places recommended by Duncan Dines (yes!), they visit zoos and Indian reservations and national parks. Humbert possesses her often by buying her sundaes and other usual childish bribes. Finally, however, poor Humbert is beat at his own game. Lolita falls in love with another person of tastes similar to Humbert's and runs away with him. Humbert follows them over the country, always just a little bit behind them, always perplexed by the cryptic hints left everywhere by his comic rival. After several years Humbert at last finds Lolita, who is married to a kindly ex-G. I. and in poor straits. He gives her money and asks only that she tell him where he can find his old rival. In the last scene of the novel Humbert finds "the man in the red convertble," as he is often called, and murders him.

F ALL OF THIS SOUNDS interesting (I think it does—that is why I told the whole of the basic line of the plot which I trust will not cause any lack of enjoyment on the part of would-be readers of the book), and yet sordid and inappropriate reading for all but the jaded, then I must heartily disagree. What has been accomplished in *Lolita* is no uplifting treatment, no didactic message, no psychological analysis but rather a purely aesthetic experience which I think does not depend upon any of these things.

* * *

Virginia Woolf is my favorite writer if a student should be allowed to have a favorite. She is a stylist with an ear for musical sentences, an intelligent being with wit and knowledge unsurpassable, a lady with fine manners and four o'clock tea parties, a woman with a distinctly feminine view point. She is, in fact, representative of all those virtues I feel most lacking and most needed in our society. Lytton Strachey, a friend and fellow writer of Mrs. Woolf's, is also a favorite. There have been no biographies of the stature of his *Elizabeth and Essex* or *Emminent Victorians* published in this century or — I was about to say any other, but I will give a nod to Mr. Boswell.

It was a pleasant surprise to come into the possession of the complete correspondence of these two writers and to come to know them as they saw each other. Their correspondence reflects a stimulating time: London in the first decade of this century. It was a time when the intellectual world was just getting over the long Victorian headache. In part—in the most important part I suppose—it was reversing some of its intellectual ideas. It was setting the stage for the silly fads and serious thought of a much more desperate and productive time, the 1920's. But in another way—in the realm of manners and everyday life—it was still a world under Victoria's shadow. Their correspondence also reflects two people who were too much alike, who distrusted each other though they had profound and genuine respect for each other's intellects and talents. Some of the letters are invitations to tea, or

World on the Pier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

Her abruptness confused him, even irritated him. "It's all right, I guess," he answered, still wondering at his bewilderment in her presence. She seemed unreal to him—almost a paradox. Gorgeous, with statuesque beauty and grace, but out of place. He realized that such a feeling could be traced to his limited experience with people, but there was something wrong.

He fumbled in his pocket, brought out his pack of cigarettes and offered her one.

"No thanks," she said, and laughed. "I can't. If my Daddy ever found out I'll bet he'd make me stay at home for a month! He doesn't think I'm old enough to smoke. How old are you?"

Again that sudden change! "Why, I'm twenty-five," he said at last.

"Twenty-five! Why you don't look that old! Gee, I thought you were about 17. Do you know how old I am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm fifteen."

He was staggered. From her physical appearance she seemed to be at least twenty. "You certainly look older than that." Eddie said. That expains her manner of speech, he thought. Only fifteen!

"Everybody says I look much older than fifteen. It's funny sometimes." She suddenly stopped and looked him seriously in the eye. "You do believe me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

She smiled as if in appreciation. There was a silence for a time, and then she said "So you're twenty-five and don't even know how to bop." She laughed, showing white teeth in the light of the moon, which had just reappeared. "What do you do if you don't dance, or skate? Do you swim much?"

Before he could answer a voice from the shore end of the pier called, "Connie," and the girl turned.

"What?"

"Let's go. The music's already started." "Okay, I'll be right there." Connie rose and started toward the pavilion—then stopped. "Why don't you come along? We're going to bop some—we could teach you how."

The wind blew her dark hair into her face and she brushed it aside with a practiced motion. Eddie felt a desire to follow this fascinating creature, even if the situation had taken on a somewhat ridiculous aspect. But he said, with some reluctance "No, thank you anyway. I have to be going in a few minutes."

She walked backwards a few steps, still smiling, and them turned and walked quickly out of sight.

Eddie lit a cigarette and stared at the water again. He wished that she had stayed and talked a while longer; there was something pleasant about talking to her. He still found it hard to realize that she was only fifteen, although she certainly acted the part.

He threw his cigarette into the ocean and walked back along the pier toward the shore. His pace quickened as he walked to the car.

The drive back to his house was equally as pleasant as the trip down, but this time his mind was clear, fresh and eager to write again.

Monkey Crisis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

positive good or whether they regard it as a necessary evil.

The acquiring of the ability to make decisions regarding one's own attitudes, ethics, and standards of social conduct is an essential part of a liberal education. It is neither the privilege nor the duty of the Church to tell the students in its institutions of higher learning that it is a sin to smoke, drink, or dance. The situation really becomes abominable when a philosophy department (to fabricate an illustration) decides to ignore Sartre because his philosophy is not in keeping with certain religious doctrines. It is appalling to think that a B.A. degree might be awarded to a psychology major who has heard the name of Freud mentioned only in passing, or for a biology student to graduate without knowing the theory of evolution and without having the opportunity to evaluate it for himself. There are institutions which offer such a distorted substitute for true knowledge. When the State is responsible, the charge is tyranny; when the Church is responsible, it is ignorance and stupidity!

Review

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

to visits at Virginia's country houses (which it seems Lytton was always turning down); others, like the one from Virginia who has just been to the opera to hear Wagner and has found it much too long and easily condensable, are critical comments on things in which they were both interested; others contain much gossip and some surprisingly cutting remarks from the seemingly docile Virginia; others, and these are rare, show affection beyond esteem and a real attempt upon one or the other's part to understand.

Even if one has not tasted the glories of *Orlando* or *Mrs. Dalloway* or *Monday* or *Tuesday* or *To the Lighthouse* or *The Common Reader*, these letters can be read with enjoyment and hoped for stimulation for further reading.

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Student December Calender

Art

Dec. 1-31 Salem Art Department has on exhibit "Graphic Arts" by students at Carnegie Institute of Technology. Music Hall 9:00 A.M. – 9:00 P.M.

Dec. 1-30 "Star of Bethlehem"; Morehead Planatarium, Chapel Hill. (Except Dec. 24-25)

Dec. 4-29 North Carolina Artists Exhibition: North Carolina Art Museum, Raleigh.

Dec. 6-Jan. 2 Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts Christmas Exhibit; Mon.-Sat. 11:00 A.M.–5:00 P. M.

Dec. 15-Jan.15 City-County Public Library: "Little International Exhibition", Mon.-Sat. 2:00–5:00 P.M. and 7:00 - 9:00 P. M.

Music

Dec. 15 Salem College Senior Christmas Vespers; Memorial Hall, 7:30 P.M.

Dec. 17 Duke Madrigal Singers, under the direction of Eugenia Saville. Duke Chapel, Durham. Sunday 5:00 P.M.

Jan. 7 Wake Forest College Concert Lecture Series presents Claudia Arrau, pianist. Wait Chapel 8:30 P.M.

Jan. 13 Winston-Salem Civic Music Series featuring Philip Maero, pianist. Reynolds Auditorium 8:00 P.M.

Jan. 19 The Winston-Salem Symphony presents a Chamber Music Concert at the City – County Library 4:00 P.M. Sunday.

Feb. 7 Mantovani returns to America on his third sold out tour, bringing his "New Music" to Greensboro. 8:30 P.M. Aycock Auditorium.

Feb. 11 An all orchestra program by the Winston-Salem Symphony. Reynolds' Auditorium 8:00 P.M.

Feb. 15 St. Olaf Choir from St. Olaf Choir College. Reynolds Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

Jan. 26 Collegium Musicum by the Civic Choral Society, Old Salem Reception Center, 8:00 P.M., Don McCorkle, lecturer.

Jan. 28 Wake Forest Chamber Music Society brings as the second feature of the season the Amadeus Quartet of London. The group is making its fourth appearance in America on this tour. "Though now resident in London, three of the players are Austrian, and the Viennese tradition with warmth and grace are always evident in their interpretations ... ."

Jan. 29 American Ballet Theatre, "America's foremost dance Ensemble", starring Nora Kaye and Erik Bruhn. Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro 8:30 P.M.

Theatre

Dec. 11-15 "What Every Woman Knows"; Carolina Playmakers, Playmakers Theatre, Chapel Hill, 8:15 P.M.

Dec. 15 "A Christmas Carol"; Carolina Playmakers, Playmakers Theatre, Chapel Hill, 4:30 P.M.

Jan. 9 Film Friends of Winston-Salem present "Miss Julie."

Jan. 11 The smash Broadway comedy "No Time For Sergeants", produced by Maurice Evans, in association with Emmet Rogers. 8:30 P.M. Aycock Auditorium, Greensboro.

Jan. 13-18 Alpha Psi Omega of the Wake Forest College Arena Theatre is undertaking the third major production of the season, "Pure As The Driven Snow or A Working Girl's Secret," by Paul Loomis.

The play is a farcical melodrama in which it is not only proper that the audience should hiss the villain and applaud the heroine. Another interesting feature of this rather unusual production is the use of acts independent of the play between scenes and at intermission. The production will be directed by Alpha Psi member, Linda Willard. Cast and crew heads will come from this organization also. Curtain time in the Arena is 8:00 P. M.

Jan. 28-Feb. 1 Winston-Salem Little Theatre presents "The Ghost Train" a comedy chiller by Arnold Ridley—8:15 P.M. Included in the original Broadway cast were Claudette Colbert and Eric Blozer.

Feb. 6 Film Friends of Winston-Salem presents "The Informer".

From the editor's desk . . .

Atmosphere for Learning

THEY CALLED IT AN "atmosphere for learning." This is what architect Larson had in mind, but someone has forgotten that atmospheres are not built of brick, nor can learning be spoken into existence. Wake Forest College has had the rare and wonderful opportunity of being given the almost unheard of chance to start again, to start not from the floundering confusion of ignorance, but from a foundation built strong and steady by loving hands through over a century of endeavor. Ten years of preparation and building had students and faculty and administration physically, spiritually, and intellectually ready for the move: ready to move forward and progress to unknown heights. We were not going to make the mistakes of the past. All minds and hearts were ready for the change, for the change and not a reversal. Yet, minds that were ready for big things have been tripped from behind. In looking to high ideals and far-reaching goals, we have been tripped by a small, yet very hard, rock in our pathway. Could we be far from wrong in saying that this rock is ignorance?

Must the students of the college be forced to hang their heads in shame when they say, "I go to a Baptist college, Wake Forest." Is it Baptist and Christian and moral for the leaders of the founding body of the college to conduct themselves in such a way that the nation stands and points to the college of which the students are still a vital and integral part, and laugh-laugh in the face of ignorance. Yes, ignorance is the word, for there is no enlightenment in selfishness, false-pride, and pettiness.

We have been referred to as "children." more specifically the children who direct the parents, who direct the trustees, who direct the convention. Everyone has gotten in vogue by quoting segmented scripture to prove his individual point. But the self-same people steered clear of the Christ who loved "children" and separated them from the selfish by-standers for his special attention. They forgot the Christ who called young men of spirit into his service. They forgot the Babe of Bethlehem on whom the star shone, the babe that grew into a young man who talked with and answered the questions of the learned men in the Temple.

When we quote, let's look at the whole picture. Students are not so ignorant of the Scripture that they cannot read and in them find truth, love and wisdom, and apply it to their lives. We do not ask to be products of a dictated segmented religion which will not cover our total lives.

No students on this campus today, can remember a semester when the air was not full of contention and controversy. Controversy, not of the wholesome type out of which progress is born, but jealous, petty back-biting and haggling over issues that are not worthy of the name. We are told to study and learn and get a good education. Don't worry about the future of the college and its policies. That will be taken care of. Just study.

But how can we sit and be passive when the things that we love are being slowly and surely taken away from us. Is it only a hope cherished in the hearts of idle dreamers that at one time the students of Wake Forest were so trusted and so highly respected that it would have been the exception rather than the rule to let them govern themselves both in official actions and personal behavior? It is our contention that a student must be trusted to be deemed trustworthy. We are now being asked to sacrifice some of our closeness to the faculty by the vast influx of population that forces us to the realm of university-itis, like a child whose body is growing faster than his mind. Why is it that only a few of the students have ever even seen so much as the front door steps of their favorite faculty member's home? We don't believe that the over-worked faculty members sanction this estrangement any more than do the students.

We don't ask for the ivy and the windows that always leaked. We are grateful for new facilities. But we do ask for the freedom that was held within the traditional walls of Wake Forest.

THEY" SAY THAT THEY want us to be different. Thus we were, and still are trying to be. Look at the Big Four, if you please. Then look at Wake Forest College as one quadrant of this unit. In everyway we have held our own. No college has ever picked itself up by the bootstraps and trudged forward so far as has our small liberal arts college. We held and still hold our own. Only in the last few years has W. F. C. had the material resources that even put it in the same category with the other big colleges. What we lacked in funds, we made up in spirit and quality of students and faculty. Athletic fans, look back and see the greats that have passed through our portals; scholars look back and see good, hardworking people, people who met as equals at Wake Forest College. No where in the world have students ever met on such a level ground. Different we were, and different we still are, only now we have to fight to be so, because we are being forced into a mold that does not fit the Wake Forest or Baptist way of life. Bob Jones University is good in its place. Mars Hill is a wonderful institution of learning, and we take off our hats to her. But don't ask Wake Forest College to be like her, for it is not. Each of the colleges in the state serves its purpose. God grant that little minds may not hamper the unique service that Wake Forest has rendered to the hearts and minds of those who know her and know of her.

Atmosphere for learning? Certainly so, for there are too many people who know right, who love true intellectual progress, who seek truth, and who are unafraid of the bright light of education, to let Wake Forest be pushed into the mire of intellectual stagnancy. Students and faculty alike are too dedicated to their goal to sit by and be dictated to by those who are trying to draw the map of a road over which they have never traveled. —B. W.

Nick Bragg - Class of 1958

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Cover

The shapely siren on this month's cover is NOT Esther Williams, NOR was the picture taken at Silver Springs. I mean don't get lost man, if you aren't already. You're looking at one of Wake's mermaid maritimers, one Febe Broadway, and man, if you'll pardon my cool vernacular, I think she's a real deep water doll. This particular pic was clicked by Irv Grigg, local lensman, and if you think bubbles are easy to come by these days, just ask Lawrence Welk.

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 4 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - FEBRUARY 27, 1958

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Rare Literary Masterpieces, *by Edie Hutchins* 4

There is on the third floor of the library, a group of rooms which houses a fascinating array of rare and unusual books. Few students know of the existence of the room or of the books. In this issue you can take a peep behind the door and see what is in store for the near future when the rooms will be dedicated and open for public use. Gratitude for their co-operation goes to Dr. Edgar Folk and librarian C. P. West.

Need Job—Will Travel, *by Charles Rooks* 7

If you are in the market for a summer job, here is your chance to read up on what some of your classmates did last summer. Perhaps you can get some ideas from their experiences and find something new and different to do with your vacation time.

Christianity Confronts Crisis, *by Dan O. Via* 10

In this issue we introduce Dr. Dan O. Via of the Department of Religion with his view on the crisis that Christianity faces in our time. The time has come to survey the situation and see if Christianity is a dead religion as some would profess, or if it is as vital today as it was to the Christ of its foundation.

Gentle Thunder, *by Robert Fitzgerald* 12

The Dead Sea Around Us, *by Bill Heins* 14

There is something in the gym that students fussed about for years because they didn't have it. Now, there is an indoor swimming pool on campus and few students can find it, much less use it. Pictures used in this feature are by Irvin Grigg.

About Mary, Sam, and Joe, *essay by Bill Heins* 17

Bill Heins stands in the place of many a college student at that point in life when he is forced to decide on whose wisdom his future must depend. In this essay, many readers will find parts of their own experience portrayed.

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 4 - WAKE FOREST COLLEGE - FEBRUARY 27, 1958

Demon In Us . . .

WHO SAYS that Wake Forest is behind in engineering miracles? Consider the marval of the sidewalk. It is conventional to walk on sidewalks, to walk on them as a means whereby we reach our destinations and keep relatively dry and clean in the process. But great minds have changed this old and therefore useless process. Now, since we have less money at our disposal than usual, we have started a campaign to be conservative. We save wear and tear on these concrete monuments to engineering skill by placing them in places where people rarely walk. As a double dividend, we also construct them in such a way as to let them serve as gutters to keep the grass dry. Why clutter up the campus with unsightly rain gutters when the sidewalks are being used for nothing more constructive.

Yes, Wake Forest is noted for taking advantage of every available opportunity. The powers that be have no doubt come under the influence of just great educational journals as *Why Can't Johnny Read.* It has been conjectured that there is more reading material per square inch on this campus than anywhere else in the world. The library might not be well equipped, but there are enough signs scattered around to make up the deficit. Above every beautiful horizon looms a graceful YIELD RIGHT OF WAY or a dynamic STOP. Visitors are enchanted by the NO PARKING signs that enhance the view of the girls' dorms. Maybe the signs are not as out of place as some might think. They are all gold and black, and they all prohibit forward movement if someone else says so.

Rumor has it that another progressive move has been planned. Since there has been so much flu on campus, some thoughtful persons have suggested that the majorettes be put in long skirts so they won't get cold at those old mean foot-ball games. We really don't think that the concerned parties have much to worry about, though. At the rate we're going, soon there won't be any home games. After all, college athletics are getting too big to function for the glory of the school and the entertainment of the students. Football is big business, and big business goes where the most money is . . . and why go broke buying skirts for the majorettes?

Then there are the luxuries on campus. It's not that we really mind being made up in our beds. It's just that they wake us up in the process. Remember the good old days when the men students had to make up their own beds and the co-eds had someone to sweep their floors. But all must travel the road of progress. Progress? But everyone is getting confused, what with the men sweeping the floors in the girls' dormitory and the ladies cleaning the rooms in the boys' dorms. Such incidents have been known to pose awkward situations. The dormitory is our home away from home. It follows naturally that each morning both gentlemen and coeds go fully attired to the bathroom to wash their faces and brush their teeth. The situations arise when some ill-mannered lady or gentleman has such poor manners as not to follow this procedure.

Now, don't get us wrong. We like the service. Actually the coeds don't need to have someone make up their beds and sweep their floors. This is good domestic training in the more practical aspects of life. Then, to hear everyone talk, coeds have plenty of time to catch up their housework over the weekend.

The boys find that it is so nice to have a smiling face come into the room at seven-thirty to wake them when they forget to set their clocks for an eleven o'clock class.

The system stimulates cultural progress as well as "wide-awakeness." One maid was fussing with the inmates of a certain room, complaining about the newspaper and Picasso prints all over the walls. After she left, her friend, who still remained, assured the disillusioned boys by saying, "Mean, ain't she!"

Take heart, fellow travelers! One thing hasn't changed. Dr. Wilson is still a bachelor.

Treasure room . . .

Rare

By Edie Hutchins

TWO YEARS of life on the campus have left, even yet, many places to be discovered and explored. Such a place is a group of rooms located on the third floor of the library which house the book collections of the Smith Brothers. These rooms contain a great number of beautiful volumes, many of which are worth large sums of money, and many of which are first editions.

The Oscar T. Smith collection might be called the "rare book collection," although the other group of books also contains many rare volumes. Oscar Smith was an alumnus of Wake Forest College, a member of the class of 1888. He established a printing company in Baltimore, Maryland, Oscar T. Smith and Son Company, book stationers and lithographers. Before he died in 1945, he included a bequest in his will which concerned Wake Forest College. The provisions of his will are told in a resolution adopted by the College Board of Trustees in 1949 which reads in part, "the late Oscar T. Smith of Baltimore, Maryland . . . created a trust, a portion of the net income from which, and a portion of the principal thereof upon the termination of the same, was made payable to Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, North Carolina, as a memorial to his father, Louis Turner Smith and his mother Nannie Green Howell Smith . . . now, be it resolved that the income received by Wake Forest College . . . shall be used for the purchase, acquisition, and preservation of rare and valuable books, special editions, manuscripts, original writings and items, suitable and worthy to be included in a library of exceptional scholastic distinction, historical importance and artistic and scientific merit . . . the said books, manuscripts, writings and items shall be the sole possession of Wake Forest College . . . and shall be preserved in a room adjoining the room in which shall be located the library of Dr. Charles Lee Smith . . ."

The resolution further stated that the final choice of all items purchased with

A stately room, gleaming chandeliers, rows of shelves soon to be filled with priceless volumes, all form the perfect atmosphere for the rare old gentleman who is greatly responsible for the existence of Wake Forest's collection of rare books.

Literary Masterpieces

funds from his legacy would be in the hands of his brother, Dr. Charles Lee Smith, until his death. Thereafter, the selection would be in the hands of a person or persons as directed by the Board of Trustees. At the present time, the responsibility of choosing and purchasing books for this collection is delegated to a committee composed of Dr. H. B. Jones, Dr. H. D. Parcell, Dr. A. C. Reid, Mr. F. W. Clonts, Mr. C. P. West, and Dr. E. E. Folk, chairman.

The rare book collection is found on the shelves located on the balcony which forms a semi-circle around the large main room. A glance down one shelf reveals a book bound in "original green cloth with the title in gilt and five floral gilt decorations on the spine and title in gilt on both covers within gilt borders, together with blind tooling and gilt edges." The book is a first edition of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. It was printed in Brooklyn, New York, in 1855.

Fastened inside is an autograph note written by Walt Whitman himself for press purposes. It says, "Walt Whitman, visiting New York City after an absence of over 4 years—guest now of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnston at 113, East Tenth Street. March 15, 1877."

Further down the shelf is another green book, this one by Herman Melville. Its worn green covers bear the title, *Moby Dick or The Whale*. This is another first edition, printed in 1851. The book is dedicated, "In token of my admiration for his genius, this book is inscribed to Nathaniel Hawthorne."

Close by is a tiny brown leather book with gilt letters on a red background. This *Lyrical Ballads with a few other poems* by William Wordsworth was printed in 1798. In the front of the book is an "advertisement" which reads, "The majority of the following poems are to be considered as experiments. They were written chiefly with a view to ascertain how far the language of conversation in the middle and low classes of society is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure."

A beautiful morocco binding encloses another first edition, *Ballads and Lyrical Pieces* by "Walter Scott, Esq." It was printed in Edinburgh in 1806. The book is inscribed in a fine, old handwriting, "Mary Hannah Homer—the gift of her grandmother, Mrs. Bagley, Jan. 1820."

The book has an unusual feature, and that is double fore-edge printing, which is printing on the edge of the pages. When the pages are slanted, a picture is produced. On this particular book, when the pages are slanted one way, one sees a picture of Neidpath Castle. If slanted the other way, a picture of Jedburgh Abbey, Roxburchshire appears.

The Birds of America by John James Audubon is in seven volumes. This is the first octavo edition, printed in New York in 1840. The volumes contain many vivid and life-like pictures, many of which were done by the author himself. Also, fastened inside the first volume is Audubon's autograph.

ONE OF THE largest books is a first edition of *Chippendale's Cabinet-Maker* or "The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director," being a large collection of the most elegant and useful designs of household furniture in the Gothic, Chinese, and Modern taste." It contains 160 copper plates of all types of furniture. These engraved plates are done in minute detail, giving instructions of how to make the furniture, dimensions, etc. Written descriptions accompany the illustrations.

There are two valuable volumes of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. One of these is a facsimile of the Ellesmere *Chaucer*. It is printed in old English on thin membranes of vellum in a modern binding. The borders of the pages which begin each tale are hand-painted in brilliant colors. The manuscript contains even the practice pages. There is a mystery connected with one of these pages, which is very interesting, although not very important historically. While working on the pages, someone has written, "Marjorie St. John is a shrew." About Marjorie St. John, no actual facts are known, only suppositions. Perhaps she was the wife of the one who scribbled her name, with whom he had quarreled that morning. Perhaps she was a girl who had spurned him. No one knows.

One of the most expensive books in the collection and perhaps the most beautiful is William Morris' *Chaucer*. William Morris was a poet who established the Kelmscott printing press for the sole purpose of publishing beautiful books for England. He regarded this particular volume as the crowning achievement of his press. He made a special "Chaucer type" with which to print the book, and used fine rag paper. A famous artist of the period, Edward Burne-Jones, made the intricate border designs, which are 87 in number. The volume is bound in white pigskin decorated with a pattern designed by Morris himself.

The book took five years to plan and two years to print. When it was completed, Morris realized that he had reached a climax in printing and died only five months later.

A number of Bibles are included in the collection. One of these is *Aitken's Bible*, which is the only Bible ever authorized by Congress for the use of American troops. It is often called the "Bible of the Revolution." The resolution adopted by Congress reads in part, "That the United States in Congress assembled highly approve the pious and laudable undertaking of Mr. Aitken . . . they recommend this edition of the Bible to the inhabitants of the United States, and authorize him to publish this recommendation in the manner he shall think proper." This is the first and only occasion when Congress took such action.

The brown leather book contains every leaf. It is one of the rarest Bibles, there being only twelve copies in the states and the Library of Congress, and only fifty-three copies found anywhere. It was printed in violation of the English monolopy over such publications. The type had to be buried by Robert Aitken to prevent its destruction by British soldiers.

Another valuable Bible is a huge red volume of the *King James' Bible*. It was printed in Cambridge in 1763. On one of the front pages appears this statement and dedication: "Translated by His Majesty's Special Command—appointed to be read in churches. To the most high and mighty prince, James by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith."

Some other copies of the *Bible* are *Macklin's Bible*, printed in 1800 in seven volumes, which contains many beautiful engravings; *The Nuremburg Polyglot Bible* which is

carried only to the book of Ruth and is printed in six languages; a tiny English version of the *Polyglott Bible* which has print so small that it is almost impossible to read with the naked eye; and a *Bible* printed entirely in Chinese.

A very unusual Bible is *Cromwell's Soldier's Bible.* It is an 1895 reprint of the one of 1643 which was issued for the use of the commonwealth army. Its 16 pages are composed of quotes from the Bible which refer to soldiers and war.

ALBERT MANGUS' *De Physico* is an incunabulum or a book printed before 1500. Its date of publication is 1494, which was the first half century of printing. A glance through its yellowed pages disclose faded notations in the margins which perhaps some scholar made while reading.

There are many more first editions to be found on the shelves. Some of these are Henry Thoreau's *Walden or Life in the Woods,* copies of which are especially scarce; Emerson's *Nature,* the most famous of his essays; Edgar Allen Poe's *The Raven and Other Poems; The Works of Benjamin Jonson,* the first publication of his complete works in one volume; and *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other poems* by John Keats. Others are the two volumes of *Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World in four parts* by Lemuel Gulliver, better known as *Gulliver's Travels,* by Jonathan Swift; the two volumes of *Boswell's Life of Johnson;* John Dryden's *All For Love or The World Well Lost,* his famous rewriting of *Anthony and Cleopatra;* Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of the Species;* and Jonathan Edward's *Freedom of the Will,* which is one of America's first original philosophies. The bookplate of this particular volume bears the name of Samuel Mather and the date 1755.

The majority of these books were purchased with funds from the Oscar T. Smith fund. A few were purchased with donations from a group called "Friends of the Wake Forest Library." This group was an organization of alumni who were especially interested in contributing to the library. One of the books bought with this fund is the Ellesmere *Chaucer.*

The other three rooms of the group and the remaining shelves of the main room contain the Charles Lee Smith Collection which is comprised of his library of more than 7,000 volumes which he gathered from all over the world during more than half a century. It is one of the finest private libraries to be found anywhere in the South. He called it "an example of a comprehensive private library of the first half of the twentieth century," and referred to the books as his "intimate friends" and "cherished companions." Mr. Smith also said that a "significant library is one that shows scholarly understanding and cultural appreciation. . . ."

Dr. Smith's deep enjoyment and love of his library is shown in this portion of the statement which he made to a group of Wake Forest faculty members shortly after having given the library to the college: "There are many avenues of pleasure open to the bibliophile but nothing delights him more than to secure a rare book of exceptional association interest—a presentation copy from a great author to a distinguished friend, or a volume from a famous scholar's library with his bookplate and marginal annotations. The satisfaction of possession is enhanced if the book was printed on paper of superior quality and beautifully bound in finest leather. An aesthetic lover of books is conscious of a most pleasurable thrill when reading the pages of such a treasure. Just here let me say that few things in life have given me as much pleasure as collecting books, and when this library passes into the keeping of my alma mater, I ask no greater reward than to be remembered as one of her devoted sons and as an ardent bibliophile, who, through many years and in many countries, personally selected these volumes."

Dr. Folk thumbs through the Morris edition of Chaucer, one of the most beautiful and valuable volumes in the collection.

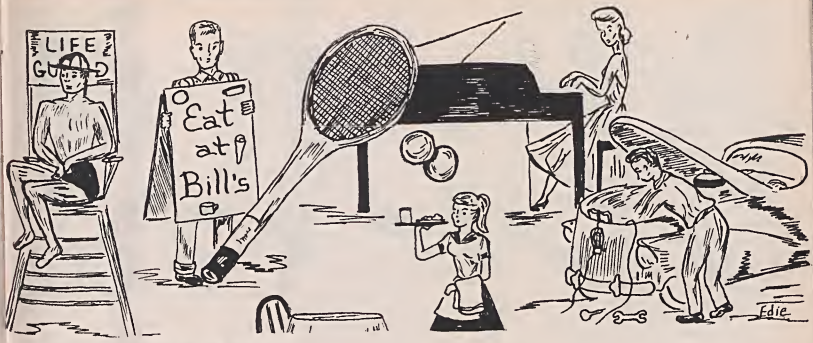
Dr. Smith, like his brother, also attended Wake Forest College, a member of the class of 1884. When a senior, he served as editor of THE STUDENT, the third editor of the magazine. During his life, he served in many positions and jobs, one of which was president of Mercer University in Georgia, but eventually he became the owner of Edwards and Broughton Printing Company in Raleigh, North Carolina.

The 7,000 volumes in his library, along with memoirs, letters, and addresses, cover practically every subject imaginable. Some of the most interesting sections are comprised of association items. An example of these are books from Thomas Carlyle's personal library with notes and letters written by Carlyle himself. The letters include correspondence with Ralph Waldo Emerson, with Robert Browning, and with Johann Wolfgang Goethe. There are also books pertaining to his life, along with a bibliographical list of his published writings in prose, and verse.

The library contains items from John Ruskin's personal library, also. There are more than 40 of his personal letters, some of which are to his mother. Various books from his library have doodlings, drawings, or notes drawn or written by him. There are also copies of lectures which he gave in Oxford and in other places on various subjects, such as architecture or art.

The section of North Carolina is a very fine one, including volumes concerning the laws of the state, the educational system, folklore of the state, the development of North Carolina, the tobacco industry, and many other subjects.

AT THE PRESENT time, the rare book room is not open to the public and will not be until after March 13, when it will be formally dedicated. Oliver Smith, son of Charles Lee and present president of Edwards and Broughton, will make the formal presentation in chapel. Dr. Robert Lee Humber, a close friend of Dr. Smith and an alumnus of Wake Forest, will make the address. After the program at the chapel, there will be a ceremony in the rare book room at which portraits of Dr. Charles Lee Smith and Oscar T. Smith will be unveiled and presented to the college.



Timely suggestions for job seekers . . .

Need Job - Will Travel

By Charles Rooks

WHAT WILL LIE before you three months from now when you walk out of that last exam and hurriedly depart from the classrooms and dormitories of Wake Forest? Will you be going back to your hometown to work or loaf for the summer? Or, will you take off to a new location, a new job, and an exciting new experience? A whole summer awaits you, three months which can be used for relaxation, for fun, for making money, or for helping you make up your mind about your future career. It can be three months of boredom which affords you the opportunity of exercising your endurance, or it may be an unforgettable experience which passes quickly and is remembered after with pleasure.

The perennial questioning about others' vacations at the beginning of each school year indicates that the summers of Wake Forest students are divided between the two types of experiences, with perhaps those who come back bubbling over with tales of the good times enjoyed being the minority group. Most of the students in this category are those who went away from home for the summer and worked in a great variety of jobs. Last summer Wake Forest students scattered all over the United States, arriving in places as far apart as Nantucket and Los Angeles, and working at jobs as different as selling Bibles and tending bars.

Almost all of those who worked in any of the various jobs think of the summer they spent as much more than just passing away the vacation months. Some had the most fun they had ever had, some feel that it helped them to decide whether they do or do not want to enter a certain profession; some were able to save enough money to put them through school; all will say that working away from home in their particular job was an educational and interesting experience, for by meeting people from other areas and visiting new places and doing different work, they now have a broader outlook and better understanding of life.

The field of summer employment is wide and varied. With a little imagination and foresight a student can acquire work in almost any type job anywhere in the country. One of the most popular types of summer employment is working at resorts. Although some go to other areas, most students interested in this type of work go to the northeastern section of the United States. New England, with its beautiful scenery, historical landmarks, and cultural background offers numerous locations either in the mountains or on the coast, and the mountains of upstate New York are perhaps an equally popular summer resort area. In these resorts, job opportunities are numerous and are found usually in lodges, hotels, and restaurants, in which students are hired as busboys, waiters, cooks, or almost any kind of work of this nature, depending upon one's experience and ability. Most of these places pay the employees a salary, but the major portion of their income is derived from tips, and usually room and board are furnished by the establishment. Working hours vary, as does the amount of money saved by different students. Some are able to bring home between five hundred and a thousand dollars, while others bring home very little. The extent and lavishness of personal entertainment is one of the chief determining factors. The work is generally not hard, and there is sufficient free time to fully enjoy the entertainment to be found at the resort, as well as to pursue activities of individual interest. Since the greater part of the working personnel of such places is made of college students, the opportunity is available for meeting boys and girls from schools all over the country.

FRANK CRUMP worked last summer in a restaurant on the island of Nantucket, which is some thirty miles off the coast of Massachusetts. This historical old whaling center is now a heavily visited summer resort. Employed as an assistant cook, Frank did such things as chop vegetables and prepare sauces in a French restaurant called The Mad Hatter. With the exception of five or six Southerners, the students working there were from the northern states and attended, for the most part, schools in the Ivy League. The social life was full and varied. Besides afternoons on the beach, groups of students carried on their own

whirl of parties, picnics, and such. In addition to a very enjoyable time, Frank thinks the summer was beneficial to him in many ways. Being able to meet and know students from the northern section of the country was an interesting and educational experience, and the different attitudes, especially their greater emphasis on education in that area, made a deep impression on him.

OVER ON THE COAST of Massachusetts, Dickie Newsome worked at Cape Cod. Not having a job when he went up there, he had to look around and work at various jobs before being employed for the summer by the Wiano Club. He served as a bus boy or waiter. Here too, most of the employees were students from the New England area, and after working hours there was never any lack of something to do. Dickie says the association with the students from that section was stimulating and enlightening, and he had the opportunity to meet many people from rather high social circles in the course of his work, since the Wiano Club is wealthy and exclusive. There is quite an opportunity, he says, for students who can paint and do carpenter work to make a considerable amount of money during the summer on the Cape, since there are always numerous landowners desiring to have such work done.

Away from the coast, up in the beautiful mountains of upstate New York, Tom Mills bell-hopped at Little Moose Lodge, a wealthy private club at Old Forge. Although the scenery was quite different, the situation there was about the same as at the coast resorts. Tom says that since there are numerous lodges and hotels located in that area, there was an excellent opportunity to form lasting friendships. Though he welcomed and enjoyed this, he did not (because of a previous association) take advantage of the opportunity to the extent that the friend who accompanied him did. His friend became engaged to a girl from New York, and although they have quite a problem in visiting one another frequently, they are very happy and pleased with the summer.

There are as many job opportunities in resorts for girls as there are for boys, Wake Forest coeds have made their way into this field, also. At Lake Placid, which is also in New York, Jeanette Cook, who arrived at the resort with no job was soon employed as a waitress in a hotel dining room. A hotel, since its guests usually stay at least one or two weeks, offers a much better opportunity to become acquainted with the people being served than does a restaurant. The guests which she met had an international flavor, many of them being French Canadians, or German Jews, also from Canada, and also many Cubans who came up from New York, as well as the Americans from all over the East. The staff of students presented a talent show for the hotel guests each Monday night, which was a lot of fun, Jeanette says. She had had no previous experience in the type work she did; this is true of almost all the students, although previous experience will often make it possible to get a better job.

Far south of New York, at Virginia Beach, four other coeds spent the summer doing the same work as Jeanette, waiting on tables at a hotel. Janice Priode, Reta Peoples, Emily Hill, and Nancy Fogleman enjoyed what they describe as one of the best summers they have ever had, besides making a good sum of money. Although they acquired their jobs through the parents of one of the girls who knew the hotel manager, they say that many of the other students working there wrote the Chamber of Commerce and received a list of the many places which hired summer help. They worked during the morning and evening meals and had the rest of the day free, which was always full and busy. The experience of being away from home and independent, thus learning to take care of themselves, was very enjoyable and beneficial, they feel.

A few thousand miles to the west, Eddie Hudson, Bill McDuffie, and Bryan Wood worked in Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. They had applied for work but did not get the exact jobs requested out of the numerous types of employment offered in the park. Byron washed dishes; Eddie was supply boy for a cafeteria; and Bill served as a commissary helper. Thumbing out to Wyoming and back afforded the boys a chance to see a lot of the United States in a rather interesting manner. Among the approximately three hundred students from all over the country working there, a very interesting fact is that the girls outnumber the boys about two to one, a feature which challenged the beautiful scenery of the area as the top attraction at Yellowstone; that is, at least for the boys at Wake Forest where the girl-boy ratio is somewhat different from this. According to these boys, the social life consists of far more than feeding the bears and climbing mountains.

UNDOUBTEDLY ONE of the most exciting and different summers of Wake Forest students was that of Wally Freeman. Leaving home with a friend, he headed for Lake Tahoe, California, eventually reaching there after stopping enroute at numerous points across the United States. After working at various jobs around Tahoe, he moved a few miles over into Nevada where he worked in a gambling casino for a while; next he went to Sacramento, California, where he picked tomatoes for a week; then moved on to San Francisco to work with American Can Company for a month and a half. Before starting back to North Carolina, he loafed for a time on the beaches near Los Angeles. Wally says it was the most enjoyable and fascinating summer he has ever had.

Working as counselors in camps is another popular type of summer employment. To those who are interested in vocations in which they will be teaching and dealing with children, it is also good experience for their future professions. Linda McGinty, Vada Byers, and Fabian Broadway worked last summer at Camp Rotary, which is a Girl Scout camp at King's Mountain, North Carolina. They had been there previously, but jobs can also be acquired by writing and applying. Several types of jobs are available, such as unit leader, instructor in crafts, or working on the water front. These girls thoroughly enjoyed the experience and will probably return next summer.

Over on the North Carolina coast at Camp Seagull John Reed served as a counselor for a cabin of boys and as the athletic director of the camp. It is possible to do this type of work and also travel to another section of the country as Lee Britt did. She was the only Southern girl among several college students on the staff of a girls' camp on Cape Cod. Lee loved the work and the location, and feels that the association with the other students was of great benefit to her, and she hopes to return this summer.

Every summer a number of students work at church retreats. Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly in the mountains of North Carolina and Caswell Baptist Assembly on the coast are probably the most popular ones for Wake Forest students. The work offered is of numerous kinds, and many enjoy the opportunity to live for the summer in this atmosphere.

Sponsored by the Baptist Convention is the Tentmaker Program through which students are given names of ministers in towns in the forest areas of the western states, and these ministers help the students acquire jobs with logging companies in the area. Besides working in the forests, these students often help at the church in their spare time. Lamar Robinson and Bill Cobb have worked summers in this program, both in Oregon and California, and Joe Mamlin has worked two years in Oregon.

Also in the woods, but engaged in a different kind of job, Lee Ellenbury worked last summer in Nezpurce National Forest in Idaho. Lee got the job through the National Forestry Service and worked with the Forest Rangers in what he feels was a wonderful summer. Although the work was hard, the experience of such a different kind of life and the beauty of the territory made it a pleasurable summer.

The students who make the most money during the summer are probably some of those who sell books door to door. About thirty Wake Forest students scattered over different parts of the United States doing this last summer. This is undoubtedly one of the most educational jobs available, for it allows a salesman to learn a great deal about human nature, the area in which he works and its people, and even quite a bit of the local gossip. One might experience difficulty in believing all the experiences which happened to salesmen like Charles Bentley, Jack Isert, and Sanford Whitehurst, but the profitable side of the business is evident in such things as the new Oldsmobile Sanford bought this fall. Those who do this type of work are hired through the ones who have previously worked with the company and they work in groups headed by the experienced salesman.

SOMETIMES IT IS possible to find work in the field in which you are interested as a future vocation. This type of work is of course valuable experience in preparation. Mary Frances Price, who plans to be a physical therapist, was able to work last summer in Shriner's Crippled Children's Hospital in Greenville, South Carolina, as a nurse's aid, and part of the time as an aid in the physical therapy department, where she was able to observe all kinds of cases and the way in which they are treated. The hospital offers this program in order that the girls may see just what the work is like. Some girls are hired as nurse's aids only. Room, board and uniforms are furnished in addition to a small salary.

Mary Mel Farris, who is majoring in Chemistry and has considered going to med school, worked in the laboratory of a mental hospital in Logansport, Indiana. Many college students apply and are hired by the hospital in several other departments—recreation, music, therapy, and the various labs. No experience is necessary, and the pay was good. Mary Mel thought that the summer was an excellent experience, not only in being away from home and being independent, but the educational value received by working in a mental hospital.

The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. offer several opportunities for summer employment in various fields. Last summer Joan Owens went on a European seminar tour sponsored by them and which consisted of an interracial group of twenty students from all over the United States. They also have programs in various cities where students may work in some type of social or welfare work, in industry, or may hold a regular job in some business and attend seminars at night.

Despite the fact that only a small part of the scope of possible summer employment has been presented here, the jobs held by a few Wake Forest students suggest something of the variety of opportunities available. There are countless other jobs which a student might acquire if he is interested and will put some effort into investigating and applying for positions. It is during the winter months that good summer jobs are discovered and applied for, and those who wait until the end of school to look around will usually find themselves back at the same old unexciting, low-paid jobs they had the previous summer. If you really want to make this summer one of those exciting, unforgettable experiences that you have heard other students talk about, get busy now.

ROBERT E.

LEE

HOTEL

The never ending struggle . . .

Christianity Confronts

BY DR. DAN O. VIA

ONE OF OUR contemporaries has stated rather bluntly that Christianity is dead and the only question is how to get rid of the body before it begins to smell too much. Another of today's incisive thinkers has pushed the knife in still further with the assertion that we are now living in a world-night. God is dead, and no new God has been born. God is absent, and the pervasive barrenness of our time is seen in the fact that God is not even missed. His absence has hardly been noted.

Now if these statements are true, Christianity, which claims to rest on the unique revelation of the living God, is certainly confronting a crisis. Not only does the world doubt whether Christianity is alive; it also doubts whether its God is alive. It must be quickly said, however, that the man or woman who has been reconciled to God in Jesus Christ cannot seriously entertain these possibilities—or, at least, not the latter one. One who has had an existential encounter with the living God cannot be affected by the theoretical possibility that God may be dead. He knows with the knowledge of faith that this is not true. The fact remains, nevertheless, that many people *think* God and Christianity are dead, and this does not put Christianity in any less critical a position. Why does Christianity face a crisis? It is not that God is dead, but that the church is sometimes such a medium of revelation that God appears to be dead.

The revelation of God in Christ makes it possible for the man of faith to live in the age to come or the end of history, but he still lives also in history. The question is whether he is going to look toward the world or toward God. He will never in this life be able to sever himself altogether from the world, so he is utterly dependent on the forgiving grace of God. But what is the direction of his life? If he looks to the world for his security, he stands under judgment, under the threat of separation from God or rejection.

Let us recall that the church is both the community which has been lifted out of the world by the final or eschatological event and an institution of this world. As the eschatological community the church *is* crisis. As the body of Christ it is his instrument, and it continues to precipitate in the world the crisis which his own ministry brought. On the other hand, the church as an institution of the world stands under the judgment or crisis of God. If it puts the preservation of its institutional life above its task as the eschatological people of God or in any other way fails to be an effective medium of revelation, it will cease to be the people of God. The crisis which the church, or at least parts of it, faces today is not that it may not raise enough money and recruit large numbers of members. It is rather that it may be rejected by God for putting these things above some others. The church faces a severe testing. What are some of the areas in which this crisis may be seen?

THE TASK of the church is to interpret the Christian faith to the world so as not to lose the scandal or offense of Christianity but at the same time to make the Christian religion a live option for intelligent people in the twentieth century. The world must be told of its rebellious separation from God and that the way to reunion is through the forgiveness that comes in Christ, but sinful man must be told this in thought categories that have some meaning today and without expecting him to sacrifice his God-given rational powers. That the forgiving grace of God came into history uniquely in the life of a real man, Jesus of Nazareth, is a paradox that can be accepted only by faith, but this must be meaningfully and rationally interpreted and expressed. Paul Tillich has profoundly pointed out that man is plagued by anxiety about death, guilt, and meaninglessness. This anxiety is a part of his very existence; he cannot get rid of it, but he can be given the courage to take it into himself and live with it and above it.

The human predicament is often acutely analyzed in literature which is not theological or religious. Anne, the leading female character in Simone De Beauvoir's novel *The Mandarins*, almost commits suicide because her life has become devoid of meaning. Since she is already dead within, she is going to be honest enough to finish the job. At the last minute, however, she does not take the poison because of the effect it would have on her family. But the book ends with a question, not an answer. Will she find meaning in her life again? Bayard Sartoris in Faulkner's *Sartoris* finally does commit a suicidal act, apparently driven by a sense of need to atone for his guilt. Carl G. Jung, the psychiatrist, in *The Atlantic* (November, 1957) has affirmed that man's barbarity shows him to have an evil potential so gigantic that the Christian doctrine of original sin really does not say enough. He also implies that if man does not acquire a little self knowledge he may destroy himself. These are simply three examples, but to all such situations the church must speak in the power of its revelation in Christ and in a relevant way.

The church will not be a relevant and effective medium of revelation but will stand under the judgment of God if it seeks in any way to suppress the truth or the quest for the truth. This is one aspect of the crisis which the church faces. The meaning of this is that the church must come to terms with the critical approach to the Bible and with the advances in scientific knowledge. Neither of these things is destructive of the Christian revelation or Christian faith properly understood. Rather they are allies.

The Biblical writers believed that the earth was flat, that the sky was a solid dome, and that the heavenly bodies were inside the dome. This meant that the earth was the center of a very small universe. We know that the earth is a sphere revolving around the sun which itself is a relatively small star. We know also that the universe extends beyond our ability to measure. With regard to age the universe is known to have been in existence four billions of years and man in some form for hundreds of thousands of years. Though no scientist claims to have worked out all the details of evolution, the broad drift of development is now clear. Evolution does not mean that man is descended from the ape—that we know—but that man and present simians had a common ancestor. This means that we can no longer take the early Genesis stories literally as history

Crisis

since the Old Testament puts the creation of the universe and man in about 4004 B. C. One well informed man in 1847 stated that God put misleading fossils in rocks to test the faith of mankind. Now one cannot refute this kind of logic. God may have created the world last week complete with fossils, records, and memories; but it seems improbable. There is nothing inspired about the conception of the phyiscal universe found in the Bible. It is the view held by the ancients in general, Israelite or otherwise. Our enlarged knowledge of the expanse of the universe serves only to give us a greater insight into the magnitude of the creative and conserving power of God. Since science as science can say nothing about the "why" or meaning of life and existence, the scope and authority of religion are in no way limited by advances in scientific knowledge. The man who believes in God may believe without sacrificing his intellect that God stands behind the origin of the universe and life however the creation came about and however long the creative process took. The Genesis creation stories do not tell us how, when, or how long; but they express far better than any abstract statements could the faith of Israel that the Lord of history is also the creator of the stage of history. Nor does the story of the fall relate the history of the origin of sin, but with great profundity it tells us the meaning of the sin of every man. Although we must call these stories symbols, parables, or myths and not history, they are no less meaningful, no less authoritative for religion, and no less revelatory.

THE CRITICAL approach to Biblical study, as well as natural science, has shown us that the Bible is not infallible in the realm of science and history; nor is all of the religion of the Bible on the same level. There are inaccuracies and contradictions. Was man the first thing created (Gen. 2) or the last (Gen. 1)? Is Noah said to have carried one pair of clean animals into the ark (Gen. 6:19) or seven pairs (Gen. 7:2)? Did God approve (2 Kg. 10:30) or condemn (Hos. 1:4) Jehu's bloody purge of the Baal worshipers? Did God (2 Sam. 24:1) or Satan (I Chron.

21:1) incite David to number the Israelites? These are just a few examples but enough to show that no thinking, intellectually honest person can be expected to accept the view that the Bible is verbally inspired and without error. Those who hold that the Bible is infallibly inspired confuse the meaning of the Bible with the words in which that meaning was expressed two thousand and more years ago. Only God is infallible and infinite, so to attribute infallibility to any finite thing, such as a book, is idolatry. The fundamentalist can ask no ultimate question nor can he really take the risk of faith because his God is securely bound in the Bible. The fundamentalist has not seen that the revelation of the infinite God transcends all of our words and doctrines.

God's real Word is his revealing activity in history fulfilled in the total ministry of Jesus. The Bible is the word of God in the derivative sense that it is the primary witness to God's revealing acts in history, and as such it is indispensable to the Christian faith. It is inspired because its writers made a creative response to God's revealing acts, and the response is itself a part of the revelation. It is God's word when he uses it to speak to men, but the Bible is not infallible in all matters.

This approach to the Bible gives us a much greater insight into the nature of Biblical religion and the meaning of faith as the Bible sees it. The revelation in the Bible was not handed down to men in a mechanical way obliterating their personalities. It came as men living and struggling in the crucible of history responded affirmatively to their encounter with the living God. Faith, then, is not believing in the infallibility of a book, nor giving intellectual assent to doctrines, nor having the mind overcome by extravagant and spectacular marvels. All of this Jesus rejected. Faith is the response of the total personality to the forgiveness and demand of God dynamically revealed in Jesus Christ, the renunciation of self-righteousness, and the acceptance of one's true existence as from God. Faith frees one from the past and opens for him the fortune and realm of truth.

If the church, or any part of it, attempts to suppress its ministers, its members, or its institutions of higher learning in their search for truth it puts itself in the company of those who crucified Jesus, the Lord and revealer of truth. We are reminded of the words of Karl Barth who said that it was not the world but the church that crucified Jesus. When the church acts in this way, it is the tower of Babel rather than the kingdom of God. If the church will not allow intellectual honesty, it will cease to

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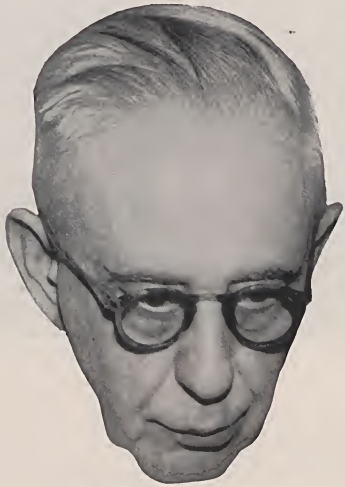
The embodiment of the Wake Forest spirit . . .

Gentle Thunder



By Robert Fitzgerald

THIS IS A memorial to a special man —special to me and all others who knew him. When he spoke, you felt you were the only person in the world. At the same time you felt that in his eyes you were no better than anyone else, yet you were still supreme. You suddenly knew that there was something much more important. It was the sparkle in his eyes. That was more important. It was so strong, yet so gentle, that it was demanding in an undemanding way. He loved humanity through the individual.

He was boisterous, big, and loud, and if you pronounced the "h" in vehement, he made you feel like the world was tumbling down around you; yet somehow it never crushed you. Instead, there was a big broad smile that made you feel warm all over. He could curse you out, and you would walk away feeling silently happy. Somehow each time he hollered, you knew it was because he cared for you. There was never any feeling of animosity.

Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat was more than a holder of an M.A. or Ph.D. degree. He was more than an outstanding professor. He was a father of humanity.

Much praise could be given Dr. Poteat—much praise that would seem foreign to those who never knew him. Yet this is not an article to be read only by those who knew him. It is for anyone who has ever known a truly sincere person. Dr. Hubert went to great extremes to be sure not to hog the stage while he was alive, and I feel certain that he would not wish to have his name blazoned unnecessarily now that he has left this stage for one more appropriate for his histrionic abilities.

It is hard to praise a deserving man, for words seem but trifles beside the real person. Dr. Poteat is one of these men.

He needs no praise to be remembered. He lived fully and strongly, and he affected all who ever came into contact with him. The things he did are not really so important beside the things that are yet to be done by those who met him. The sparkle in his eyes has not died, it has simply been transferred to more youthful ones. His sincerity will never be forgotten. It will remain as an indelible ink on the hearts of those he smiled down upon with his manly gentleness.

It seems redundant to call Dr. Poteat "great." That has always seemed obvious. Besides, the word "great" is a mere abstraction. Dr. Hubert was no abstraction. He was more of an attraction. He attracted people wherever he went. Not rich people nor poor people, just people. He demanded only one thing from them—sincerity. He had such a way of seeing through deceit that a man either let down his barrier or kept his distance. If he ever met a knaving man, he was never anything but a perfect gentleman with him.

It was the perfect gentleman in him that would not allow a man to stay near him with an insincere heart. He was never hiding anything; therefore, those he met had no reason to try to hide anything from him.

Dr. Hubert was not always right; he knew how to be wrong. He never told his students what to do; he helped them learn what needed to be done. If he ever had problems of his own, his students never knew of them. Student's burdens he took on his own shoulders, and as he helped them gain strength and confidence, he gradually put the burdens back.

Dr. Hubert never preached, nor did he ever moralize. He simply introduced new subject matter and then led the way. He always strove for the best, and somehow his striving made those around him want the best. A thing half done is better never started. He demanded of his students; but he demanded first of himself. He did not demand great things from them, only their best.

It was a native instinct for Dr. Hubert to do everything he did with all his effort. He was a true champion, not a hero, nor

a martyr. He gave himself to everything he did. He never attempted reaping that which he had not sown. Whether it was tennis, golf, chess, playing the organ, or lecturing to one of his classes, he put forth his whole heart.

A FRIEND of Dr. Poteat's mentioned that perhaps this great striving of his may have shortened his life several years. Perhaps it did. If so, it left him only enough time to die once. I imagine he met that task as he had met all his other tasks—he gave it every ounce of his life. He probably met death quickly and decisively as he would have any other duty. He knew death was part of life's bargain and challenged it to the very end as he would have a chess opponent.

Although Dr. Hubert was loud and violent on the outside, he had a strongly calm way about his actual manner of doing things. He never went around worrying about what must be done or what was not done. He simply did what there was to do and did not worry about things that were past doing. The past was past, and the future was not a worthy subject for a great man to worry about. He lived the present and sought out the individual.

A friend of his once said, "Dr. Poteat seems sincere because he is genuinely sincere." It was no extraneous effort for Dr. Hubert to know the first name of every student in his class before the first class meeting was over. You could walk into his room and find him sitting at his desk with his feet propped up on top and gazing out the window. You would not think he knew you existed, then he would suddenly ask you what you were doing down at Shorty's the night before, or if you enjoyed reading that book you had brought into his class several days before. He observed everything around, and everything around him was his private concern. Nothing was too small for him to note. Students often found that they had felt too big to read things that Dr. Poteat read with avid glee. He thoroughly loved Li'l Abner and the tales of Uncle Remus. He also kept up with Pogo and Peanuts. It was a pet delight of his to answer the question on TV quiz shows before the contentants did. He qept himself surrounded with activity.

Dr. Poteat knew all the latest news. He knew what was going on in Russia, but he was more concerned with what was going on around him than with things far off. He lived in the present and with the people of his immediate contact. He never went out hunting for someone to teach. He taught those nearest him, whoever they were. He did not care what they looked like or who their fathers were. He loved the person, not his symbol. He never concerned himself with anyone else's classroom. He felt he had a big enough job looking after his own. And it mattered little to him whether his students were black or white. He did not become discouraged if he got a lot of "nut heads" in his class. He sat about to teach them with the same fervor as he would have set about to a group of geniuses. He felt that everyone he met deserved his best, and that he gave them.

Dr. Poteat loved humanity. Yet he knew he could do no good for anyone by worrying about the fate of mankind. It was the individual that mattered. And the individual that mattered most to Dr. Poteat was the individual that he happened to be with at the moment.

It is said that we are judged by the company we keep. Perhaps it would be better if we were judged by the company we are able to keep. Dr. Hubert was at home wherever he went. He was no bigger than the smallest of men, yet at the same time he was a head above the largest of men. He never condescended to anyone. He loved Ol' Tom, the colored fellow, as much as one of his fellow Masons. No criminal would have ever stood before him and felt the wrath of the church upon his head. Dr. Hubert had that sixth sense. He understood man, his strength and his weakness. He was also the consumate actor. He knew how to holler and scare effort out of his students. At the same time, he knew precisely when to stop before hurting them.

Dr. Hubert never picked out a student as a subject of his dislike. He liked the poor and the good student alike. He expected the same out of both—their best efforts. He then judged them according to their qualifications and efforts.

There was never a dull moment in Dr. Hubert's classroom. He made it his private stage, and on it he acted out his philosophy of life. He tried to educate his students with the best he knew, and he knew that the bare facts were not enough. He once said that the real education was all that was left when the facts had been forgotten. He sought to help those around him build the character necessary to put their education to some constructive use.

There are two kinds of artists. Both have their places, and both are needed. The first is the artist who is concerned with humanity in general such as Nietzsche and Kierkegaard who destroyed their own lives searching for a truth in life that would free mankind from its own sins. No less is the artist who, realizing the futility of dealing with the mass, concerns himself with the individual. He does not try to change the pattern of life, but simply tries to make living more pleasant for those around him. He is the artist who projects himself into others and acts as a pillow of support. Dr. Poteat was the latter type artist. He made his life full by continuously giving it to others.

Dr. Poteat was somewhat like Diogenes in doing his daily tasks. Luxury failed to impress him. He preferred Wake Forest with its old buildings and brick walks to all the splendor the rich northern states had to offer him. It is said that Alexander the Great once went to visit Diogenes, having heard of his brilliance and self-reliance. Alexander and his retinue were led out on a sun porch where Diogenes was taking a sun bath. Moving between Diogenes and the sun, Alexander asked him what he would ask for if he offered him anything in the world. Diogenes politely told Alexander that he would rather he move out of the sunlight than anything else in the world. Alexander walked away, and reaching the steps turned to his men and said, "If I were not Alexander, I had rather be Diogenes than any other man alive!"

Dr. Poteat believed in setting a pace that would make people want to follow. He never cajoled. He simply lived at his best constantly. When he died, he died at his best. It came suddenly and was over suddenly. No time was wasted. He always hated long speeches. I suppose he figured that taking a long time to die would be like a long speech. Like all his speeches it was short and to the point.

Dr. Hubert has gone to another stage, but he has left many fine young actors behind—many who have seen him act with undeviating character. Some are Latin scholars, some doctors, and some lawyers; all are individuals and valuable in their own right.

Plight of the peopleless pool . . .

The Dead Se

By Bill Heins

WATER, WATER, everywhere . . . Rain, sleet, snow. We get it in every way, shape and form, but more recently we have discovered a more beneficial aspect (excluding water fights) of this versatile element . . . in swimming, no less.

Our long-awaited pool, which is conveniently located somewhere in the catacombs of Reynolds Gymnasium, may be a little difficult to find if you happen to be endowed with a near normal sense of direction, but once you get there you may be sure it was well worth the time and effort.

Only recently some visiting dignitaries were given the grand tour around campus, and when they saw our pool in all of its green grandeur, they were duly captivated by the shimmering floodlit waters. One of the group commented that he "would just like to jump right in, clothes and all."

Well, we all know that this sort of thing is not absolutely necessary in expressing admiration or appreciation, but if you want to take a refreshing dip every now and then to relieve the old grind and tension of school work, all you have to do is jump in . . . gratis. It doesn't cost you a red cent.

What then is the stigma of this neglected paradise? It just doesn't make sense for a school like Wake Forest, which is relatively isolated (more recently) from the outside world (by choice), to fall behind in one of the few remaining outlets for mixed company—recreation. The athletic department is naturally concerned over this matter, and no one seems to be able to come up with a legitimate answer to the problem.

There has been some talk around campus that since the pool opened it has not been available frequently enough for student recreational swimming. According to Coach Leo Ellison, who is in charge of all pool activities, the open swimming periods are encouraged, but response in attendance thus far has been poor generally.

"If," he says, "more people want the pool open, say three or four days a week instead of the usual two on Tuesday and Friday nights from 6:30 until 8:30, we will gladly arrange our schedule accordingly. However, we cannot afford to pay life

"Through the lo
if she might gl
for the gentlem
plate glass ob
the pool.

This unusual
members of the
fancy exercise

Sea Around Us

h the ing glass," Febe Broadway looks as ight girl into the camera. Have no fear gentlemen with the camera is behind the thick lass obs tion window under the surface of l.

nusual by Tommy Bunn shows several 's of the eitimers going through one of their exercises viously called the water wheel.

Here's Febe again in what appears to be "how not to jump in." Could be that she actually prefers this style, and then again someone might have pushed her.

Precision, speed and distance mark these three members of Coach Ellison's swim team. Left to right they are, Larry Smith, Sam Elmore, and Alec Willis.

guards when only three or four people show up, and this is usually the case."

Everyone who is acquainted with Coach Ellison is well aware of his conscientious efforts to improve upon the existing situation, but as he says, "You just can't function without the backing of interested students, for whom all recreational activities are designed anyway." This makes pretty good sense. No swimmers—no swimming! It's hard on the few who really want to take advantage of a well laid out program, but nothing can be done until students realize what they're missing by passing up this opportunity.

New students can not appreciate this luxury as much as the oldtimers who considered themselves fortunate if they got to Gresham's lake or the Raleigh YMCA once in a while. Some of them even used to sneak in over at N. C. State. Perhaps this is the answer, after all. Ours is too accessible, and that takes all the fun out of it. If this is the case, perhaps we should inaugurate a new system whereby "sneak swims" might be authorized. There is a certain committee floating around who would disagree violently with such a suggestion, but then they don't seem to know very much about this . . . either.

At any rate we must admit that we have come a long way since the old days "back home in Wake Forest." This is a pet expression, used primarily by students and faculty alike, who are not and never will be satisfied with the much heralded exodus from the forests of Wake to the more lucrative tobacco stalks of Forsyth. Sometimes it is a little too easy to scoff at great sums of money, but no one can deny that this same green stuff has provided Wake Forest with more material wealth than the Baptist State Convention ever could . . . or would. Our gymnasium is just one of the many fine buildings which came into being as a result of this cigarette fortune, and the pool is by far its chief asset.

Of course we do not offer courses in water skiing or skin diving like some of our more advanced college neighbors to the South, but who knows? Maybe one of these day one of our noted architects around Winston-Salem will have that old mud hole over at Reynolda dredged and build us a first class country club department with modified Georgian ski ramps and all. It's just a thought. Perhaps this is what the students really wanted instead of an old swimming pool anyway. After all it is indoors, and that is not much fun in Spring. This may be going off the deep

end just a tad, but anything is better than nothing.

So much for all of this hoop de doo. There is a brighter side of the picture, so let's consider it, too. Coach Ellison, who by the way is doing a marvelous job with the varsity swimming team, is proud of his domain. He likes to recall the time some Atlantic Coast conference officials, among whom was a Maryland delegate, were here for a meeting, and when they looked over the pool, one of them commented that it was even better than Maryland's, which is (or was) generally considered to be the finest in the conference.

Lighting is perhaps one of the best features in overall construction. There are literally hundreds of recessed lights in the ceiling which bathe the water in a warm luminous brilliance. Also we're glad the architects took the height of the ceiling into consideration," he says. "A swimming team consists of more than swimmers. We have divers, too, and if you've ever seen those low rafters over at Bowman Gray pool at Chapel Hill, you can sympathize with these boys who sometimes come within a foot or two of them during a high spring dive. This sort of thing often unnerves even the best diver. It causes him to make a poor showing which is naturally discouraging to a boy who has spent long hours in preparation for each meticulous dive."

Sigma Chi's—Intramural Swimming Champs

"Ours has many advantages you aren't likely to find elsewhere," Coach explains. "For instance, the seating capacity is roughly in the neighborhood of 900. Capacity at Chapel Hill, which is the site of many intercollegiate, including the NCAA, tournaments, is only five or six hundred at best, and even then they are forced to construct bleacher stands over the lower end of the pool. In our own pool the tiers, or rows, are constructed of concrete, and there is plenty of foot space in between which you do not often find.

The swimming pool complies with all regulation standards. At its lowest point, it is thirteen feet deep, which is more than adequate for dives from the high or three meter board. There is also a half meter and a one meter board, both of which can be adjusted for spring action by means of a roller wheel located near the midway section. There is an excellent filter system which runs constantly and keeps the water clear of debris.

What do all these things add up to? For one thing, they are a good indication of the foresight, planning and genuine interest of the athletic department. Another is that everything possible has been done to give the student the very best instruction and facilities available. That is a big order for anyone to fill, and now that it has been done, it isn't surprising that officials are disappointed in the response.

There are several organizations and groups who have benefitted, however. Last year Coach Ralph Steele, who is now doing graduate work at Ohio State University, organized a mixed group of aquatic hounds called the "Maritimers." These people organized for the purpose of developing and maintaining skills and interest in aquatics. If you happened to see their water show last year, you'll know just exactly what an amateur group can accomplish when they get together and work like a team. It was truly a beautiful thing to see, and if you didn't, perhaps you will have another opportunity this year.

Another organization which is actively taking part in the swim program is the intramural league. Comprised of independent and fraternal member teams, they have added much color and spirit to the scene. Having just organized this year, they seem to have come a long way in learning "the *sport* of water sports," which is called water polo. Champs of 1957 were the Sigma Chi's, captained by Bruce Smith, ex diving ace on the varsity team.

Coach Crisp of the women's athletic department is doing a wonderful job with a group of faculty and student wives. "Sometimes the group varies from four to forty," she says, "but interest is picking up gradually."

The varsity club needs no introduction to most of us. This year we have a nucleus of some very promising talent, that has come a long hard way from last year when only four remained on the team after a few strenuous workouts. The varsity now boasts eleven good men who are anxious to stash away another victory before the season's end. Let's hope they do just that, and we can all help by coming out to watch the meets and by giving these boys our loyal support.

Perhaps one of these days we will all realize how much our pool has to offer in entertainment, wholesome recreation and just plain health in general. Let's not wait until summer. After all, the pool *is* heated . . . or did you forget?

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXIE HOBBS

Where to from here . . .

About Sam, Maggie and Joe

BY BILL HEINS

WHERE DO WE go from here? There must be an answer . . . somewhere. Most parents pretend to know, because whenever you discuss such matters with them they usually smile benevolently and say, "You'll know when the time comes," or better still, "Why, you'll do the thing you were cut out to do?"

"Thanks, dad," you say. "Oh, it was nothing," he'll answer in a pleased voice. "I know," you reply in all innocence, "but thanks, dad."

What kind of double talk is dad handing out these days? It can be nothing short of maddening if you're serious about this thing and really want to know something.

Perhaps it might be best if we approach the subject step by step. First of all let's consider the why's and wherefores of here. How did we get here in the first place?

Back in grade school, perhaps your parents decided you'd make a good doctor or nurse because you were so adept at pulling that tiny splinter out of Poochy's paw, when chances are you'd have been a better veterinarian.

And then there are those parents who are obcessed with visions of a glorious law career for Junior, who so masterfully settled all the arguments between his little sisters. Of course he frequently paraded home from school with black eyes and tattered shirts, but who would venture to say he would have made a better bouncer at a Second Avenue bar.

Time inevitably marches on. . . .

Say you're in college someplace . . . anywhere; it doesn't matter. Anyway, you think you're off to a pretty good start towards a sure bet career—journalism, medicine, law, or something. Maybe you're in your second or third year like Sam.

It hurts, Sam! It hits you like a ton of bricks, doesn't it? You just sit there at your desk, gaping open-mouthed at the *Anthology of Romanticism* in front of you and wonder. "What'll I do if I don't like teaching English to a bunch of mixed-up high school kids? Dad never seemed to have any trouble teaching back home. Golly, I . . . well, I just wonder if biology would be the best thing for me like Miss Robinson said it would. Oh, what the heck! I'm already a Junior, so it's too late to worry about it now, I guess. Anyway, Mother and dad both said English was my best field, and I guess maybe they know me better than I do. They're usually right more than I am."

Got to hand it to you, Sam, boy. That's pretty straight thinking for dean's list man and a Junior to boot. You just go right on rationalizing like that and before you know it, you'll be just like that old crank, Miss Jenkinson, you're always harping on. She almost flunked you in twelfth grade English, remember, Sam?

Well, let's just forget Sam. He's solved his own problem for the present.

Maggie Lunsford has a more pressing problem, anyway. She's thirty-six, twenty-five, thirty-six and all girl. To complicate matters further, she drives a real cool foreign sports car and smokes two packs of English Ovals a day. This is the fifth school she's been to, and since mid-term reports were mailed home, her father has been scouting around dutifully for a suitable sixth. He claims that no one understands his "little darlin'," and just because she likes to climb out the dormitory window at three in the morning to go to a wild bop and beer affair over in town is certainly no reason for the dean of women to bother him with "those nasty little notes she's always writing."

It seems that Maggie used to hang around the little theatre quite a bit while she was in high school, and pretty soon she was doing bit parts. Several members of the group had approached Mr. Lunsford with superlative praises, and recommendations that Maggie be sent to a very good dramatic school up in Connecticut, only to be told that they must be out of their minds to think any daughter of his would get mixed up with that crazy nonsensical bunch of weirdies. His daughter was "a lady," he

said, and she was going off to college where a young lady belonged.

Now you can't very well say that Maggie belongs in college, or at least not to any one of the five she's been to so far. It's a good thing that she's pretty well gotten over her early disappointment at not becoming an actress, like daddy Lunsford predicted. Anyway, Maggie doesn't seem to mind drifting around much these days, and it's a good thing, because she's almost certain to be moving on again pretty soon.

We started out with "where do we go from here" didn't we? Well, we can see how most of us reached our present stage from Maggie's and Sam's examples. What a mess! However, many of us in school today are struggling valiantly to rid ourselves of these early parental desires which have too often proved their worth in bitter disappointment . . . and worse. This is the brighter side of the picture, to be sure, but nonetheless it is representative of a relatively small percentage.

Consider Joe, the senior pre-med student, for example, whose father's life-long ambition was for Joe to follow in his footsteps as an M.D. Is it too much to ask for? Is it really selfish to want the best, the very best, for a son? This is it . . . the real problem.

IN THIS CASE conditions seem favorable enough. Joe has a father who is anxious for him to enter into one of the most honored of all professions, one who is financially able to see him through this very expensive training, and one who recognizes the same qualifications in his son.

But Joe, you see, has been in love with Martha since the Fall term and this changes things. He has begun to consider other possibilities—happiness, married life, and family. He's talked it over with Martha, and she wants one thing and one thing only—for him to choose a career that won't interfere with their marriage. In other words, she wants him to be sure he's really doing the thing he wants to do, because if he isn't the marriage will ultimately fail. She makes it perfectly clear that she can be quite content being a doctor's wife, or any other kind just so long as her husband is satisfied. Martha is a sensible girl.

Joe gets down to serious business and considers every angle. A little later he tells her that he doesn't think he ever really wanted to be a doctor in the first place. He comes to realize that he's always been far more interested in calculus and higher mathematics and furthermore, now that he's given it all this consideration, he's quite sure he would feel very much at home behind a desk in some small college.

Dad isn't going to like this, Joe. Rather, he won't understand. He's going to be hurt when or if you take that second most important step and tell him exactly how you feel and how relieved you are to be rid of that awful burden you've been shouldering all this time. This is fine for you and all that, but what about him, Joe?

So you begin a letter, with some misgivings, and say,

Dear Dad,

I've been meaning to write and tell you all about Martha and me, but I've been so doggoned wrapped up in term papers for the past month or so, I guess it kind of slipped by. Martha and I are engaged now, and she wants to get married this June. You know how women are about June weddings and all. Well, anyway, I kind of think it's a good idea, too, cause we don't have any reason to wait any longer now that I've changed my plans.

That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Dad. I mean, about changing plans and all. I guess the best thing is to come right out and tell you that I'm not going to med school next year. I've applied here and there for a job teaching calculus and trig., and guess what? I've already got two prospective jobs lined up, and I'm fairly certain I'll take the one at Middleton Junior College near Martha's home out in Kentucky. She plans to teach, so that'll be a big help. Won't be anything like what you're making, but Martha doesn't care, and I guess maybe I don't either, really.

Sure hope we can work in that fishing trip to the outer banks next month when I get out for good like we planned. We sure have had some good times down there, haven't we?

Dad, I want you to know that I thought about this switch a long time, and I know I won't be sorry. I just hope you'll understand why I'm doing it. Anyway, we'll have a chance to talk it over when I come home. Please write to me, Dad.

Love.
Joe

NICE GOING, JOE. It took guts to do a thing like that. You're a heck of a lot better off than a lot of guys who can't come to grips with such important decisions, and it was all yours. Nobody, not even Martha, told you what to do.

But don't think it's all over, Joe. Your dad is somewhat prejudiced and takes great pride in his favorite fishing partner, but he's also built up this vision of you in a white surgical outfit, performing your first Caesarian. It's a beautiful wonderful picture, Joe, and many years have glossed it over. Now you've come along and in one letter, Joe, you've hurt the one person who cares more for you more than anyone, and nothing you can do can erase that indelible scar which mars forever the beauty of an old man's dream.

Chances are you'll both go on that fishing trip together down around Ocracoke. At first it'll seem like many other such adventures you've shared; only this time something will be different. Hard to tell what it is at first, but you'll become aware of more prolonged periods of silence, during which time dad will puff his unlighted pipe silently and occasionally smile at you, good naturedly like always, only there's a hint of sadness in that smile.

You return it gladly, Joe, and neither of you says anything. Both of you know now that life is like that, and it hurts an awful lot. You look down at the bobbing cork, Joe, and wonder why.

Christianity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

be the church—will be rejected by God.

The kingdom of God comes to men not only as forgiving love but also as a demand for radical obedience. There is no such thing as a neutral situation, but man is responsible to God in every moment for every attitude, decision, and act and for the means he chooses as well as for the ends he selects. But grace or forgiveness comes first. It is not that man tries as hard as possible to save himself by his good deeds and then God makes up the deficiency with forgiveness. It is rather that the grace of God comes saying: "Admit that you can do nothing to save yourself; trying to do so is to move completely in the wrong direction. Accept your relationship with God as coming from him alone, from his self-giving love." Thus a new relationship is created by God; guilt is removed; one is freed from the past and is ready to express this new relationship in ethical living.

Surely the most pressing social problem which must arrest the ethical concern of the church in our particular context is the relationship between the races. The church must work for justice in the secular order—political, judicial, economic, and educational; but its first task is to work for love in its own community. Love in the teaching of Jesus means self-giving which knows no

limitations or boundaries, self-giving which removes alienation and creates reconciliation and fellowship. How can the church pray "Our Father who art in heaven" without being cut to the heart by the knowledge that the church is segregated? The church does not say "my Father" but "our Father," and in so doing it confesses that all Christians are in one community. Paul teaches us that the church is the body of Christ in which all human distinctions are transcended (Col. 3:11. Gal. 3:28). The church is one body receiving its unity and sustenance from the one Christ. It is the cross which broke down the dividing walls of hostility making us all one (Eph. 2:15-16. Col. 1:21-22); and when we in our arrogant pride try to put the walls back up, we stand under the judgment of the cross.

It is actually true that some persons who claim to be Christians try to use the Bible to support segregation and white supremacy. They point to such things as the cursing of Canaan by Noah and the fact that the Bible says that God determined human boundaries. On the basis of this argument any change in national boundaries since the first century A. D. would be a sin. It would mean that our European ancestors had no right to leave Europe and settle America, and it would certainly mean that we ought to leave immediately and give it all back to the Indians, who had it in the first century A. D. Those who use the Bible to support segregation probably would not want to do this. Such a "Biblical" defense of segregation is a demonic attempt to use absurd religion to support immoral prejudices.

NOW THERE are those in the church who are so concerned about such "sins" as dancing that they have no time for genuine weighty problems like race relations. If the grace of God is his self-giving love, and if faith is response to this love, then sin is estrangement from God. As the Bible understands it sin is man's rebellious attempt to be his own god and to find his security in this world and in his own effort. The Bible is concerned with *sin*, not with the sins of petty moralism. From the Biblical perspective the material creation is good because God made it. At the same time the Christian, though he lives in the world, is lifted above it by his faith in Christ, by his participation in the event which ended history—the Christ event. This means that the Christian may enjoy the good things of God's creation, and they become sinful for him only if he lets them enslave him. It is quite possible for a Christian to engage in such pleasant and harmless social activities as dancing without being enslaved by them. The person who fanatically will not dance and who condemns others for doing so may not be proving his righteousness. He may be showing that he is so much a part of this world he cannot share in it without being drawn into immorality. This is what worldliness really is. Moreover, for Paul living according to the flesh is not just bodily "sins." It is anything in which a person seeks security in this world or in himself—such as self-righteousness. So the person who with pious pride will not dance may be living according to the flesh more than a person who does dance. A religion which can become greatly exercised over dancing, but which does not see race relations as a moral problem or which prefers to ignore it has no relevance for our time.

WHENEVER WE THINK of *sin* as *sins* which we can enumerate rather than as estrangement from God, the inevitable result is to believe that we can eliminate all of them, become sinless, and earn a place with God. Thus the need for God's grace is eliminated. The Bible teaches that man in his arrogant pride is estranged from God and utterly dependent on his grace in every moment. When we lose the Biblical meaning of sin, we lose the Biblical meaning of grace.

One more point before we leave the witness of the church in society: Christianity is not the enemy of science, but whenever science attempts to deify itself and make itself the master of all, the church must clearly voice its protest. Now that our nation is frantically attempting to regain its prestige as world leader in everything, especially science, we are in danger of entering a period of even greater materialism. The church must never let the world forget that its greatest problems and needs are spiritual.

With regard to both the search for truth and the Christian social witness, churchmen cannot afford to appease, conciliate, or compromise with the forces of evil who desperately want to preserve the status quo. The church must act redemptively and positively even if it means loss of members, loss of money, or harm to its institutional structure. The Christian must not be led into thinking that if he loses part of his audience he has failed as an instrument of the purpose of God. The great pastor of a New York church stated that when his church integrated several years ago, a number of white families left, but he considered that a revival. If the church wants to be prophetic, it will probably not be able to be "practical"—as the secular mind understands that term. The great men of the Hebrew-Christian tradition have not been "practical." Humanly speaking, if they had been, we would be much poorer.

Amos might have compromised a bit in his denunciation of corrupt Hebrew society and might have been allowed to stay in Bethel preaching. He might have kept his audience by not pronouncing the judgment of God, but if he had we would know far less about the righteousness of God. If Jeremiah had used a bit of appeasement, he might have stayed out of the dungeon and had a lot of people to preach to, but we would know less of the meaning of the new covenant. If Paul had been willing to compromise with Judiasm and Jewish Christianity, he might have won more converts and gone to Rome as a free missionary instead of as a prisoner. But what of justification by faith? Martin Luther might have continued to try to reform the Roman Church from within, but what Protestant thinks Erasmus accomplished more than Luther: And above all, if Jesus had compromised with the rabbis on his understanding of the law and salvation and had been the kind of Messiah the people wanted, he would have won a great following and escaped crucifixion.

Nor can the church put off the pain of decision and the suffering which may follow the right decision by saying that this is not the "time." The only "time" which the Bible knows anything about is an opportunity presented by God to which men respond. God is certainly giving us opportunities to act. If we cannot summon the courage to respond, there will never be a "time." *Now* is the time. The writer of Hebrews tells us that since the final salvation-event has happened in Jesus Christ, today is the time to act like saved men. We stand today under the command of eternity. "But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called 'today' . . . Today when you hear his voice, do not harden your hearts." (Heb. 3:13. 4:7)

In the New Testament there is one true Israel, one covenant people of God, one body of Christ. The church in the New Testament is basically the whole body of Christians. The local church is not a segment of a divisible whole but a representation of an indivisible whole. A local church must subordinate its interest to the

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Student Forum: Is Our Generation

If ours be the silent generation, we wonder if this silence is one of deep thought or of mere apathy. Five students express their opinions on the situation as it is seen on the Wake Forest campus. Their ideas cover fields including religion, extra-curricular activities, study and athletics.

EDDIE HUDSON
SENIOR CLASS

HOW MANY times have you said, "I'd give anything if I had kept up my piano lessons when I was younger." What price did one have to pay in order to reverse this present wish—time, interest, and effort—and yet the majority of us seemed to believe we had neither to spare.

These wishes can now be expressed but not effected—that period of growth in which we could have acted has passed. But the present has not passed. Do a little mental arithmetic and see how many "piano lessons" or extracurricular activities exist on our campus. It is immediately discovered that a number are readily available. This is due to the wide range of interests found in the various individuals.

These interest groups exist solely by virtue of active student participation, which in many instances is of a small degree or lacking altogether; consequently many of these groups are developing slowly or not at all. Promotion of the necessary acceleration involves the aforementioned factors—time, interest, and effort. Too many individuals fail to add their share of these ingredients in an active manner. Growth is dependent upon directed activity, and this activity can be realized only if the individuals concerned effect its realization. Temporary enjoyment is only a by-product of participation in one of those groups. More important are those end products that have a way of following us throughout our continued development and play such an important role in our daily contacts with groups and individuals. Our world is not stagnant by any means. One has only to glance into the heavens to see that space is becoming an important part of our daily lives and will become more important as the era of space travel approaches. Scientific progress has increased at an almost unbelievable rate, but the relationship of one man to another in terms of philosophic humanism lags far behind.

The basic foundation of man's relation to himself is begun in only one area of life—his youth. Academic studies constitute only a portion of this foundation. Completion of it into a single, solid functioning unit requires development of many other elements—character, personality, self-confidence, moral and spiritual integrity, and respect for one's self and others.

Through association with individuals with similar interests these elements begin and complete the maturation process. In college life thse associations have become incorporated into various activities students participate in outside their studies. It is through the various extracurricular activities that students may assert their individualities.

Take a look around. There are cliques for nearly every type student on campus. Each clique tends to shun the other. Perhaps each clique feels superior. I am inclined to think that there are cliques because there are inferiority complexes. There is too much good in every clique for it to separate itself from others. Each clique is cheating itself when it thinks it should have nothing to do with the other.

If you belong to an anti-music clique, ten years from now don't say, "I would give anything if I had kept up with my piano lessons."

MARLENE McLAMB
JUNIOR CLASS

HAVING just arrived at the game, I noticed there aren't too many students present. Gosh! Wonder where everyone is? Some probably have quizzes tomorrow, others are studying for quizzes next week, others are afraid to get out into the cold weather, others don't have a date and are ashamed to be seen without one, and then probably others just don't care whether we win or lose, and would just as soon sit in and watch TV. Even with those absent, it looks as though we have a good cheering section, anyway.

While the team is warming up, I think perhaps we should give a yell so they'll know we're really behind them all the way. I grab a megaphone to announce the yell, but I can't get anyone's attention. After several unsuccessful attempts, I realize I will get no response because the students are too busy finding their seats. Some are looking around to see who is here, others are trying to catch up on the latest gossip, and then there are those who just came to watch, not yell. Perhaps later, they'll help me.

There goes the buzzer! My, those Deacons are really off to a good start. The crowd is hesitant in yelling, however. Probably they don't care to get too excited yet. The game has just started. Surely there is something I can do to excite the students to yell, but wonder what it could be?

Wait a minute! The response is beginning to grow louder! Now the crowd really sounds as if it is concerned about the game. This is most encouraging to the team.

Perhaps the reason for this sudden change of response from the crowd is because the Deacons' lead has been somewhat cut since the beginning of the game. We're leading by only a slim margin now! The slim lead remains for about five minutes, and during this time the students are yelling from every corner. This is simply great!

Suddenly . . . I am yelling all alone. A quick glance to the scoreboard affirms my suspicion that the score has shifted in favor of the opposing team. The faces of the crowd are distant, disappointed, and clearly indicate they are ready to give up.

The game isn't nearly over, and the team shows no indication of giving up. If there was only something I could do to encourage them to keep trying and not to give up. Now, more than ever, the team needs the student body's support . . . oh, if they would only yell. Frantically I shout and jump around, but no one notices me.

As the last few seconds tick away, I know we have lost the game. Glancing into the stands, I no longer see the faces of the crowd, only their backs. Lots of the students have already left, and the others are in the process.

Apathetic?

Even though we did lose the game, the boys on the team played hard and well to win. I wish someone were here to go with me over to tell the players they played well. There are so many that played, though, I can't possibly speak to everyone! So I just smile and wave at them as I leave to go back to campus.

Looking over the sport's calendar, I see there are many more sports events scheduled for the remainder of the year.

JANE FREEMAN
JUNIOR CLASS

HAVE you ever felt we are a part of a pseudo - human chess game? Each morning we get up, run to our closets, pull out our pedestals, and stand on them. Standing there, nodding casually to the other pedestal-perchers, we wonder why the Big Hand hasn't come by to move us recently. After all, it gets boring having nothing to do. When we realize these pedestals are likely to decay under us, they begin to seem very shaky. But they are all we have, we think.

What was it that made us think we could have everything we wanted without lifting a finger? Psychologically we could blame our parents. We could say they are responsible for the shape we're in. They pushed us off to church promising that we could find God there, sent us to college so we could get a degree and make a million dollars, and implied the rest would come along naturally because we were Americans. And we are breaking apart because we don't have anything. We haven't moved a "square" in this game of life.

It seems we didn't find God when we went to church. Now we find ourselves hurling insults upward, actually hoping lightning will strike. At least then we'll know someone's up there! It isn't, and this is for those who believe otherwise, that we do not want religion; rather we have seen too painfully the weaknesses of "too much" religion. And we are experiencing the darkness of no religion. Only a few have realized that it is possible to work out a new idea—new religious synthesis—between so-called "organized religion" and one's personal ideas. This has been done by those who thought—and sought. But then we are not doing much of either on our pedestals.

Occasionally we spy a few clouds of rising dust, but on closer inspection, it appears they are caused by those running in neurotic little circles about education and shouting "What the hell?" Our platforms are too small for so much activity and anyway, by nighttime we're too tired to burn any of that midnight oil. Some have said we have no time conception of education; that it should include our entire person: body, mind, and spirit. They went so far as to say that this total learning process was not impossible. But these foolish souls haven't convinced us.

A glance in the mirror shows we still have two hands and two feet, but the newspapers soon convince us that we are an "insecure generation" hopelessly tangled in an impossible web of horrible circumstances. America? The land of promise? We've heard Russia laughing behind her iron curtain.

Even if we are "insecure," even if they add "do-nothing" to that first title, we are safer up here than down in the game ourselves. Oh, don't think we haven't seen those lonesome souls who climbed down and tried to get somewhere. Their pedestals are hanging around their necks like an albatros. Maybe they are getting ahead of us, but why sweat it? They won't get far. Then again, they might. But it's hard to believe.

Yes, it's hard to believe that we will have to work, maybe as common laborers, to earn a living, or have to study to learn anything. We may even have to do something for our country. If dreams are the stuff life's made of, dream-heaven will be overflowing, and life will be a bounding vital thing to us. But it's on its back because we forget to pack anything off to action-heaven.

We are like haunted houses with gates before them and no fences. Before accepting any new idea, it must promise wealth and must pass the gate of no sweat. What has happened to our standards, to the old fences of hard work, cleanliness, courage, and faith which used to protect us? We no longer filter our thoughts into constructive plans, rather they wander aimlessly and uselessly among the cobwebbed rooms of our minds.

Instead of "Wake Up Little Suzy" we should sing "Wake Up Little Students" . . . lest we become little people. It's hard to leave our perches, but the Big Hand seems to appear to those who try, who dare to climb down and fight.

JIM TURNER
JUNIOR CLASS

A FRIEND of mine who is active on the college radio station came to me a couple of months ago with a complaint to this effect: "Jim, I love to work at the radio station, but there's one thing that really makes me mad." When I had asked what this thing was, he continued, "I've got a radio show early in the evening. But half the time the announcers don't show up for their programs for the rest of the evening, so I'm stuck there most of the night." This fellow's co-workers at the station seemed to show up for their programs just when it was convenient.

Every fraternity has its members who just don't seem interested enough to make all the meetings or serenades. The joke about the fraternity man who attends an occasional party to meet the new brothers borders on the painful truth in some cases.

Above are typical instances which I have observed or heard lamented rather often concerning apathy in student activities. Following the feeling of disgust I invariably get after I become aware of such apathy, I begin to wonder why it exists.

Americans are noted for being a nation of "joiners." Perhaps some of us join our campus organizations just to say we belong or to wear an attractive pin. Perhaps we like to think of ourselves as reporters or fraternity men or announcers, etc., without doing the work which accompanies such a title. Maybe we want to see a long list of organizations beside our names in the

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TO —

When it is cold in the hall and colder beyond the front door,
I shall get up and go, without my shoes, without my robe to
Your room and enter, never knocking at the door.
I shall find you half asleep, half dreaming, half realizing the hour.
If you speak I shall not answer.
And, if I speak, do not answer, but
Only pull me down to the old quilts and press my head against your flannel pajamas.
Probably it will just have snowed,
Probably the moon will not be out, only the swift, swift clouds
That come so near to the top limbs of the maple trees in the front yard.
I shall talk to you about the hurts of the day and the hurts of tomorrow
Outside this old bed, outside the house, up the street and far away.
You will whisper nothing in return except "Be quiet, sleep, sleep. Sleep and
Let me dream. Let us dream about Albertus Magnus and the Egyptian secrets."
And I shall laugh, remembering the book you have bought. And
Then we shall dream of the tower and the ingredients of spells and
The smell of blue powder.
But kiss me first.
When it is cold in the hall and colder beyond the front door,
I shall get up and go, without my shoes, without my robe to
Your room and enter, never knocking at the door.
I shall find the room cleaned and ready for Spring,
If it should come.

REFLECTIONS

By Jerry Matherly

SURPRISE

Calmer, lighter in the head: he crawled to the edge
Of this old world;
Fell off (calmly, at peace with the planet);
Saw the stars blurred into a Science Fiction Monster;
Considered the future (often confused with the present);
Sang a few stanzas of his Alma Mater's Alma Mater
And revelled
in
His nearing
oblivion;
When he hit the bottom of the universe,
he cried (hurt, startled)
That apathy—not the hoped for oblivion—
Now was the flooring for the whole damned shebang

FAMILY PARTY

Like ghosts my relatives came up the steps,
Called me "son" or "cousin" or, or
A thousand things I was
Too tired to hear.
Their voices, like ghosts, croaked or
Sounded hollowly or shrieked piercingly.
Once inside they floated up the stairs
To pay their respects to an aging aunt
Brought home from the rest home to rest.
Down again they talked, like ghosts, of
Skeleton things, of ghoulish ideas, of midnight rites.
Some drank and all went into dinner
Except me
Who ran away to prick myself to be sure.
They ate, like ghosts, dead things from the
Fields and woods. The fog, from near-by mountains,
Came down to the valley, passed by the windows and
Frightened the poor ghosts.
In the night I, like a ghost, wailed—
For what? The relatives slept in beds,
On couches, on basement cots.
If they heard my cries, they did not know how to answer.
The halls were silent; the night lights were steady.
I walked past the windows, longing to open the doors,
Longing to place kisses, like ghosts themselves, on cold faces.

SONG

Look deep into your crystal ball, oh Ameriola,
And tell me if you see the tower of Babylon falling
Into the sea a thousand miles from land,
Or if you merely see the stupid old man in the doorway
Waiting for his prostitute son and daughter to return,
Their hands full of golden coins or more honest pennies.
Whichever you see, if indeed you see at all,
I will call you a mighty sorceress, a true grandmother
Of the witches and wizards who fly in and out of my dream palaces;
But if you see the old man, tell the old man (by one of your
Fabulous devices) that I have escaped across the river with the merchant.

Christianity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

unity and interests of the whole church. In one case, however, the local church must assert its autonomy over against the total church. If the larger church in its aspect as a human institution tries to prevent a local church from carrying out its redemptive mission as the body of Christ, then the local church can and must assert its independence.

For a number of years most Protestant denominations have recognized the necessity of closer cooperation and some approach to the church's unity if we are to be faithful to New Testament Christianity. This ecumenical movement has given rise to the National Council of Churches in this country and to the World Council of Churches internationally. In any such movement there is always the danger of excessive institutionalism, and when this danger is actualized it must be fought, but it would seems that this is a risk which we must take in order to work for the unity of all Christians. The New Testament admits of various interpretations of the nature of the church, the ministry, and the sacraments or ordnances; so, the human factor being what it is, we will probably always have denomination divisions, and properly so. The denominations, however, must work together, and for one denomination to compete with another for members either at home or on the mission field is inexcusable. Any group which holds itself from the ecumenical movement must believe that it has all of the truth or it must be afraid that it will lose some of its institutional power. For either of these attitudes it stands under the judgment of God.

The life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ is the final revelation of the will and purpose of God for all of history. The offer of forgiveness and demand for obedience are crisis—judgment—separation, for one's response to this revelation determines his destiny. The church as the body of Christ, the community of the Messiah, also *is* crisis, for in its proclamation the church confronts the world with the Christ-event, and the decision about it which one must make determines his destiny. The church as crisis is the instrument of truth, obedience, and unity. It offers to the world in the name of Christ renewal and cleansing. *But* a response is required from men. This response is the living of the answer "yes" to the question: Will you be crucified with Christ?

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A YOUNG MAN'S VISIONS AN OLD MAN'S DREAMS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

By Jerry Matherly

THE POETRY of Benjamin Sledd is the work of a man with a better understanding of books than of the proper materials of true poetry. There is an academic flavor to his poetry that is pronounced. This is not, however, to say that the academic flavor is a handicap. On the contrary: most of the charm of his poems is a result of the voice of a warm and brilliant professor being clearly heard. If nothing else Sledd's poetry is one of those delightful and all too seldom reminders of the golden sunlight of an Edwardian time. But Sledd's poems are not of the quality of great poetry. There is no indication that there is any desire to write for a public; the poems are personal and were meant only for himself and a few close friends. And, because of their school-teacherish, personal tone and subject matter, the poems fail to meet the standards of even recognized "minor" poets.

It has been impossible to read Sledd's poetry except in manuscript form and in a few scattered magazines—until the recent publication of a collected volume entitled *A Young Man's Vision—An Old Man's Dream* by the Holt Publishing Company of Riverside, California. This volume (which is available at the College Book Store) is the joint collaboration of Morton Holt, Wake Forest, '26, his son, Morton Holt, Jr., '50, owners of the Riverside Publishing Company, Dr. Edgar E. Folk, and the late Professor Emeritus of Greek, Dr. George W. Paschal. It is the result of many long years of talk of possible publication among Sledd's friends and former students. Dr. Sledd was a Professor of English at Wake Forest College from 1888 to 1938 and was renowned as a scholar and as a friend to his students, who affectionately called him "Slick" and later "Old Slick," due to his balding head. His poetry he always held, and his scholarly work for that matter, was secondary to his "boys." The man that Dr. Sledd was, and his influence on the formation of young minds and the formation of an institution of learning are his proper monuments more so than his poetry.

After a rather tedious introduction written by Dr. Folk, which recounts Sledd's interest in poetry and attempts to comment on the nature of the different types of poetry, the book is divided into five sections. The first section is entitled "Old Lexington Lights" and concerns his student days at Washington and Lee University. In many respects these poems are the best, for they are full of youthful enthusiasm and well-painted pictures of a time that is alien yet recognizable. The poems to Basil Gildersleeve and James White, two of his professors, are perhaps overly sentimental and contain too much hero worship, but they are sincere if adolescent.

The second section which is entitled "Thoughts of Virginia and Other Poems" is perhaps the weakest. The poems about Virginia, such as "Mater Virginia" and "September in Virginia" suffers from a lack of construction and again a tendency towards over sentimentality. One of the most curious poems in the entire volume, "St. Martin's in the Fields," is included in the section and saves it from complete mediocrity. This poem is concerned with Sledd's impression of an old Episcopal Church in Virginia and indicates a longing for a more beautiful and catholic religion by a man who was essentially a tempered Victorian Protestant.

The third section is entitled "The Children," and atrociously sub-titled "Verses for all who Love Little Children." Dr. Sledd's love of children was well known and his poetry is certainly indicative of a strong love. Sledd saw in children unmarred innocence—an innocence that in an adult, worldly-wise way, Sledd always was to share with them. The two sonnet sequences in this section, one to "Margaret" and the other to "two sisters" are well wrought and show Sledd as an excellent master of the sonnet form.

The fourth section is aptly entitled "War-Time Wanderings In England, Italy, Greece." Sledd won a grant to visit Europe in 1914 and found his trip handicapped by the outbreak of the war. He was unable to visit the northern countries of France and Germany, whose literatures he so delighted in and was forced to limit his travelings to England, Italy, and Greece. All of these poems suffer from a pedantic approach—but perhaps, and rightly so, Sledd's approach to what he saw was pedantic though not in any dull way. The poems on Greece, in particular, are heavy with the dust of Victorian classical study. To Sledd and some of his contemporaries the dust may have been golden but it is a little less so for readers today and certainly for poets of any time. In the Italian poems there is an indication, in "At the Tomb of Dante" for instance, that Sledd understood, though never sympathized, with a warmer and more sensual literary climate such as is evident in Italian literature. "Sicilian Love Song" is one of the poorest poems in the book, and the reason is that Sledd's temperament was far removed from Sicily and certainly from what may be termed a Sicilian view on love. The English poems, "Bunhill Fields" especially, are better than those from the other countries. Sledd seems to have been more at home in the English air. But still there is that textbook air and those textbook references. The "Afterthoughts," written at the conclusion of the journey, are interesting in their observations and their generally applicable returned-visitor's opinions. "Manassa—The Marne" is an excellent but constructively heavy approach to a comparison.

The final section of the book is a group of love poems. Whether or not Sledd wrote the poems to his wife or to some invented love is unimportant. Perhaps, as Dr. Folk suggests in his introduction, Sledd was in love with love. If he were, it was a love that was highly elevated and far removed from the lushness and sophistication of his intellectual forerunners, the seventeenth century lyricists. The poems, however, are

some of the better ones in the volume and are probably the easiest and most "digestable."

For modern readers Benjamin Sledd's poetic voice is clear and kind. It is often breathless and exciting. But the voice is ineffectual and never meant to be heard over anything but a hot cup of tea and a gathering of old and loved friends.

By Carolyn Burden

THE AUTHOR OF *A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO* is Dr. Samuel Enoch Stumpf, who will be on the Wake Forest College campus during Religious Emphasis Week, February 23-27. Dr. Stumpf has been a member of the faculty at Vanderbilt University since 1948. He is professor of philosophy, chairman of the department of philosophy, and lecturer in jurisprudence in the School of Law at Vanderbilt. Previously he was a member of the Vanderbilt theological faculty. Dr. Stumpf was educated at the University of California at Los Angeles, Andover Newton Theological School, Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Chicago. He has lectured widely, and this volume grew out of the Gates Lectures which he delivered at Grinnell College.

Although the modern challenge of communism is appraised, the author's purpose in *A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO* is to make manifest in clear terms what democracy is and what is required to preserve it in our world today.

Dr. Stumpf presents a triple definition of democracy. First he calls it a basic faith—faith in the dignity of man, which is the heart of the democratic political theory. Democracy rests on a faith in man's rational capacity and his closely allied capacity to attain goodness and justice. This democratic view of man is compared and contrasted, respectively, to the Christian and to the Communist views of man. The Christian view is based upon the positive and creative ethics of unconditional love, for man is created for, and finds his deepest meaning in, the love of God and the love of his fellow men. This differs radically from the Communist view, which in the words of Lenin, holds that, "The material, sensuously perceptible world to which we ourselves belong is the only reality. . . . Our consciousness and thinking, however, supra-sensuous they may seem, are the product of a material, bodily organ, the brain. Matter is not a product of the mind, but mind itself is merely the highest product of matter." The Communist view of man's nature thus depreciates his rational capacity.

Secondly, democracy is defined as the rule of law, for it is a unique way of organizing political society. In evaluating the influence of Christianity on democratic order the author makes the rather startling statement that the real impact upon democratic thought and practice from Christian quarters came from the radical left-wings sects—Congregationalists, Baptists, Quakers, and others which grew out of the Calvinistic line. The Communists, on the other hand, have revolted against law, for truth takes on new meaning and becomes what the infallible leaders say that it is. Law is nothing more than the expression of the will of the economically dominant class, according to Marxist theory.

The third and most creative aspect of democracy, according to Dr. Stumpf, is its moral thrust, for democracy is a moral enterprise. It has been faced with such moral questions as child labor, minimum wages, racial equality, social security and other uses of public money for welfare purposes. Morally, democracy is based on the Christian view of virtue and evil, for institutions that men create cannot rise above the level of the moral and spiritual development of the men who create them. The author does not belittle the moral concern of communism. For many it possesses an enormous moral appeal because of its devastating criticism of the injustices of capitalism. Such terms as "exploitation" and "class domination" are, like the term "injustice," fundamentally moral terms.

THE IMPULSE to organize the working classes throughout the world and to urge them to throw off the chains of bourgeois oppression sounds like a call to a moral crusade to rectify an immoral system of society. But the heart of Marxist theory and the open evidence of communist practice clearly show that communism has no defensible conception of morality, for Marx insisted that moral ideas, like ideas of justice, are the product of the material and economic environment. This, of course, leads to a state of *relative* morality.

Modern democracy, as defined by Dr. Stumpf, has a long and cumulative heritage. "Wherever men gave serious thought to the nature of the good society, they inevitably formulated ideas which eventually contributed to the philosophy of democracy." Moreover, democracy had its ancient as well as modern advocates and critics. Prior to the birth of Christ such Greeks as Solon, Pericles, Plato, and Aristotle were familiar with both the practice and philosophy of democracy. The author states that many of the philosophical roots of democracy grew out of the intellectual soil of Greek and Roman ideas. In the medieval period the dominant influence on democratic thought came from Christianity, for by this time the Christian gospel had achieved a wide and significant position in Western culture. Although this period did not bring forth in its own time any widespread democracy, it did provide the soil out of which grew important ideals which were later to play a significant role in the establishment of democratic order. "Even the pessimistic appraisal of man as a sinner had a salutary effect upon later political experience, for it became the key for understanding how men attempt to disregard the claims of other human beings and suggested the urgency for dealing with this human disposition by erecting appropriate safeguards against the self-centered and pretentious urges of men." The Reformation had even greater democratic implications, which came to fruition in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Dr. Stumpf concludes with a discussion of the motive of man in democracy: how can democracy be infused with a creative power which will sustain and preserve it and lead it consistently to fulfill its ideals? The democratic ideals of freedom, order, and security are most effectively achieved through the motive of love. "Democracy, more than any other system, requires and makes room for man's highest motive—love. And the motive of love provides democracy with its most creative element."

Dr. Stumpf is no match for Karl Marx in setting forth the ideology of his faith, but he has written an intellectually stimulating philosophy of democracy. In *A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO* democracy has, in the light of dynamic Christianity, been weighed in the balances, and though found wanting in practice, is found ideologically sound.

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Howler our senior year.

On the other hand we may have joined a group because we were interested and planned to work, but became disinterested because the organization was not what we expected.

These may explain the existance of some apathy in student activities, but I think the chief cause is a fear of failure. Many students, I feel, become disinterested and complain, rather than try to do something for an activity and fail in the attempt. To do nothing and lose interest is certainly easier than to risk ridicule by failure.

That apathy is present in our campus activities is certain; the reason for it is not as sure. Now let's look at some of the effects of apathy in our organization.

Apathy is definitely damaging to the working of any group. A member of an organization who is uninterested is like a rider in a boat dangling his feet in the water. Other members of the group have to take up the slack and do more than their share of the work. As a result the group is not as efficient and the product, whether it be a newspaper, radio show, a speech or brotherhood, is not as excellent.

Furthermore, apathy is contagious; it spreads easily and rapidly. Thus, when one member of a group is disinterested, he can cause others to become that way. So apathy not only damages the working and product of an activity, it is damaging to the other members.

No student, I feel, really wants to cause such havoc in a group. So we might ask what can be done about apathy.

First, one should realize that apathy is negative; it is a lack of feeling, a lack of interest. The best way to get rid of a negative feeling is to replace it with a positive one.

Next, apathy is an immature attitude. A more mature outlook would be to make the best of any situation in which one finds himself. There are things to be learned in all circumstances.

What would be the result in student activities of replacing apathy with a positive interest? First, of course, it would reverse all the damaging effects of apathy. A group will become more efficient and its product more excellent. But more important than this, the person who replaces his apathy becomes a positive thinking and acting individual and thus a happier one.

WESLEY KIETH
SENIOR CLASS

As we become more educated, we gain a thirst for new ideas, new experiences. Anything that prevents us from satisfying this thirst we fight. The do's and don't's our parents and churches taught us, sometimes appear as obstacles to our desire for new knowledge. Nothing seems wrong with the bright red apple, yet we have been forbidden to eat it. In addition, we find ourselves on a Baptist college campus on which decisions set forth by the Baptist State Convention prohibit dancing and threaten academic freedom.

Inevitably meshed within the two extreme atmospheres of dogma and liberalism, the student must react in some way. Either he listlessly plods along in dogma, or he examines the precepts he has always been taught. From this reaction the state of apathy may arise on two occasions. First, the student may continue to accept blindly and unmeaningfully what he has already been taught. In this case, although he will not admit it, nothing has any real meaning to him. Secondly, upon examination the student may realize the value of what he has been taught, or else he may discard it. Once he has rejected something as meaningless, the student openly affirms his apathy toward it.

Because of the recent decision of the Baptist State Convention to ban dancing on the campus, it has been made easier for an apathy toward religion to develop. Indeed, some attitudes have stigmatized the name Baptist. Because some may feel that Baptists have disregarded the social welfare of the college, they in turn apathetically reject the Baptists and all the religious principles they uphold. As a wound festers from the invasion of a foreign particle, bitter discontent smolders around the fact of association with anything Baptist.

However, this attitude, or any bitter attitude, if allowed to grow, destroys. Wake Forest College is rooted in something much deeper than Baptist prerogative. Rather, as we read the motives of her founders, we realize that they determined to establish an institution founded on the eternal truth for all men through Christ Jesus. Because Wake Forest is a Baptist college, shall we forsake through indifference our struggle for the ultimate value which is the very fibre of this school, and, in short, ourselves?

Because religious principles are the basic structures of the college established by her founders, everything that is connected with Wake Forest is essentially religious. To the degree in which this religious feeling is realized does the flame burn brightly or flicker. No apathetic blindness to religious value can realize the fibre of Wake Forest. What is it in our extra-curricular work but the realization of an ultimate expression of life in divine dedication and joy? What is it in our contact with friends but the feeling through love of their divine nature?

If one feels and strives for the religious principles he affirms, he will be able to discuss and practice truth, beauty, and ethics. Realizing the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," he will place supreme value on the welfare of others. He will even refuse to mock religious chapel programs. On the other hand, if one fails even to attempt to realize the religious value of Wake Forest, he walks in vain through these halls.

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from the editor's desk . . .

Step In The Right Way

WE ARE NOT Harvard nor Yale nor Princeton. But there is no reason why we should not strive to be as well reputed. Our minds are fully as good as those of the Ivy League. We have the spirit and the courage to surpass whatever is done in Cambridge, New Haven, or Princeton. This I assume to be true. It should be true nevertheless. The American philosophy is still that the cake goes to the strongest man. As of yet there are no outside rules which invalidate this maxim.

It is for every person as well as every institution to set its goal and achieve it. There is no reason why Wake Forest College should set a goal secondary to anyone. If it does, and its alumni then come in for the seconds in life, there is no one to blame but the institution and those who make up the institution.

If we decide to be first, it is for us then to look about us to see if there are any rules, traditions, or habits which would hinder our progress. If impediments are discovered, it is for us simply to get rid of them or modify them so that they will not get in the way of our progress.

Over the Christmas holidays it was brought to my attention that there may be one such rule here under our noses that we never bothered to consider. We have always taken it pretty much as divine law that our library should close at 10:00 p.m. sharp.

I was talking with a boy from Princeton and he asked me what time our library closed. I told him. He went into hysterics. He thought it was funny that an accredited college should close its library doors at ten o'clock. Princeton library keeps its doors to the library open until between 1 and 2 a.m., each week day, and open all day on Saturdays and Sundays.

Probably very few colleges outside the Ivy League group and a few New England colleges keep their library doors open any longer than we do. What reason is there for gripe? None, if you who make up the present body of students and the future citizens of North Carolina and America are willing to coast along with the rest of the mediocre schools. There is no disgrace in being mediocre or secondary. There is no honor either. To open our library doors a little longer for those who desire to do more than two hours of research might eventually accredit us with a man who has learned to harness the atomic or H bombs, or with a man comparable to T. S. Elliot. There is no pressing need for a complete revamping at present. But there is a need for us to start doing what we can toward making Wake Forest College the top school in the South. The library is merely a step in that direction. And even there it is no need to leave the library doors unlocked the entire night in case some student with insomnia decides to wander through the stacks. It is imperative that we consider every possible renovation if it might help make us the finest school in the South.

As it is, a person who has a test the next day goes into the library at 8 o'clock p.m. to study. At 10 he must leave. He has had two hours to study. Probably not enough time to get over his notes fully. He leaves the library for his room. He arrives only to find his roommate and some friends in the midst of a bull session or a bridge game. They do not leave until 1 a.m. Meanwhile he has not been able to concentrate very well. He now studies for an hour, but his mind wanders. The next day comes and he does not do his best.

You might say he should have gone to the library sooner. He should have, but perhaps he had to work in the afternoons in order to stay in school.

On the whole, it would probably aid a few students if the "open" hours to the library were lengthened. These few would then likely enhance the quality of work done by those few Wake Forest graduates. Eventually a little quality added here and a little there would probably amount to a whole praiseworthy structure.

The library hours are an inside rule. It is our job to change it if we feel that it is standing in the way of our optimum potential.

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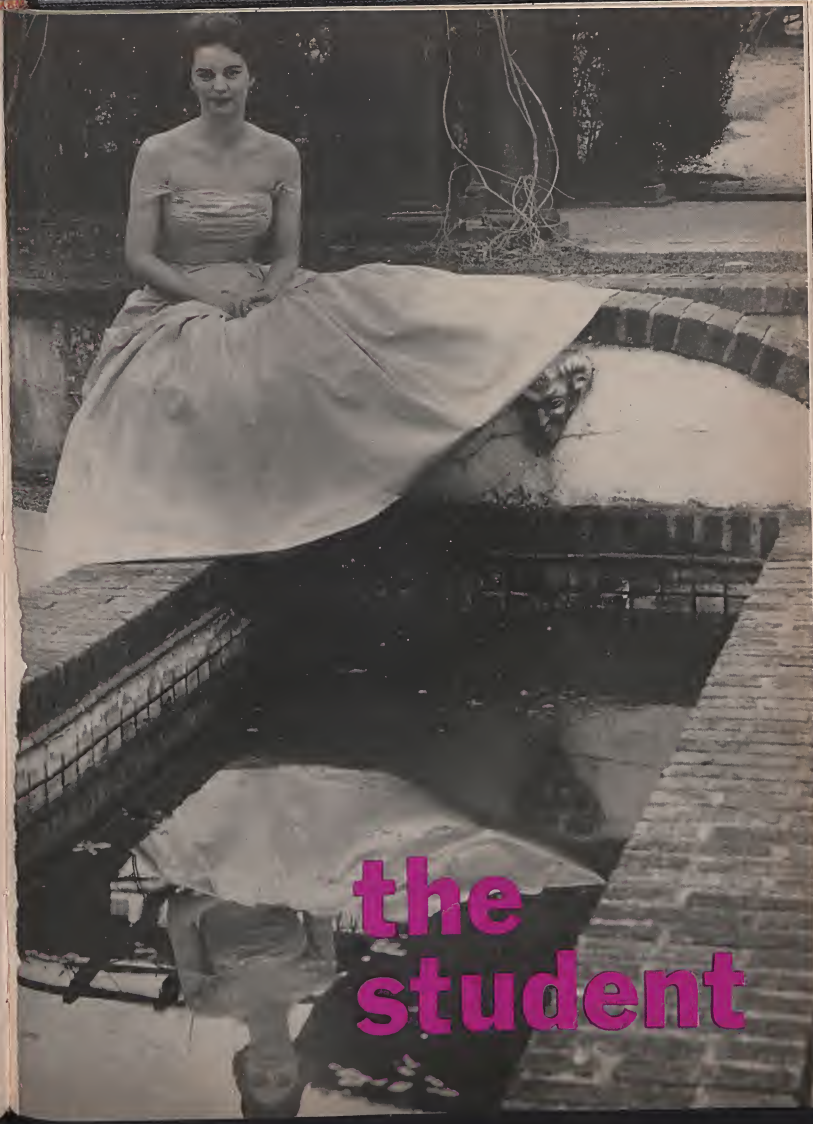
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We the Teachers? *by Jane Aycock* 4

That first day when you walk into the classroom and face a room full of expectant high school students is not the most comfortable moment of your life. Senior Jane Aycock knows this all too well for she spent nine weeks of the last semester doing her student teaching at Mineral Springs. Speaking from experience, she gives her reactions and findings in a very entertaining way.

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Roy Proctor, freshman from Thomasville, moves from the post of circulation manager of The Student to be a contributor. His story is one of intense emotion, very tender, yet hard and crushing.

Pilgrimage to Impossibility, *by Bill Heins* 9

The sage takes a very short trip in this month's issue as he returns from a vacation. Seems as if happenings here and there have attracted his attention of late.

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A Place on the Moon, *photographic essay* 12

Melinda Speas and Mike Price pose for Wake Forest's first real life comic strip and they try their hand at going to the moon. After all, they ask, what has Cape Canaveral got that Wake Forest hasn't? That's a good question, come to think of it.

Big Bear, *by Hannah Miller* 15

From the office next door comes the story of what goes on behind the Old Gold and Black door during these all night sessions. Managing Editor Hannah Miller tells the story of the man who keeps the wheels running that produce the campus newspaper once a week. To those of you who haven't met him, may we introduce the Editor, Bill Connelly.

Legal Loopholes, *by Robert Fitzgerald* 18

Some people have been asking the question, "Is it possible for a Negro to enter Wake Forest College?" Robert Fitzgerald has been asking around in some knowing circles and has come up with this statement of what he has found out.

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Cover

On this month's cover we have the very essence of Spring at its best, as Magnolia Queen Ann Bridges perches prettily on the edge of the fountain in the recently acquired Reynolda Gardens. Photographer Irvin Grigg was wandering around and caught this picture for the magazine. With such a scene in mind it really isn't too hard to forget the snow and the cold of the winter and look forward to sunny days on campus and in the gardens.

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VOLUME 73 NUMBER 5 — WAKE FOREST COLLEGE — MARCH 31, 1958

Demon In Us . . .

ORDER AND efficiency reign supreme at Reynolda Knob, better known as Wake Forest College. This is the only place in the world that has roads to match the reputation of the school. It takes talent and co-operation on the part of the whole family to keep the good, solid earth covered by such a messy and unsightly exterior. Just as the roads, our reputation is frayed and battered, and the whole mess is full of holes. To keep things consistent, it seems that we go out of our way to put ugly and unsubstantial patches in the holes of both that only cover temporarily a steadily deepening gap. No one fusses at the fact that *Life* had us splattered all over a two-page spread exploiting our private family arguments, but all sorts of eyebrow lifting goes on when Ed Sullivan invites the majorettes to appear on his show, all expenses paid. It would be an outrage to allow these lovely young ladies to appear coast to coast on television and erase some of the common belief that Wake Forest harbors some breed of captive rabble rousers.

It's here again! Young men are thoughtfully flocking around the girls' dormitories. Coeds are giving their hair an extra brush and polishing their nails. Students are perking up and beginning to do things all over the campus. Balmy moonlit nights find devoted couples all over the campus whispering sweet nothings . . . "Sweet one, you are voting the right way, aren't you?"

This brings to mind an interesting sidelight that illustrates how reasonable and useful some rules are. Any candidate for the Magnolia Court has to have a one point average at least. But nothing is said when several winning candidates in last spring's student elections failed to maintain this average. This is a healthy sign. It is a prerequisite to beauty to have a "C" average, but you don't have to be bright enough to maintain this average to be an officer in the student government. I'm sure that this is very clear to whoever understands it.

Speaking of things being reasonable, brings up the subject of the cafeteria. Never let it be said that the food there isn't unique. In keeping with tradition, this is the only cafeteria in the world that serves tough jello. Because of its unusual nature no one seems to mind paying fifteen cents for a jello salad.

Lots of people have been commenting on spring football practice. A one time State player commented, "We never used to hit that hard in an actual game!" A student standing by said casually, "We don't either."

The fellows do deserve a lot of credit for their hard work. One recruit fell pretty hard and remained on the ground." It's my leg sir," he told the coach, "I think I broke it on the last play."

"Well, then, don't just waste time lying there. Do push-ups until the trainer gets here."

Just wait until I show them how it's done.

This is a high school text book?

"Aw, don't be silly, Jane, they're too little to hurt you!"

It's all in the day's work. But who knew you had to be a wrestler?

"Hey, look at me. I'm a teacher."

Somehow, it's all wrapped up in this smile.

We The Teachers?

By Jane Aycock

IF YOU'VE EVER passed by Room 306 of Reynolda Hall on a Tuesday evening between the hours of seven and eight, the strains of music pouring forth may have puzzled you a bit and even caused you to wonder if perhaps you had stumbled upon an old-fashioned revival meeting. Assuming that such a thought did enter your mind, let me quickly assure you that you weren't far from wrong. For behind those closed doors Prof. Memory was giving inspiration to his eighty-some-odd protegies (student teachers, if you please) for the many challenging weeks that lay ahead of them. In order to revive some dampened spirits and reinforce a few thoroughly crushed "disciplinarians" the good Prof. was leading the group in a song, "Amazing Grace, per chance. And if you were interested enough to stick around for a while you may have even heard a verse or two of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet." By eight o'clock the mood of the class would have undoubtedly changed from one of defeat at the hands of High School Harrys to one of "Hit 'Em Again, Hit 'Em Again—Harder, Harder!" In other words, next week would be better and the Blackboard Jungleteers would inevitably melt and meekly come under control. So then the future teachers of Ed. 34 cheerfully closed with "Dear Old Wake Forest"—a definite patriotic note—and charged out of the classroom with bolstered morales and rejuvenated tactics.

These Tuesday night sessions are designed to hash over the problems that one encounters in the Public Schools. And one is bound to encounter problems. For when a sophisticated Ivy Leaguer of twenty-one meets a roomful of Presley's rock 'n roll fan club face-to-face, sparks will surely fly. When Teacher views Pupils for the first time, the only thing Teacher notices is the souped-up exteriors of ducktails, turned-up collars, pegged pants, and much-too tight, faded levis. In fact, Teacher is utterly amazed to be confronted with so many gangling limbs and giggling inclinations as are displayed by the rows of fidgety, self-conscious teen-agers. All of the adolescent bumps and blushes make themselves quite apparent at a glance. And the confident Wake Forest College Senior begins to feel dismayed, panicky, and just plain scared. How does one get through to these strange awkward creatures? How does one communicate in a be-bop dialect? And how does one possibly enjoy this sort of thing, for a living, that is? Having been away from high school for four years, the student teacher feels completely "out of it" so to speak—and getting back in isn't going to be easy or even desirable at first glance.

And how does the "captive audience" feel about the situation? For weeks the high school boys and girls have been hearing about the arrival of the student teacher. They don't know exactly what to think of the idea, but the results are inevitable. She'll either be ugly as home-made sin or always trying to put something over on them. Rumors have it she's been to College, and you know how uppity those College Joes are. All those stripped clothes that don't match and little bitty cars that don't even have a trace of a gutted muffler. All in all, things look pretty bad.

SO, BY THE first day with the new teacher many preconceived opinions have been formed. Then, that first glance verifies everything. In she tiptoes with a great big Ipana smile—and a dress without a belt. Wow! What a dude! How can she walk in those shoes? They're so pointed in the front and so high in the back. What kind of pin is that she's wearing? She must be a member of some Key Club from way back. Looks like she's a little old for that sort of stuff now. How does one get through to that square? Will she even understand cool chatter? Are we expected to dig this?

Well, after the first few weeks, the shock on both sides has worn off. Most of the duck tails are still in evidence—but they don't look *nearly* as long now. And some of those blushes are rather becoming. Of course you can scarcely see them under all the dirt but. . . . Teacher is still wearing that Key Club pin everyday—but at least she wears a belt now most of the time.

Though these first adjustments have been made, however, little problems do pop up now and then. Like the day Johnny came in and called Teacher "Honeycomb," a perfectly understandable compliment but slightly out of place in the dignity of a classroom. Teacher had often wondered what she would do when someone got inspired to call her by her first name. But, let's face it; "Honeycomb" wasn't her first name. This offense was more serious and had to be handled with finesse. But how does one finesse a grinning 16 year old who had every good intention? Then there was the time when Teacher spent fifteen minutes explaining the word STATUTES—and felt that she had finally completed a job well done. She labored under this false apprehension until Priscilla's face brightened and she volunteered:

"Oh, I know what you mean. I've seen the STATUE of Liberty myself!"

Or perhaps one might care to remember the Science lesson involving the word *gastric*. Gastric pertains to the stomach. Often we have a gastric disorder, explained the teacher. After a lapse of some fifteen minutes, George raised his hand.

"Teacher, may I be excused? I have an ache in my gastric."

But the day that Melvin took his desk apart in class presented more than a problem. This was a small calamity.

"Look, Teacher. I took my desk apart!"

"That's very good, Melvin. Now see if you can put it back together."

Those first few trying days and the round of problems that ensued caused the student teacher many headaches. And she begins to check off the numbers on the calendar—looking forward to that glorious day when she will be just a plain old college gal again. The novelty of dressing up every day has long since worn off—and that horribly tired feeling every night was never this pronounced in the good old days B. T.—Before Teaching. Imagine! Soon no more hose and heels and ten miles worth of gasoline every day to pinch the budget.

And when that red letter day does finally roll around it is met with great rejoicing. The student teacher gets all dolled up and prepares that last lesson plan. She leaves the dorm with a light heart and speeds along the familiar route to the "little red school house."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Running, running to anywhere — or nowhere . . .

Dance Of The

By Roy Proctor

EVERYBODY'S at the table but you, Vance. We're all waiting on you."

Vance looked up from the letter he was reading and peered out through the narrow attic hallway. There was no one there. He put the letter down on the bureau and walked from his room to the winding stairs at the end of the hall and looked down.

"All right, Mr. Catis," he called to the balding little man whose hands fidgeted nervously as he stood at the foot of the stairs on the floor below. "Tell them I'll be down in just a minute. I was just finishing up some work."

Mr. Catis didn't answer; Vance could hear him limping back down the second floor hall and slowly down the banistered staircase that emptied in the front hall and living room of Mrs. Potter's boarding house.

Vance walked back down the attic hall and into his little room. His black wavy hair had fallen down on his suntanned forehead and he raked it back with his hands. He opened his drawer and took out a clean white T-shirt and a pair of freshly laundered khakis to wear to supper. Then he noticed the letter he had placed on the bureau a moment before. The late afternoon Midwestern sun that filtered through the trees outside his open window made the dull penciled inscription on the envelope glint with gold. He picked it up and perused it once again. His eyebrows bent together as he read. He began to feel that his stomach had not held food for a week, yet would only find food repulsive. And then he remembered Mr. Catis and the reminder that supper was ready. He opened the top bureau drawer and placed the letter under a stack of shirts. And he remembered Anna. He stooped down to cut off the noisy electric fan that was jumping with vibration on the worn linoleum floor. Yes, Anna would be waiting too.

And Anna was waiting. As Vance walked down the main stairway and through the living room to the dining room where three other boarders were seated around a large circular table, Anna turned and smiled at him. He had seen that smile countless times before during his six months at Mrs. Potter's, but he could always find in it some new secret, meaning for him alone. It wasn't the smile of Daphne Blair, the the girl at the far side of the table. Daphne's was the smile of a coquette, of, in reality, a little girl who had run away from home after high school, thinking that the world and everything in it was hers for a fluttering set of eyelashes and a six-month secretarial course at an Indianapolis business school. Daphne's smile could hold no secrets.

Vance leaned over Anna's chair and gently kissed her. Her hair, blond and pulled back loosely in a bun, smelled clean and fresh. But Vance remembered the first time he had seen Anna. It was in his first morning at Mrs. Potter's, back in the winter, as he was leaving to go to work at the print shop. He had passed her in the second floor hall as she was going to the bathroom. She was wearing a blue wool robe and had a towel around her neck and a small kit in her hands. And her hair was stretched very tightly back in a bun, giving her face a severe look that for a long time afterwards had made him conscious of the ten years between them. She had given him a furtive glance and then disappeared into the bathroom. It was not until that afternoon that Mrs. Potter introduced them when Anna had come in late from a faculty meeting at the elementary school where she taught. But with the spring and then the summer her hair had become loose and soft, often adorned with fresh flowers and glowing with youth and with love.

Vance sat down beside Anna and greeted Catis and Daphne Blair. Most of the boarders ate uptown or with friends on Saturday nights, and Vance knew that Daphne was not there by choice. She used to eat away from the house on Saturday nights too, but now, since she had started dating the fountain boy at Walgreen's, she had to resign herself to waiting until he got off work at 9.

"Well, now! exclaimed C. P. Catis, his eyes darting around flectingly at everyone, his rasping voice seeking advance approval of his forthcoming statement. "What is this anyway—the night before Anna and Vance's wedding or a damned funeral? I've got just what it takes to put a little life in this party. Right Vance?"

Vance smiled but didn't answer. Catis got up from his chair and limped through the living room and up the hall stairs. Vance looked back at him, remembering the first time he had seen C .P. Catis. It was six months ago. C. P. had come up to Vance's room late one afternoon with his old suitcase filled with looper rugs. After he had given his best sales talk and had seen that Vance just wasn't interested in "genuine, native looper rugs," Catis had shown him the real secret of his success. He had reached down into the bottom of his suitcase and produced a bottle of gin. After a few drinks he had retreated back down to his second floor room to guzzle his liquor alone. His next prospective looper rug customer was Daphne Blair, who had come to Mrs. Potter's two months after Vance.

As C. P. Catis limped back down the stairs and through the living room into the dining room, he unwraped the brown paper package in his hand and placed a bottle of his favorite gin heavily on the table.

"Why, Mr. Catis!" Daphne exclaimed in what she must have considered her most proper and ladylike tones. "Why, you know what Mrs. Potter says about liquor in her house and all that stuff—"

"Well, child," he broke in, smiling around the table for reassurance. "How else are we going to celebrate? And anyway, Bertha likes her board money a hell of a lot better than she likes to tell us what to do and maybe take a chance of losing us as boarders. Now, it couldn't possibly hurt if we take a little drink to the health of Anna and Vance here."

Catis took five breakfast juice glasses from the buffet behind him and placed them around the table.

"Oh, Bertha," he called in the direction of the kitchen. "Come in here. We're going to celebrate Vance and Anna's wedding up right."

Mrs. Potter appeared at the door with a scowl on her face, the kind of scowl that over the years had become standard for C. P. Catis. She was a big-boned woman—an aging widow addicted to wearing clean cotton dresses that all look alike. She wore a large comb in the back of her plaited

Unicorn

yellowish grey hair.

"Well, Mr. Catis, it *would* be *you* who would come up with something like this," she said angrily after noticing the bottle of gin on the table. "I'm sure this isn't the way Miss Rassner wants to celebrate the night before her wedding."

Anna looked at Mrs. Potter for a moment and then turned to Vance. He felt compelled to speak.

"Most folks have a toast before their wedding. And I guess if Mr. Catis is kind enough to offer us some of his favorite gin, we ought to accept it in good faith."

Anna did not expect him to say that, but her eyes approved his proposal. With shaking hands, C. P. meticulously poured a small amount of the gin in each of the glasses. When he had finished, he stood up and conjured up a pompous air.

"To Anna Rassner and Vance Sturgeon," he said. "May they have a happy married life and may they never have to live in a boarding house."

Daphne Blair broke into hysterical laughter at the last remark, only to cut it short when she realized that no one else was laughing except Catis. Ann and Vance smiled at each other and, after touching their glasses together, drank the gin: Vance in three swallows, Anna in smaller sips.

It was dark now. Supper had ended and Mrs. Potter was washing up the dishes. C. P. Catis had taken his bottle and gone up to his room, and Daphne Blair had decided to take a bus downtown and wait for her boy friend at the drug store. Anna had gone up to her room to change into a pair of flat shoes. An occasional car passed, illuminating Vance as he stood on the porch, his eyes looking much further than the large brick house across the street that blocked his vision. It was humid; his hands sweated and twitched on the porch rail.

Soon he heard the screen door behind him open and then shut quietly. Slowly soft arms wrapped around his chest, and he felt Anna's warmth against his body, her lips as they gently pressed against the back of his neck. He lifted her hands in his and kissed them, hesitating to release them.

"You know," she said softly as she lay her head on his shoulder, "when I was a little girl in Atlanta, I used to run to my father and hold him like I never wanted to let him go." Vance could feel her smile. "Only—then I could only grasp his leg. Now my father is dead, and I've grown up. And somehow it's funny. Now I can hold you, Vance, but I don't have to only hold your leg. I can hold all of you, and I feel like I did about my father, only it's different. Vance, I never want to let you go—never, never . . ."

Vance felt her arms tighten around his chest, and he turned around and lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"I love you, Mrs. Sturgeon, I love you," he whispered, closing his eyes and burying his face in her hair.

Then he looked up and slowly raised Anna's chin with his hand until her eyes met his. "And when I was a little boy, Anna," he said softly, "I was always running—I was running from something and I was running to something. And sometimes this something was a thousand things all wrapped into one. And sometimes I didn't really know what this something was. And yet I was still running from it and to it. I guess I'd still be running, darling, if I

hadn't met you."

Anna smiled knowingly, as if she found something of herself in Vance's words.

"Anna, there's so much about my life that I've never told you. So much. But I have to tell you before tomorrow. Darling, something's going to happen—"

"Don't tell me anything," she whispered as she reached to cover his trembling lips with her fingers. "Don't say anything, don't do anything to change the wonderful feeling I have inside. It can't be that important, Vance. It can't matter that much." She replaced her fingers with a soft kiss, and somehow Vance knew that she was right.

"I almost forgot, Anna," Vance brightened. "I have something for you— a little wedding gift I want to give you before tomorrow. It's upstairs. Wait here and I'll be back down in just a minute."

Vance walked quickly over to the door and entered the house.

It was a little gold cross on a silver chain that Vance held between his fingers as he walked down the winding stairs from his attic room. He had heard it said that gold and silver didn't go together very well. But somehow he thought it would look exquisite on Anna. He had had the jeweler the day before to wed a gold cross and chain with a silver cross and chain to get just what he wanted.

As he walked down the second floor hall, Vance heard Catis rumbling about in his room, muttering something about his looper rugs being the best on the market. And then he heard a glass bottle shatter on the wooden floor.

Vance started down the banistered staircase, but, half way down, he stopped suddenly and clutched the cross tightly to his chest.

"Oh, my God," he muttered, "my God."

The sound from the living room came to his unbelieving ears like a longlost voice from the desert—not an unfamiliar voice, but a maternal, soft, sensual, tender voice that he thought he had lost forever in the labyrinth of his daylight hours and in the passion of his nights. It had been six years since he had heard his mother's voice, six years since in the dark of night he had whispered a fond and final good-bye to his mother's sleeping form in her clapboard shanty at the edge of a South Carolina cotton field, six years since he had kissed the blossoming fields good-bye forever as he walked down all the dusty roads of his life at dawning, six years since he had joyously climbed aboard the empty *Cincinnati and Ohio* boxcar heading northwest out of Columbia. Six years. They all suddenly reduced themselves to a single day.

Vance walked numbly to the foot of the stairs. He noticed Anna crouched deep in a sofa on the far side of the living room, her head down and away from the large Negro woman standing in the middle of the floor. The Negro woman, Cara Clyde, turned and advanced totteringly toward her son.

"Vance, is dat you, son?" she inquired as she neared him. "Lan' sakes, chil', it's been so long, so long—near 'bout six years, I guess. I was hopin' yuh got muh letter. You' Aunt Hazel told me where yuh was, and I jes' knowed I had to see yuh. Funny feeling, 'twas."

She smiled faintly. Vance felt her strong boney hands grasp his shoulder, and then he felt them on his back, and then his mother's hot writhing body pressed tightly against his own. She opened her mouth to kiss him, and the acrid odor of strong liquor made him weak.

"It's been so long," she murmured again, "so long."

In a sudden rush of strength Vance grabbed her body and tore it away, falling backward against the banister as he did so and gasping for breath.

"Yuh got yuh uh nice little gal heah, son," Cara Clyde continued as if nothing had happened. "Yessir, uh mighty nice gal. An' she looks uh good sight like you' daddy, 'though I could nevuh be right sure which o' dem you' daddy was. But all o' dem white daddies was nice. Yuh can be sure o' dat, son. Why, dey used to bring me things. Why, one o' them one time brung me uh white nightgown. An' 'twas th' purtiest thing I evuh seen, 'twas. 'Twas like bein' uh lady bein' in dat gown. But is soon woh out—"

"Oh, for God's sake, Ma," Vance pleaded frantically as Anna raised her head from the sofa. "Can't you ever forget me? Can't you see it's better this way?"

Cara Clyde didn't answer.

Anna had gotten up from the sofa and was walking like one suddenly blinded toward the stairs. Her eye shadow lay in ridges down her pale cheeks. Her neatly kept hair was falling down. She passed behind Vance, her eyes down, and mounted the stairs.

"Darling," he called after her, "this isn't really happening. It's just part of a crazy dream. Go up and get some sleep and things will look different in the morning. Oh, Anna, don't go up like that. I tried to tell you tonight. I swear I did. But you wouldn't listen. You said it couldn't matter that much."

He lunged desperately up the stairs, only to hear Anna's door close and the latch fall as he reached the top.

"Anna, we're running again," he cried desperately. "Oh, God, I can't stand it. I'm running again."

Cara Clyde did not turn her head as Vance came back downstairs. She lay motionless on the sofa on the far side of the living room, holding back with her tremendous hands the lace curtains behind her and looking out the window at the cars that passed in the avenue. Vance walked over to the sofa and helped her get on her feet and led her by the hand through the darkened dining room into the kitchen; he fumbled for the light switch and flipped it on. He took a coffee pot from the cabinet over the sink and, after filling it with coffee and water, put it on the stove. In the back room he could hear Mrs. Potter mumble something and roll over in her bed, but she didn't wake up.

Vance went back into the dining room and, after flipping on the light on the telephone stand, thumbed the pages of the directory for the number of the local cab company. He lifted the receiver, dialed, and asked for a cab to take his mother to a West Side hotel. Then he hung up and went back into the kitchen.

His mother had taken the steaming coffee from the stove and was pouring it into two cups she had found on top of the refrigerator. Her eyes were moist, and ever so often she would rub them with her hand. They didn't say much as they drank the coffee, just stared into the cups. When they had finished, Vance reached for his wallet and withdrew some crumpled paper bills. He took his mother's frayed black purse and placed them inside and then returned the purse to her.

And then he flipped off the light and led her back through the house and across the porch to the cab parked in front. As the cab disappeared from sight down the deserted avenue, Vance turned back toward the house and noticed a light shining through the drawn shade in Anna's room. He walked quickly back into the house, faltered for a moment at the foot of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Pilgrymmage to Impossibility

By Bill Heins

Hate to say it — really do,
But who the heck is fooling who?
Trustees met last month to see
If they still had authority.
Let me tell you what they've done;
Gather round me everyone.
The ones we've trusted all along
Now claim we are in the wrong.
Odd, you say? Mere circumstance?
Has done away with modern dance?
As I recall a larger body
Passed on something just as shoddy.
Fancy that! They coincide.
Oops, pardon me, but something died.
As I was saying just before . . .
Pew! Someone go and crack that door.
Thanks a lot, now where were we?
Oh yes, our *friends*, who used to be.
Perhaps they've really proved their point.
Seems to me they've wrecked the joint.
With all this cheap publicity.
Flaunting their duplicity.
Please don't help (?) us anymore.

You'll drive us to the liquor store
With all this bull you sling around.
Oh nevermind, let's go uptown.
I hear music! Where's it at?
What! Combo night down at the "Rat?"
Don't just stand there, y'all pile in.
Away from here, it isn't sin.

Student Forum:

To Have or Not To - -

Earl Shaw, Wake Forest junior, has compiled the ideas of several interested members of the student body and faculty on the much wanted and little sought after student union on campus for this month's forum.

Earl Shaw
Junior

SINCE THE removal to Winston-Salem, it has been evident to most students that Wake Forest College is in dire need of a Student Union to co-ordinate and increase the number of social activities available to the students, both on and off campus. This need was not as demanding on the old campus mainly because of the proximity of the little town of Wake Forest.

There will be some that will balk at such an idea because of the lack of a separate building. However, there is a great deal of space that can be made available to the students for exclusive or part-time use for social affairs. Of course an effort or desire on the part of the students is needed to get the "powers that be" to sit up and take notice. A separate building doesn't make a student union any more than a house makes a home. This is a program that will require the active interest and participation of each and every member of the student body. The student union, or any organization for that matter, is no more than what the students make it.

From several rather recent events, it has been shown that the students of Wake Forest College can unite behind a worthwhile cause. Overwhelmingly, the students sponsored a Christmas Party for orphans, aided a Hungarian refugee, and protested the now famous Baptist State Convention decision. Unity is indispensable if a student union program is to be successful. Nothing is going to be "handed to us on a silver platter." Almost two years have passed since the move and nothing either by students or administration has been done to improve the social situation. Until we, the students, realize the need and express the desire ourselves to remedy the present situation, we cannot in the least measure hope to have an effective well-rounded social and recreational program.

Last fall we had for the first time in many years a Homecoming Dance for the entire student body. Needless to comment, it was an encouraging success. The student Union would sponsor at least one big function of this nature each year. Weekly movies, periodic talent shows, concerts, art exhibits, an expanded lecture series, off campus dances, a Hi-Fi listening room, a TV lounge—these would also fall under the co-ordinating power of the Student Union. In short, the purpose of the Student Union would be to stimulate, promote, and develope the social, recreational, cultural, and educational activities at Wake Forest College.

If a student union is approved, it will be a giant stride in the right direction. Wake Forest can never reach its highest possibilities as a college unless it has a well-rounded social program backed by the united support of the entire student body—coeds, independents, and fraternity men. Should the Student Union receive the stamp of approval by the student body, I am confident it will in a short time grow to hold an important place in the lives of all the students.

Don Schoonmaker
Sophomore

WHETHER OR NOT to establish a student union has recently prompted much discussion on campus. The first questions to consider are the needs for and the purposes of a student union, and the possibility of establishing such an organization.

Because of the incompleteness of the social life on campus of many students there is in my opinion a definite need for a student union. This social incompleteness is partly due to the fact that the location of the campus is such that it is not always easy for the student to go into town, where he can see a show, or if he prefers, see another show. Two frequent complaints are where can we go or what can we do. Although fraternities adequately satisfy these needs for their members, only about 30% of the students are fraternity men. There is a need for an organization to provide both a place for and a program of social activities.

On the Duke, Carolina, and State College campuses, an opportunity for a satisfying social life has been offered through the student union program. There the student unions provide, among other things, game rooms, visiting lecturers, and dances. We must realize our limitations in regard to certain social activities. Besides considering the need for a student union and the means for setting it up, one must also consider the possible success of such a union. Is there enough student interest to plan, build, and then support such an organization?

I feel that the success or failure of a student union on this campus will be determined by the amount of interest which the students contribute toward this program. The word interest embodies a definite desire and an enthusiasm on the part of the students to support a program which they feel will benefit the college and themselves. It may sound trite to say that a student union on this campus will be only what the students want it to be, but very often triteness indicates the nakedness of truth.

David Hughes
Senior

WAKE FOREST badly needs a Student Union! It is to the shame of the college that no plans have ever been made for having one. Probably there is no other major school in the country where the students have so few facilities for recreation.

Student Union

On the other hand, it is certainly not to the credit of our students that we have contented ourselves with griping about the situation, while doing nothing about it.

This is the problem, because now that a movement for a Student Union has begun, it will require active and continued support from the students. Let's hope that enough *active* interest will be shown to make the movement a success. If it fails, we have only ourselves to blame.

Janet Binkley
Sophomore

WE TALK ABOUT the spirit of Wake Forest College. No one seems to be able to pinpoint that spirit or to define it, but we all acknowledge its existence and its importance in our college life. Some rumors claim that the spirit is dying, that it can't take root in the hills of Forsyth. So we grasp at anything which promises nourishment for these precious roots. Could a Student Union program offer such nourishment?

We have been called a friendly college, and yet it is quite possible that with the increasing size of the student body our friendly greetings are becoming superficial. Of course we cannot expect to know all the students on the campus. That is one reason why we need fraternities, clubs, and other groups in which to establish close friendships. But at the same time we need a sense of belonging to the college as a whole, not just to our particular group. By coordinating the extracurricular activities, a Student Union could establish a friendly spirit which would break group barriers and which would extend to all the students.

In addition to a larger student body, Wake Forest has also acquired a more isolated campus. The old campus was situated in the midst of town so that it took only a few minutes to walk to a movie or a drugstore, but now a car or bus is needed for students in search of entertainment. Co-eds feel this isolation quite keenly, especially since they cannot have cars at college until they are seniors. And despite the looks of things in campus parking lots, there are also some boys who don't have cars. So boys and girls alike would welcome the on-campus activities which a Student Union provides.

The question arises, however, as to whether or not a Student Union program will work at Wake Forest. It seems that this question cannot be answered without the provisional word "if." The program will work if the students support the expanded cultural opportunities more enthusiastically than they support the present concert-lecture series. It will work if the students don't misuse the areas set aside for recreation. It will work if the individual organizations don't foster prejudices against other groups in the Student Union organization. In short, such a program will work if the students really want it to.

A student union would be a concrete step toward solving the problems which have faced our college since the move to Winston-Salem. Provided that this program lived up to its name and its purpose, it would effect a union of the students. We could not expect a Student Union alone to insure strong roots for the college spirit; a plant needs sun and rain in addition to food. But this type of program could certainly help revive the spirit of Wake Forest.

W. C. Archie
Dean

IT HAS BEEN exciting in recent days to become aware of the interest on the part of a number of students in establishing here a student organization that can not fail to improve the social and recreational life of the entire student body. The leaders of this movement refer to the organization as a "Student Union," which is a splendid name if it manages to bring about the effective *union* of a large majority of the students, dedicated to the idea and purpose of enriching the social and recreational life.

The need for such an organization appears to me to be so obvious as to make unnecessary any formal arguments. The basic purpose will be to achieve an organization of students who with the assistance and encouragement of the faculty will bring to realization a greatly enhanced social and recreational life for all. A variety of attractive events, of special interest to the students, can be brought to the campus. These events will be social, artistic, professional and recreational in nature. If we take advantage of the facilities presently available to us we can go a long way toward vastly improving our present recreational and social life.

The idea of a Student Union was born first in the minds of some thoughtful and energetic students. From the very beginning the faculty and administration have been interested and eager to support the idea. Present plans indicate that the College will add to the staff next year an energetic and imaginative young person who will give a large measure of his time to working with the Student Union.

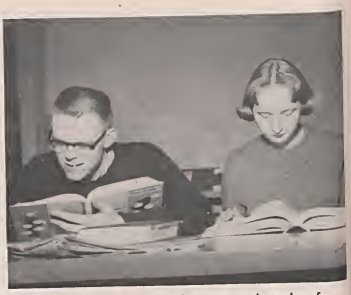
The final success of such a movement as now on foot must depend upon reactions of the students. It can become a reality only if the great majority of our students support the idea. It is one of those situations in which we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. All of the students, fraternity groups, non fraternity groups and our young ladies, will benefit tremendously from the establishment of a Student Union. I am confident that if we will work together this splendid idea can by the Fall of 1958 become a pleasant reality.

The Adventures of Mike and Milenda . . .

A Place on the Moon

Bill Heins

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDY HARMON



"Hmm . . . Hamrick moon rocket plan for amateurs and Russian spies."

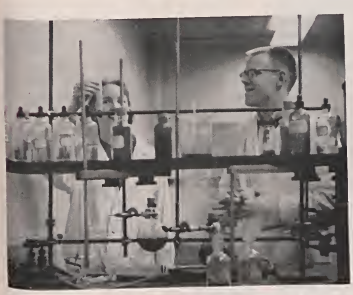
"There's a place downstairs we can . . ."

"Really! You're not being very scientific about this thing."

"Quick . . . call daddy! He'll know what to do."

"Cape Carnaveral model—see page 87. Patent depending?"

"Quit scratching! We'll be famous."



"Now I know how Madame Curie felt."

"Will this be our hour of triumph?"

"Are we there yet?"

"Don't you dare blame it on my daddy!"

Dance of the Unicorn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

banistered staircase, and then climbed slowly up.

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The second floor hall was dark and silent. Vance put his ear to Anna's door; he heard nothing. He reached down to wipe his sweating hands on his pants. He could hardly feel the khaki cloth.

"Anna, Anna," he whispered as he pounded lightly on her door with the palm of his hand, half in fear and half in wonder at the ethereal sound of his voice. "Darling," he drew in his breath and bit his lip, "I tried to tell you. Oh, my God, I tried to tell you. Anna, do you hear me? Please answer me. Just let me hear the sound of your voice."

There was no answer.

"Darling, do you remember the fifth grade picnic this past spring out at Riverside Park?" Vance's trembling voice gradually acquired a note of forced animation. "Do you remember, Anna? I got off work that afternoon to come out there and help you and the kids build the fires. And the printer's ink was still on my hands, and you said you didn't care. Remember we left the kids and went up on the hillside and looked down—and there was all the city sprawled below on a single plane. And you said the flat country made flat lives. And I kissed you and said we'd just see about that—oh, Anna, don't you remember? How could you forget so soon?" The forced animation had given way to shouting and he began to pound the door with his fists. "I love you, Anna, I swear it to God. No matter what's happened, I love you and I always will."

Suddenly the door across the hall opened and C. P. Catis, bare-footed and wrapped loosely in a soiled flannel bathrobe, limped out into the hallway.

"You bastard—why don't you give up and go to bed?" he scowled, his weak bloodshot eyes darting over Vance's body contemptuously. He was not the same C. P. Catis, obsequious and eager for approval, of the supper table. "Can't you see that Anna doesn't want to be disturbed? And anyway, Anna doesn't love you. She loves me—just me. Now go upstairs or I'll call Mrs. Potter."

Catis pushed Vance aside and rapped on Anna's door.

"Anna, Anna dear," he said fawningly in tones approaching sobriety, "this is C. P. Listen, don't be upset. Listen, dear, I got in a new shipment of looper rugs this afternoon. I thought you might want to come over and see them. And don't worry about Sturgeon, dear. He's gone upstairs and won't bother you any more." Catis turned and flung his hand wildly at Vance in a go-upstairs movement. Vance lingered in the shadows of the hall.

After a moment Vance saw Anna's door open slowly. She stepped into the hall; Vance gasped. Her youthful look had gone. Her hair was down around her shoulders. She had been combing it: in her slender fingers she held a hand mirror and a long-handled comb loosely. She wore a white nightgown covered only by a short blue jacket. Vance dared to keep his eyes open. He had never seen her quite like this. The deep shadows under her eyes only accentuated her mystery and beauty.

"Yes, Mr. Catis," she said calmly, as if she were speaking to the principal of the school in which she taught. "I'd like to see your rugs very much. Do you have anything in blue, let's say, for a nursery?" She smiled faintly at Catis, and he beamed as he nodded his head affirmatively.

Anna turned, noticing Vance in the shadows of the hall as she did so. Vance tried desperately to find something to say, but it had all been said before.

"Do you know," she asked deliberately, her voice shaking slightly, "that I am a woman thirty-two years old? Thirty-two years old." She echoed the fact blankly, as if discovering it for the first time. "Do you know what it means to be that old with nothing to show for it? All my life I have dreamed of love, and I have had love, only I could never seem to get it out of me to see it reflected back in the life of someone else. Years ago, late at night, I would lie awake at night with my heart pounding in my breasts to know love fulfilled. And I would reach down and press my hands tightly to my stomach. I thought I could feel a child growing and it excited me and I could fall asleep feeling full and warm and good inside. But the years passed. Twenty-four—twenty-five—twenty-six—twenty-eight—thirty. . . . And the feeling inside suddenly became empty, and it frightened me. I thought I had lost my baby. But then just as I had ceased to feel and ceased to dream and my nights had become dark and lonely, you came along and my heart learned how to sing and I would again see my baby in my dreams."

Catis was growing impatient and fidgeted his hand on the drawcord of his bathrobe. "Let's go see the rugs now," he mumbled. Anna looked over at him distractedly and then turned back toward Vance, still standing stunned and motionless in the hall.

"But I have another baby in me, Vance," she said with hope and a faded smile. "I just found out tonight. And I know he's there this time. And my baby, when he's born, will have skin as fair as the sunshine and eyes as blue as the sky. And he'll be mine, all mine. Won't he, Mr. Catis?"

She looked for a nod of assurance from the fidgeting preoccupied C. P. Catis and then looked back aimlessly, uneasily down the hall.

"Won't he, Mr. Catis?" Her voice had begun to rise to a shriek. "Won't he? Won't he? Won't he?" She turned and in a burst of tears buried her face in the sleeve of Catis's bathrobe.

"Sure, he will," Catis said soothingly as he put his arm around her and patted her shoulder much the same as a benevolent father does in comforting a sorrowing child. "Sure, he will." He slowly led Anna into his room and pushed the door shut with his crippled foot.

• • •

Vance heard the latch on Catis's door fall. He stood there, his lips repeating "Anna, Anna," but no words came. He turned and walked down the darkened hallway and suddenly disappeared up the narrow winding attic stairs.

Vance didn't know how long he had lain there; it seemed that time had suddenly lost its sense of order and had become a chaotic jumble of all times fused together. He had tried to count the metallic throbs of the alarm clock on the night table, but they ran on without him.

He lay on his back in his shorts; the cross of silver and gold rested in large drops of sweat on his chest. The top sheet lay in a wad on the floor at the foot of the bed. He stared at the ceiling. He knew that it was heat-cracked mint green wallpaper that wrapped in his world, and yet the oppressive black lay between. He looked down at his chest, and it looked as black as the ceiling. And yet the ceiling was green—light green, mint green. He knew it was. And his skin was white. He knew that too. He screwed his eyelids together tightly and bit his lip in an effort to forget.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Newsman extraordinary . . .

Big Bear

By Hannah Miller

A SMALL black-lettered sign over a usually-open doorway on the second floor of Reynolda Hall marks the entrance to Wake Forest's only genuine Bear's Den. The sign reads "Old Gold and Black: Covers the Campus Like the Magnolias," and through the doorway can be seen the unchallenged king of the Den—the editor of the college newspaper, alias, the Big Bear.

The Big Bear is the Pub Row term for William A. Connelly, senior from Morganton, N. C. (Don't ask him what the "A" stands for, or you may see where the nickname comes from.) Both the nickname and the above inference are misleading, however. The Bear is not particularly big, neither does he have bear-like characteristics, and hibernation is a much-longed-for but never-indulged-in luxury.

The newspaper office's favorite bruin is of medium height, with a sandy-colored crewcut, glasses, and a passion for vanilla ice cream and the Wake Forest basketball team. An English major, he is a member and former secretary of Delta Sigma Phi social fraternity. He is currently serving as president of the college Publications Board.

A mere recital of the facts about the Bear reveals little about him and his Den activities. To the many different people who step through his office door, he seems to be the man of a thousand faces. To the casual visitor, unused to the piles of half-torn-up newspapers and empty coffee cups littering the office, the Bear and all his tribe look like something from another planet. To the man with some publicity axe to grind, the Bear may appear stern and immovable. Through a freshman reporter's eyes, he seems kind, sympathetic, and little preoccupied. The "Pub Row regular" sees the Bear as the perfect friend to whom to relate the latest joke or air the most pressing complaint.

The Bear's thousand faces and his many talents blend, every Monday morning, into the one part of him that every student sees.

This is the six-to-eight-to-ten page, seven-column weekly collection of campus news known as Old Gold and Black. This "face" the editor spends hours upon hours arranging and preparing for its Monday morning appearance. It is the end result of his four years in college, and has cost him almost a martyr's dedication, to the exclusion of the majority of the activities constituting "fun" for the average undergraduate.

The Bear, though, is no average undergraduate, as a peek at his paper and personality will show. His paper shows that this is a bruin with talent. He laughingly says his chief claim to fame is an ability inherited from Lloyd Preslar, the editor who preceded him. This is the dubious honor of being the only man on campus who can write 14 column inches about a postage stamp. A closer peek at him will show he is almost unaware of his talent. His modesty is apparent, except where the paper as a whole is concerned. The editor then has no scruples as to bragging. Since September he has carefully hoarded the vindication of his boastings: Seven framed All-American awards. His constant hope is that a Scotch tape pleasing to the college administration will be invented, so he can display the prized possessions on the office wall.

The Bear's glasses give him that intellectual look. The unholy gleam of glee behind them whenever a Carolina basketball star fouls out belies the look. The Bear is interested in literature, however, especially the writings of Wolfe and Steinbeck. And, wonder of wonders for a college student, this semester he's taking a survey English course just because he wants to learn something about literature.

Outside the Den and the Delta Sig fraternity house, the Bear may appear a quiet, stable character. The inhabitants of his favorite haunts know, however, what lies behind that serious demeanor. A devilish sense of humor is hidden there, which comes to life when he spies a close friend. The editor has frequently been known to smilingly assure a departing friend, "Well, if I don't see you, to hell with you!" Another characteristic expression, also smilingly uttered, is, "I'm going to jump over this desk and get you in a minute!"

The editor's Delta Sig roommate, Bill Smith, says the Bear is completely indescribable. He mentions the time both were almost asleep in their room at 2 a.m. "I muttered my desire for a nice big hot dog with onions," he says. "Before I could put the period on the sentence, Bill was standing in the middle of the floor saying, "Well, don't just stand there; get on some clothes and let's go!" Smith scarcely sees the Bear all week, and as he leaves for an eight o'clock class on Saturday morning, he usually meets the Bear coming in from an all-night stand at the office. "His only

remark while crawling between the sheets," he says, "is 'hell, I'd have to get better to die!'" "As a roommate," Smith relates, "consideration is Bill's middle name. At three or four in the morning, when he's coming in from work, never is a light turned on or a chair overturned." "His loyalty and concern for his fraternity and his brothers is beyond description," Smith adds.

Sometimes the editor looks glum. Those are the days when he is either swamped with advertisements or there are no ads in sight. He knows, in the first instance, that he will have to cut good stories to make them fit in the available space. In the latter case, he knows he must write reams of copy on stories that aren't worth it. Either situation angers and disappoints him. A perfectionist, he cringes when what he calls a "piece of junk" gets in the paper. Inaccuracies also rouse his ire. An Old Gold obituary for the late Dr. Hubert Poteat recently listed his death as Wednesday, Jan. 31, and his burial as Friday, Jan. 31. "That Jan. 31," the chagrined editor scribbled across the story, "was one hell of a long day!"

The secret fear of every Old Gold editor became real to the Big Bear this year. The paper is printed in Nashville, N. C., and five different packages of copy are sent on different buses to the printers. The thought of a lost package has haunted editors since Nashville started printing Old Gold. This year a package did get lost, and 3 p.m. one Saturday found the editor pacing the floor and lining up a ride to Nashville, where he intended to write again the two missing pages. A long distance phone call assured him the package had found its way home again, after a detour through Norfolk, Va.

The editor feels the deepest responsibility for his job. He knows the paper cannot let the students down, and he intends to make sure it doesn't, regardless of damage to his health, grades and disposition. He also feels the pressure of the past, in the Old Gold tradition of 42 years of serving the students. The string of All-American awards, while filling him with pride, gives him that "you don't dare let up" feeling.

The Bear, like most of his newspaper breed, has a streak of sentimentality. In his case, it is directed toward the traditions of the college and the newspaper. He speaks with reverence of past editors and refers to bygone years as "Winstead's year," and "Tex's year." He likes to recall his freshman days on Old Gold and the staff

snacks at Shorty's, where he munched hamburgers and worshipped the gods of the campus newspaper world.

There is probably no other student on campus who knows as much about the college and has its welfare as close to his heart as does the editor. From his perch on the second floor of Reynolda he can look out over a part of the campus and feel it belongs to him and the generation of editors before him.

It was not always so. There was a time when Bill Connelly knew little about either Wake Forest or Old Gold and Black and cared less. Those were the days when the happy-go-lucky Morganton High School student was dividing his time between fun, the school newspaper, fun, the school band, and fun.

His freshman year at Wake Forest, though, marked his downfall. He was lured into the No Man's Land of Old Gold by the wily editors of that day. Little did he know what lay in store for him. The foxy editors indoctrinated their "little bear" into the rigors of the life gradually, allowing him a movie every once in a while. By his sophomore year he was hooked for good, and he's stayed hooked ever since. Between his sophomore and junior years he worked on the Morganton News-Herald. Last year the lot of both managing editor and sports editor fell to him, and this year he is the undisputed king of the roost, with the job's accompanying joys and heartaches.

The Bear's work week begins officially on Monday. Monday afternoon is spent planning news coverage and assigning stories to reporters. Tuesday is spent getting stories, writing early editorials (sometimes), and getting pictures. Wednesday the Bear listens to reporters' no-story gripes and rewrites the stories that come in. Wednesday night several pages are laid out and headlines are written for the stories on them. Thursday night means more "heads," more layouts and more stories. Friday night is the marathon, when work begins at 6:30 p.m. and ends at 6:30 a.m. The front page, editorial page, and several other pages are then prepared for the printer.

"Blessed Saturday" is spent in bed, unless, of course, there's a football game, in which case Saturday afternoon finds the editor making his weary way to the pressbox in Bowman Gray Stadium. Sunday is the "sigh and cheer" day of the week. The editor gets the completed papers off the bus Sunday afternoon and quickly checks

every detail of the finished product. His groans mark the mistakes and his smiles denote the good points. He then carries the stack of newsprint to the office, where his staff members gather to despair or rejoice with him. The next day the cycle begins all over again. The Bear only has time for a few preliminary growls before getting back to work.

Various theories have been given as to why any sane student will sacrifice himself to a 40-hour week of worry and sweat just to get out a college weekly. Old Gold's editor himself gave the best answer last year in a Student magazine article about the editor who preceded him.

Connelly wrote then about Preslar. "It is difficult to theorize on just why he does these things, why others have done it and still others will. Perhaps it's the little chill inside when you pick up the week's product at the bus station and peruse its every detail. Or that midnight hamburger and coffee after you've sent the package of copy on its way. Maybe the response to an editorial you felt was important, or the response that didn't come and you vowed to work that much harder. Or perhaps to walk across campus and see hundreds of faces hidden behind a little seven-column weekly. And certainly it helps to count the long string of All-American awards.

"But most of all," he wrote, "Old Gold becomes a responsibility. Once you become a part of it, it never leaves you."

Things are different now from the time when, four years ago, Old Gold became a part of Bill Connelly. The old, patched-up room on the bottom floor of the social science building in Wake Forest has been swapped for a brand new office in Reynolds. The old beloved regulars on "the Row" are gone, and new converts have appropriated their desks and copy pencils. The College itself has changed, and the students whose lives are bound up with it now are not, in the main, the students of four years ago.

The one thing that has not changed is Old Gold's responsibility to the students. It is this responsibility that gripped Connelly four years ago and has refused to let him go since. Mixed in with it, though, is a force even stronger, and that is his love for the paper. Responsibility may put the Bear in the Den, but love for the paper keeps him there.

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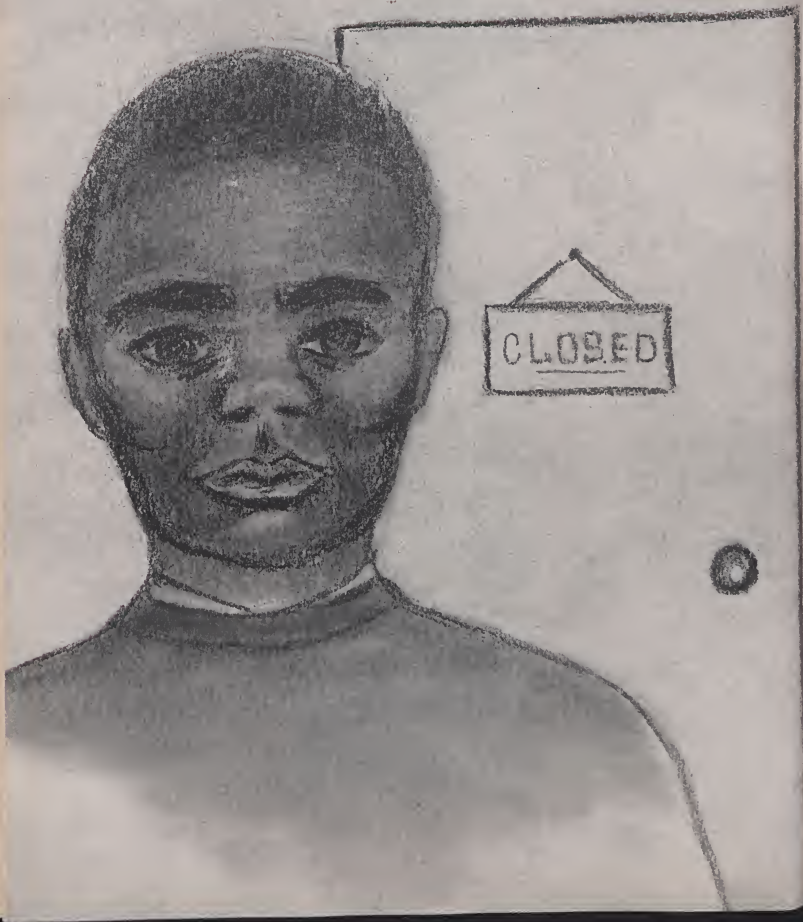

CLOSED

Legal Loopholes

By Robert Fitzgerald

IS WAKE FOREST College a private institution? Could the Wake Forest board of trustees keep Negro applicants from enrolling? Possibly yes, possibly no.

As long as Wake Forest College can be legally declared private, yes. In case it was proven that the College was financially connected with the state, i.e., enough so to speak that the actions of the College might be interpreted as actions of the state, no.

Undoubtedly then Wake Forest College will never integrate until it is the desire of the trustees, the faculty, the students and the Baptist State Convention. This is not necessarily true. There are at present three legal angles on which cases might be built supporting the idea that Wake Forest College is not a completely private college.

It is doubtful that any one of these loopholes would hold up in court at this time. But the color barrier is constantly being broken down. The cry for racial equality is becoming louder and louder. No longer are the Negroes willing to sit in the back of buses, ride in separate Pullmans, or eat at the back door of some drive-in restaurant. The white and the black facilities may wiegh the same, but do the psychological effects? What Wake Forest student is willing to sit in the back seat of a bus while Carolina students are riding in the front? What Wake Forest student is willing to be a common laborer under a Duke graduate?

These are the type questions that the whites are beginning to ask themselves. The Negros too are beginning to sense that we feel the social inequality, and they are taking advantage of our hesitancy by striking us in the soft places.

It is true that an individual or a private institution has jurisdiction over its own property so long as it does not infringe on the rights of others. It is also true that no state institution has the right to discriminate against individuals or groups because of their color.

Wake Forest College is a private institution. But is it completely private in that it has no connection with the Federal Government? (Since most institutions have some connection with the Government, we will restrict our connections to financial links.) Thus speaking Wake Forest College is not completely private. It is a tax exempt institution. It accepts GI students who are largely supported in school by the Federal Government. The Bowman Gray School of Medicine has also accepted Federal aid.

Private institutions are privileged to discriminate so long as they do not hamper the Constitutional rights of their fellow citizens. So long as Wake Forest College is declared private, and so long as there are state schools for Negroes to go to the problem of integration will probably not arise. However, if a Negro were to apply to Wake Forest and there should develop court action, would Wake Forest remain private and tax exempt?

The Government does not dictate our school's policies. It does not make any demanding stipulations in return for our tax exemption. Up to the present our tax exemption has not been contested. Under the Fourteenth Amendment the Federal Government is prohibited from racial discrimination. Under the present circumstances there is no reason for the government to think that it is giving financial aid to a school that might practice discrimination. In case some Negro were denied admission would the Government still remain free to offer us aid? If this happened, the Government would knowingly be aiding an institution that practiced discrimination.

There is a possibility that a Negro might apply to enter Wake Forest. There is a possibility that his application would be rejected. The case could be taken to court on the grounds that Wake Forest College is not a fully private institution, but is indirectly supported by the Government; therefore, making the College an agent of the State. In that case, Wake Forest would either have to admit Negroes or forego its tax exemption which would likely run into a fairly large sum of money.

On the other hand the court might declare the tax exemption an unstipulated gift; therefore, making the tax exemption comparable to a private home. It would be up to the master of the house as to whether or not Negroes might be allowed to visit.

THIS SEEMS TO BE what the outcome would be if such a case were to appear in court within the next year or so. But times are changing. Ideas are reforming, and conceptions are constantly being modified. The time may not be far off when the law will say that if one pupil cannot enter a certain school neither can another pupil of the same mental capacity. It is true that this would be the beginnings of socialism. Education would be falling under the jurisdiction of the State.

The question might arise: Would there be no such thing as a private institution. This is unlikely. It is more probable that private institutions would exist and exist freely to discriminate if they chose. The problem would be: Could a private institution profitably exist in competition with state supported institutions? Wake Forest College could remain segregated. It could pay taxes. But could it pay taxes and compete with non-tax paying state institutions? This it could do only if tuitions were raised proportionately.

Another loop-hole is the GI Bill. This is another form of indirect aid. In case a Negro applicant were rejected, the Federal Government could prohibit students using the GI Bill from enrolling.

This case would be fought on the same basis as the case entailing the tax exemption. So long as GI students were attending Wake Forest College, there would be the possibility of the court declaring the College an agency of the State. If this happened, Wake Forest would either have to admit Negro students or cease accepting students on the GI Bill. Either decision could easily cause dissension.

As to the question of Bowman Gray School accepting Federal aid, the only case that could be made of that is since there were no special stipulations, the question of aid could be reverted back to the Fourteenth Amendment saying that the State

could not aid in racial discrimination. Bowman Gray could accept aid on the grounds that it would perform special duties for the Federal Government in return. But if the Government aids Bowman Gray without asking for special duties in return, there is the chance that court action could be taken declaring Bowman Gray a State agency.

As far as it is known there is no clause in the Bowman Gray contract with the Government that says services will be returned for the Federal aid. If this is true, Bowman Gray lies open to possible action declaring it an indirect agent of the state. If this is not true and Bowman Gray is to perform special services in return for the aid it received, there is little worry as to possible court litigation.

There is also the possibility that all three of these clauses could be brought up in the same case. If such were to happen, it would throw all private schools in to question, because there are actually few completely self-sufficient schools today.

A number of schools are chartered as white schools exclusively. That is if a Negro were to be accepted, the property belonging to the schools goes back to the original owner or stipulated party. Wake Forest College is not chartered with such a clause. It is the private property of the North Carolina Baptists. One factor which makes Wake Forest College different of an ordinary private institution is the fact that it is church property. The constitution provides for the separation of church and state. This would be a strong deterent against court action even being anticipated.

At present any court action to get Negroes admitted to church or private secular schools would be exceptionally difficult. In the case of Wake Forest, there has been no anti-negro sentiment. There is the possibility that if a Negro should ever apply and should meet all the requirements, he would be readily admitted. Certainly the Baptist Church has not shown any outward signs of racial segregation.

With liberal ideas constantly replacing outdated social forms, it is easy to believe that the time is fast approaching when integration throughout the U. S. will be the accepted social grace. The Negroes have been bottled up for a long time. They are beginning to smell freedom. They are constantly putting more pressure behind neutral whites. Their technique is working. The South is hesitant, but it too is slowly coming across. The Negroes have slowly moved into professional athletics to the point where they hold virtual control over all the highlights. Although this is not the intellectual clique, it is a start.

The Constitution will most likely remain as it is in offering the individual the privilege of discriminating against a person on account of his color if he chooses. The greater force will be public opinion. When the public looks on the individual who discriminates on the Negro, the Negro will then be fully accepted. This may not be too long off. The Negro still has much to learn about the white society. He will have to fight and win his position. After that, he will probably be able to write his own ticket.

The Negro cannot advance unless he fights. Undoubtedly he will be fighting. He is now knocking on the doors of state schools. He will soon make himself accepted there. Then he will begin looking around for another barrier. If private secular schools offer him a challenge, he will likely make his bid to enter them. When their doors have been opened, he will look to the church schools. This should be easy. Just apply. But will it? Before long we will find out how tolerant our Protestant churches are.

THERE WERE ROSES

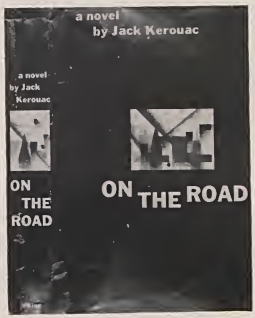
There were roses on the mill fence and when he came home
From Church in the early morning, he would pick one for
The grandmother who must stay in bed.
A tea glass would be filled with water and the rose put
In it and the glass set on the white table beside the elevator
Bed. All week it stayed there until he must go again to
Light the candles and kneel on the marble floor and pray
For the whole state of Christ's Church.
Since it was spring and since his daddy made him go out
To play in the sun, he never saw the rose wither nor the
Water turn brown.
When the grandmother died, he discovered the summer lint from
The mill killed the roses and made his nose tickle
Which made him laugh and then cry.

JERRY MATHERLY

March Review - -

By Jerry Matherly

ON THE ROAD, a second novel by a wild Bohemian from San Francisco, Jack Kerouac, is reminiscent of a young Thomas Wolfe exalting a way of life far removed from the hills of North Carolina and even far removed from a Paris or a New York of the late twenties. Kerouac has as his unannounced aim in the novel a presentation of the "beat" generation, that group of young people who grew up at the end of the "Great Depression" and reached an unsteady maturity during World War II. Much has been said about this generation, nearly as much as Gertrude Stein's "lost generation." Their apathy has been thoroughly lamented by apathetic professors, their preoccupation with liquor, sex and dope has been thoroughly riled against by tired ministers and would-be reformers. And it is very true that there are many aspects of this generation that are not only distasteful but disgusting. But this generation (by this generation I suppose I must include only the so-called Bohemians: they are the only participants in a tagged group) seems to have its hidden eye on something that the rest of the twentieth century and certainly the nineteenth century completely forgot: namely, a spiritual goal, that which is divorced from a materialistic push for an unsteady happiness. If they are not all able to find it in any orthodox faith in any orthodox religion, the fault does not lie with them. The Roman Church has attracted them in great numbers and has benefitted by the talents and intelligence they bring to its altars. But most of them cannot subscribe to the rigid system of the Church and must seek their vision, as it were, in less well known cathedrals. The bar, the theatre, the art gallery, and above all . . . the place, and place, where jazz music is to be heard, are their places of worship. They do not find what they are looking for in these places, but they do find some of the keys to the Kingdom. When, and if ever (I believe there is already definite signs of the "if ever" becoming a reality) the generation finds some locks for its keys, I believe that a new Renaissance will be ushered in in the arts and in religion. I cannot help but believe that this new era (and it is not meant to sound like any heaven on earth: it certainly won't be that) will be far better than this time in which we now live, where the shadow of the most horrible aspects of the Reformation and the Victorian era color morality and art and make them not nearly as good or as fine as the scientific progress of our century.



Mr. Kerouac's characters are young men in such a search. They are tireless in their efforts; they are willing to starve, to be completely fatigued, to die even in order to get their "kicks." There is incessant movement in their lives. They cross and recross the country on the slightest or with no pretext at all. They "dig" New York; they "dig" New Orleans; they "dig" Chicago, and most of all they "dig" the beautiful and moody city on the Pacific, San Francisco.

The narrator of the story is writing a novel, but it must be written only in the depths of dark winter nights in New Jersey, for the rest of the time he is with his friends on the road. His closest friend, Dean Moriarity, is the "Holy Goof" of the gang. It is he who is the wildest to live and to experience everything, therefore to his friends he is the nearest thing to a Saint that they are able to know. All of the widespread group are mad drinkers, occasional dopetakers, and men attracted to the unusual in women. They love Spanish girls on Greyhound buses; they love highbreasted negresses that walk invitingly by on crowded streets. Indeed they are able to love without thought for convention, without thought for physical beauty. If they love; damn it, they love because they love. Unlike their snob would-be brothers in dusty universities, they love America and do not place Europe on the pedestal it has no right to. That is not to say they are not able to appreciate foreign cultures. On a trip to Mexico there is intimation that in the more primitive ways of that country they are at last finding something of what they are looking for.

They are not good people in any conventional sense. But they are kind, they are able to love unashamedly, they are able to create after many seeming horrors. In other words they are people who come nearer to the Christ, nearer to a knowledge of what life on earth is meant to be for people blessed by a delicious amorality.

Kerouac writes like a mad man. By that I mean he does write something like Wolfe. They are both beautifully mad in their writing. Their prose becomes poetry and their poetry becomes a swelling tide that will not be checked until it covers the reader. But their subject matter is completely dissimilar. There is little actual theme parallel to compare. And unfortunately both suffer from a lack of discipline. It is the reason why Wolfe is an exciting, vibrant writer but not a great one. It may well be the cause of Kerouac's adolescent babbling lapses and uncertain literary future.

On The Road is not a book for the older generations; Bohemian or not, their minds are already made up (as perhaps they should be), and they will go to their graves with them made up. It is a book, however, for those who know a dissatisfaction, who know that there is something very wrong, who want to read a work of art written by someone near them.

• • •

The Unsilent Generation is a disturbing collection of essays by eleven seniors at Princeton. They are autobiographical statements that received their impetus from a professor at the College, Otto Butz. Even if all of the writers show a delightful familiarity and skillful handling of the written English language, their merits as human beings can be seriously questioned. They may be an unsilent generation, but their

from the editor's desk . . .

Thought Salesmen

Some students in the halls of the religion building were overheard as they discussed their dilemma of "which choice" concerning this business of living. "I just don't know what to think. They tell us in X-department one thing, and here they tell us something else," one of the students said.

"I know, and it's all different from what I learned before I came to college," another student said.

How foolish can students get? Will it never occur to them to think for themselves?

"If you don't know diamonds, know your jeweler." This is a familar slogan. "If you don't know thinking, know your Thought-salesman." Though this phrase is foreign, it is the slogan we live by, for we relinquish our thinking like our buying to the "experts." The choice between brands of soap, cars or clothes, though important, is not a matter of life and death; the business of living life is precisely that. If we do not think ourselves, we are at the mercy of a multitude of "Thought-Salesmen," the teachers, preachers, politicians, writers, parents, etc. who, perhaps well-meaningly, flood the Thought Market with their sundry wares.

Some buy from these Thought-Salesmen by impulse, based upon subjective, if not subconscious influences. The impulse buyer in the Thought Market finds himself at a noisy carnival among the crowd listening to some of the barkers, ignoring others, buying from the one who tantalizes his hungry ego. The Salesman's wares may be false. More than likely they are, for the Salesmen are many, and Truth is one. Few if any, bear It. Whether the Salesman is correct, the customer never knows, for he never thinks.

Others, seeing the dangers of buying, refuse to buy at all. Neither do they think. With no basis of action, they withdraw from life for fear of error in action. But this is the great mistake, that of producing nothing. These livers of stagnant lives make life's unavoidable mistakes more serious for the thinking, living few. They demand, even by law, that every life be a painting in water-colors. Every action is a brush stroke which cannot be retracted, nor erased, nor painted over. Yet, when the painting is presented, the work must be perfect if it is to be acceptable to these critics who never dared dip their brushes into vivid colors and make bold meaningful marks.

In order to live, we must make marks. Otherwise, we, as these critics, withdraw from life. Our life-marks may be determined by impulse buying from Thought-Salesmen, or we may ourselves thoughtfully live.

— T. B.

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the student

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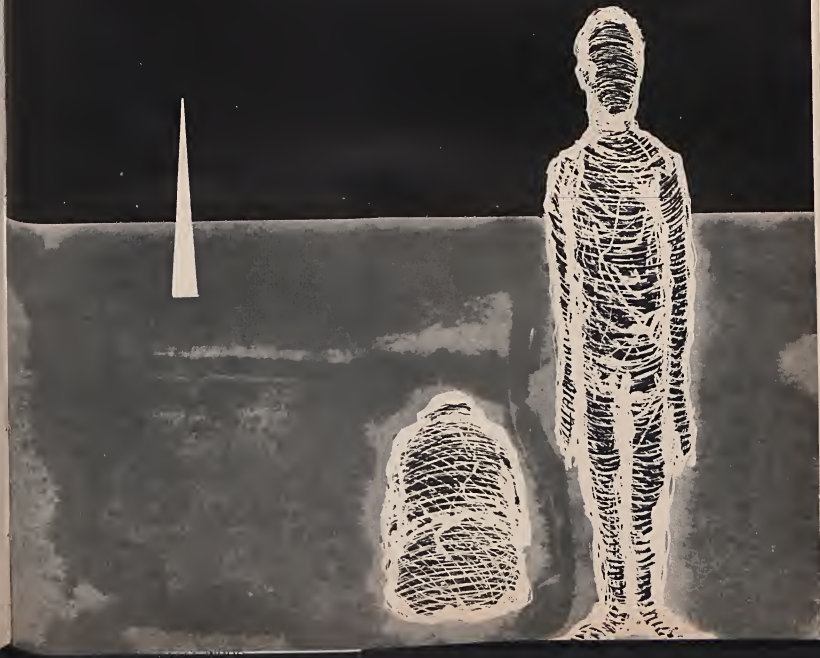

the
student

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RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BROKEN VASE

First in a series to be entitled

"NEW CAMPUS POETS"

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HAT REBLOCKING
CAMPUS DELIVERY
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Cover

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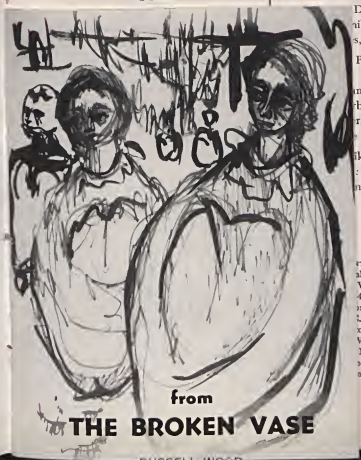

from

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the
student

INTRODUCING

the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

First in a series to b

"NEW CAMPUS

The poet, Russell Wood, received his B.A. degree from Hofstra College, which is located on his native Long Island. After a two-year sojourn in the Armed Forces, he returned to Hofstra to receive his M.A. degree. While in the Army he was stationed in the Far East. In 1956 he became a member of the English Faculty of Wake Forest College.

The cover design is by Betty Bell, an artist from Durham, North Carolina.

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THE

SHADOW WEAVERS

Shadows slanted break this Time
deceiving us of the stricken hour,
somewhere, somehow, between
the light and the dark,
unravelled veil across the park,
worn by the few,
the few,
who silently slip away
into the light in the
dark.

from
Long
orces,
While
1956
Wake

Dur-

the student

INTRODUCING

the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

First in a series to b

"NEW CAMPUS

APRIL SHADOW

Mellow yellow pear
dropt to the brook below,
grasses green
grow gliscooling

Inwit murmurs still—
Wanhope sleeps tranquil
in April shadowsilence.

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THE

THE FEATHERED SERPENT

The feathered serpent sings
the song of flight
from convergent ooze
to brittle branch
upon a diminishing horizon
suspended

the student

INTRODUCING

the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

First in a series to b

"NEW CAMPUS

DAME EDITH

The golden sun distills
an antique amber amulet
dependent from a golden chain
worn soft with light
rapport,
its sharp green leaves
touching centuries
lurking in stained
glass shadows.

Song and early Spring begin
in a lonely wood
where only the ivy is
green,
and a grey bird
silently folds its sooted wings

A slender pipe breaks its
notes among the boughs,
lost in a foliage un-
disturbed by hunting
horn, untouched by
an extended oboe
frase—
only the ivy is
green.

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THE

Bells hang silent
upon threadbare rope,
and porcellain tapestries gather dust
in graven chambers,
once amber lustrous
where now only the
ivy is green.

The holly and the ivy
a forest carol hum—
the ivy and the holly
a forest carol hum—
but only the ivy is
green is green,
only the ivy is
green.

the student

INTRODUCING

the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

First in a series to b

"NEW CAMPUS

LAWN CHAIRS

Imperial white lawn chairs
in the rain
dripping in their arrest,
abandoned again.

Paper lanterns sag
torn and tattered,
a broken rainbow
indifferently scattered.

Nicotined grass sharply
severed by French heels,
dotted with filter-tips
and lemon peels.

Silent imperial lawn chairs
accept the night
while falling leaves
dream of
flight.

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THE

JUNK

Red sail
lute-string taut
ribbed with
copper clouds
seeking the
flying fish

the
student

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the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

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"NEW CAMPUS

WILLOW MOON

Moon of milky white,
clouded jade,
leans tenderly
through a willow
weeping green

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THE

KAMAKURA

Great Buddha holding the white moon inside a lantern. Night fills the purple gate.

the student

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RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

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"NEW CAMPUS

PEACOCK SAGE

Peacock in a tree—
sunlight sifting his
tiara's luminous stones—
his pink-gloved claws
clutching
a thin green branch—
his white ivoried body
canopied by resplendent train:
an arc dipt in sunrise
bows before the moon.
Blue-white the imperial star
rests imprisoned between
bloodstone eyes.

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THE

TO A CHINESE CABBAGE PLANT

Whirling skirts and full-blown sash,
a careless toss of a salad head,
the arms and legs madly slash
the ups and downs of a tawny bed,
delighting in its antic play,
ignoring the vegetables' chorused rant,
wanton! wanton! all the way
plays this silly cabbage plant.

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the student

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the poetry of

RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

First in a series to b

"NEW CAMPUS

NORTH OF THE PARALLEL

Tents
rain-drenched
poisonous
toad-stools
weep darkly
for reassuring
warmth,
on a muddied bluff
rising hastily
above the mine-pocked field
so quietly green—

and yet—
yellow and pink bells
hum an old
song
on a trellis
of barbed wire.

and yet—

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HAT REBLOCKING

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THE

CROSS-ROADS AT MUNSAN-NI

Whipped and slashed
about the horny ankles,
legs broken beyond repair,
a young soldier struggles
to his feet.
Blood-let hands inch
over thighs, razor-
sharp and feel the
taut rump muscles
flinch
in self-defense.

Dry, muddied hair
crowns a gaunt,
hollow face;
nostrils, dust-packed,
swollen, ache;
the mouth agape in
hard youthful swallows
contradicts the Grecian lines.

A young soldier
struggles to his
feet in thought
only.

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FROM THE BRO

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"NEW CAMPUS

ROAD TO KUMWHA

The wind in the trees
like a thousand
gentle fans
turns the leaves
away
from the lonely
wanderer.

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THE

SOLDIERS SWIMMING

Beneath foot-worn mountains,
molded green,
brushed smooth by Time,
darkly, greenly jaded,
silently moves a
crystalline stream
over amber stones,
and around Time-worn
contours of crane-white
bodies shaking away
the dust
of complicated encumbrance,
carried off by the silent waters
as strange voices
singsong high and low,
breaking against the
still quieter endlessness
of the country,
following the wind
through the rice
shoots.

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RUSSELL WOOD

FROM THE BRO

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"NEW CAMPUS

THE GRASS ROOF REVISITED

Under the grass roof
three figures sit,
the father
son
and holy ghost,
sipping tea,
touching stars.

DeHART'S
LAUNDRY
& DRY CLEANING

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THE

Cover

Our cover this month features the genius and imagination of local artist, one George Arnold. Mr. Arnold is a native of Pennsylvania, a Navy veteran of World War II, and more recently an exhibitor at the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts.

While we are indeed appreciative of Mr. Arnold's contribution to this endeavoring literary edition, we feel acutely the lack of artistic interest in our own student body. It is with regret that we are compelled to go outside the Wake Forest circle for production skills; but at the same time we realize how fortunate we are in having access to such outstanding talents as those of Mr. Arnold.

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Three Campus Poets,
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A. M. U. comes to light with new poetry and his real name. To those who want to meet him, the picture will be of a great help. With him, in this poetry feature, appear Bill Heins and Evelyn Anderson. Evelyn appears in a new role as poetess, while Bill travels a well-worn road.

Bless the New Bride, *Short Story by Joan Falquet Dornbusch* 8

In this, the literary edition of THE STUDENT, the staff welcomes as a guest contributor Jean Falquet Dornbusch. Mrs. Dornbusch is the wife of Dr. Dornbusch of the English department. She is currently associated with a Winston-Salem writers' group.

A Harmony of God and Earth and Man,
blank verse essay by Jack Robinson 10

From a real life experience, Jack Robinson uses an unusual technique to relate his ideas. This blank verse essay is the first of its kind for THE STUDENT. It portrays a deep and rich experience of discovery.

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Betty Jane Upchurch, senior from Greensboro, makes her first contribution to THE STUDENT. Her work is more familiar to the campus in the form of *Howler* copy. The little fellow in her story will step off the pages and become very real to the reader.

PHI BETA KAPPA ADDRESS, *by Gerald Johnson*

There are rare occasions in the life of a college when a favorite son returns to the campus and leaves a great intellectual impact. Such was the case this year when Gerald Johnson, former editor of THE STUDENT, returned to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address. These thoughts are reprinted completely in this issue so that the students in general might have access to such a work of art.

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By Evelyn Anderson

BEAT

Beat
Cold waves on hands and heart disjointed
Disillusionment and fear alike
Camp out upon my body.

Over the silver sea
Beneath the sand is buried
The bright, burning, joyful flame of hope.

A THOUGHT

Away with the binding, confinings of "I"
Nor more of conventions or styles than I choose,
For my spirit is free—Thank God it's free—
To Thee and to "I"!

IN THE DARK

There will never be sunshine
Or night, or death, or joy, or peace
Until I can reach out and touch your heart.
Not enough the room where you are—
Your voice speaking to me through arguments
I do not, I cannot hear.
And yet, I pray, let not the light of recognition
Ever come within your eyes,
For I must remain here—in the dark.

YOU CANNOT FORGIVE

You cannot forgive my insolence or my indolence.
You cannot forgive my laughter or my sighs.
You cannot forgive my crying or my sighing,
Or care to brush the tears from my eyes.
But, oh, my friend, if you could know me!
When you can see your love grow as a rose
And blossom in its beauty just before you
And you—my friend—oh goodness knows—
The petals fade before you touch them
Or ripen e'er your feet can run that way.
And now at night and on the desert
Your hand is raised to brush my tears away.

QUARTET

"I'm bringing home the hi-fi."
"God, no!" she gasped, and said,
"Don't come just now." She plead,
"I'll come to you instead,
But don't bring home the hi-fi;
There is no extra bed."

"I, who got your hi-fi,
And kept you clothed and fed;
And kissed that curly head—"
Here she paused with dread.
Someone played a hi-fi,
and then the phone went dead.

If I were to tell you
Life is a thing,
In a sense sort of winding,
Not the least bit binding.
Would I be the king?
Or you?

Now supposing I said
My idols come first.
You would scoff at my school.
Then I, like a fool
Would slake my thirst
For red.

Who counts dead leaves
Under clapping autumn thunder?
And looks, yet not perceives
A difference of substance and wonder.

Blinking mangled claw
Draws back in bloodless fear.
Better his knowledge, raw—
Show the miracle is being here.

By Bill Heins

Are you thinking clear through?
Like.....say, Camus?
You aren't? Well, damn you!
For a hollow pompous fraud.
We'd hoped for a writer,
A sort of literary fighter,
Not any old blighter.
What's wrong with you, Claude?
We're sincerely perturbed.
We think you're disturbed.
Your tongue should be curbed
Before someone calls you a goon.
We'd rather you knew
What we're thinking of you,
And it's such fun to do
On such a helluva afternoon

TO

Someone breathes a little faster
For the flute mother of the snow child
Who fingers each note for
A more dispassionate composition
Of love
And lies
Which even the melting angel
Would have verified
Had there been less
sunlight

THE BUSH OF WORDS

My gushing eyes flood the wind
With sweeping stares,
Brush the stars with blushing lies,
And bleed in the flare of a twinkling girl;

My wishing eyes are washed
With the aid of her smile
As my grins are chagrined
In the acceptance of her eyes;

My hungry eyes are fed
With the passing of her while,
They're dried with the tide
That moves her sighs:
All this in trying
To keep the cup full I say:

Do not drain the glass nor dry the mugs
That slide over the black marks of this table,
Of this bleak table here between us
As our guesses checkmate the time,
And the time moves our lips,
Almost as our lips measure the time,
As they ease through our eyes
And the time slips by
With the ease of a glacier.

Are you listening carefully,
And do you need to understand
That I wish you to understand
That I'll need you when I leave?
Girl, must I say I love you?

LYRIC PLUS ONE

And she came with the wind
From a nearby forest of autumn,
And the sun never had it so well,
Since all the world around the girl
Now looked to the light in her eyes;
Sown with the dim, faraway stars,
Said her small boy singing,
And ringing himself with moons
You've never seen the likes of.

SONG OF THE MASOCHIST

I'm glad when I'm sad,
For when I'm sad I'm usually
Doing what I like most
And since a part of that
Is being sad, I guess that
I'm glad when I'm sad.

THE LONELY CROWD

Phoniness is
Loneliness in a
Glittering parenthesis
Not placed for emphasis.

By Sam Mauzy
AMU–

Welcome to a guest writer . . .

Bless The New

By Joan Falquet Dornbusch

WHEN THE GIRL ARRIVED AT THE HOSPITAL, she was put in a bed enclosed by curtains—the curtains they draw when someone is dying. After they had finished examining her, they opened the curtains, and she noticed that most of the people there were reading funny books. Then she saw the woman in the next bed.

The girl couldn't help glancing over at her. At first she mistook her for an old woman, a very old woman, but really she was younger than the girl's mother who wasn't old at all.

The woman smiled when she saw the girl looking at her. Then the girl had to force a shy smile in return, but she didn't want to get too friendly. She didn't know why. Maybe she was partly a snob and maybe she just didn't want to know about anybody's suffering. If she knew about it, she would worry. She didn't want to worry.

Already she was beginning to feel sorry for herself. Not that she had a serious illness to trouble her. Her operation could have been performed in the doctor's office if there hadn't been danger of infection. It was just being confined for two days and hearing the cars whiz by outside. Once when she was little, she had been very sick and had had to sleep in a darkened room. Her only contact with the outside world had been the sound of cars outside her window. She never forgot the aching loneliness of that sound. Then too she had to stay in a ward because she and her husband couldn't afford a private room. There is nothing more depressing than a ward. Because reading offered some escape, she pretended to be absorbed in her copy of James Joyce. She felt very superior reading Joyce.

Soon a child about eleven came by to see the woman.

"And how do you feel today, Janet?" the woman smiled affectionately.

"Just fine, ma'am. I go home tomorrow, you know. That's why I came to see you—to say good-bye."

"Well, isn't that nice now! And how does your side feel? Much better, I bet."

"Oh, yes, ma'am. The doctor said I had a real nasty appendix, though, but now that's all gone and can't hurt me no more."

"I'm glad, Janet."

"When are you going home, ma'am? You were here when I came."

"Well, dear, you see they can't get rid of my hurt, and until they do, I can't go home."

"Gee, I'm sorry. You're so nice 'n all to me and everybody it just isn't fair. Well, I gotta go now and say good-bye to everybody else. I hope you can go home soon, ma'am."

"Thank you, dear."

As the child left, the woman shook her head and said to herself, "It's a crime they're so crowded they have to put the little ones in here too."

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXIE HOBBS

Bride

After that the girl must have dozed because the next thing she heard were two voices comforting the woman next to her.

"Just pray a lot, Mama, and trust God and you'll get better."

"We're all praying for you, Mama."

To the young girl it seemed so trite and literal and suffocating. But still it sounded sincere and she was ashamed of herself for what she had felt. The girl wondered what was wrong with the woman.

After supper her husband arrived.

"Take me for a walk," she pleaded. "I've got to get out of here."

They went to the commissary and he bought her an ice cream cone that almost made her sick because she didn't feel like eating it. The rest of the time they spent roaming the corridors.

When he took her back to the ward, she couldn't bear for him to leave. She even cried a little when they said good-bye. That was silly, she thought, because they had been separated before in their one-and-a-half years of marriage.

"You aren't scared are you, honey?"

"I'm just so lonely and depressed all of a sudden."

"You'll be all right," he reassured her. A lady with a bandage over one eye passed them on her way to the washroom. "Go wash your face and you'll feel better." He kissed her on the forehead and squeezed her hand. "I'll be by right after the operation in the morning."

After that people warmed toward her. She guessed they all decided that she was human after all, even though she had coldly refused to speak all day. The lady with the bandage over her eye talked to her kindly in the washroom.

Once back in bed the woman next to the girl began to talk. "How long have you been married, dear?"

She told her.

"I've been married almost thirty years," she said, "and it's still hard for me to be away from my husband at night."

The girl thought that was sweet and said so by smiling. She remembered seeing the woman's husband earlier in the evening. He was a big man, afraid of his wife now, awkward in her presence, not knowing just what to say or just how to act.

The woman talked more then. "I've been in the hospital three months. It gets so tirin' on my back. But then that poor woman with the bandage over her eye had to keep her head in the same place for a month. That musta been awful. And my children, they're wonderful. Ronny, that's my youngest—he's in grade school—Ronny, he made me the prettiest little hot-plate pad, if I ever git to use it. Wove it hiself. Then my girls come by every day. Dad says they're doin' a wonderful job takin' care of the house. My three boys are in high school and they come by right often too. I sure have a good family. I'm so tired of bein' here though. I want to go home, but I have another operation Tuesday. I've already had three. I have cancer. I hope I can git home by Christmas."

"You will."

"No, I doubt it." The woman moaned slightly as she turned on her side to face the girl better. "I git so tired of bein' on my back," she explained again.

She went on about her family and even told the girl about the other patients in the ward. "That little girl over there, they have to feed her through her veins, poor thing, and people are always bringin' her food. She passes it around the ward, though, and gives it to her school friends when they come to visit her. She's a sweet thing. The old lady in the corner bed has been in and out of here three times since I came. Her son and his wife visit her faithful, but I don't think they know what's wrong with her. Jist old age and a coupla slight strokes, I guess. Then that woman on the other side of you, she's got female trouble. That's terrible weakenin', you know, It's a shame when she's so young too. I guess they'll be takin' the bandage off that lady's eye soon now. Then she'll know if she can see out of it again. Sure is a terrible thing to lose your sight." The girl was beginning to feel awful and she wanted to cry all over again. To hide her feelings, she looked down and fingered the novel on her lap.

"Oh, but I'm keepin' you from your book. Soon they'll turn the lights out, but if you want to read a while, you can draw the curtains and turn on your bed light."

"No, I think I've read enough today." The girl realized that the woman needed to talk, for when she talked about the suffering of others, she seemed to forget her own pain. Yet the girl was glad when the nurse came around with the sleeping pills.

Before she went to sleep, she heard the woman say her prayers. She wasn't old but she said them aloud the way most old people do. "And God bless the new bride and her husband." The girl cried then until the pill made her so drowsy that she forgot all about sickness and floated into a deep sleep.

The day after the operation was hazy, but through the fog she did see the woman next to her try to reach a glass of water. She groaned as she rolled on her side and extended her arm. Somewhere in the girl's mind, a voice urged her to get the water for the woman or call a nurse or do something. It took the woman a long time to reach the water, but the girl was still too sleepy to move. She worried about that glass of water, even after the woman had drunk it.

The next morning she awoke ready to go home. The woman smiled at her as she opened her eyes. "How do you feel today?"

"Much better, thank you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Told in a blank verse essay . . .

A Harmony Of God And

By Jack Robinson

It was one of those foggy, damp days on Formosa
That I first became conscious
Of the feeling that I have always had for the soil.
Earth should not have yielded its secret to me there;
But I found in that same worthless island of earth
A mother's warmth and comfort.
I was alone in a dismal quonset-type building
Constructing equipment for the Army
When shells from communist guns,
Both mortar and high explosive,
Came over the Island.
I was never so empty,
Afraid and completely lost in my life
As when I heard the scream of these destructors.
Quite naturally I looked for a place to protect myself,
And it came to me as I dived out the door
That perhaps for the first time in my life
There were no secure arms to protect me.
No friends, no family, nothing . . .
My body existed as one speck of dust
In a terribly frightened world of deadly explosion, bleak sky,
And forbidding soil.
Death seemed very close,
Like a cloud surrounding me.
To the side of the building I noticed a shallow trench in the ground,
Large enough to hide my body.
The shells were dropping all around me
And in terror I snuggled up against the side of that trench,
That cold crumbling earth.
I hugged it, clawed with my hands,
Trying to get deeper into the ground.
The urge to hide myself inside this body of ground
Was the strongest impulse that I have ever had.
I could not resist this call the earth seemed to give to me.
The shelling was at its greatest,
My face was buried deep in the arid soil,
When suddenly a strange comfort,
A sense of peace and a security flooded me.
A baby warmly couched in his mother's arms
Could not have felt as safe.
I became a part of that piece of ground.
My heart-beat and the pulsation of the earth throbbed in rhythm.
The earth all around me grew warm and friendly.
The ground took my fear from me,
Hiding it in herself.
Ascending from my protector was a voice,
Soothing me, assuring me that she was my shield.
During a time when my life was in greatest danger

Earth And Man

I knew beyond any doubt that I was in good care.
I felt it in the way the earth held me to her.
I realized, as a result of this experience,
That I had always had a close feeling for the earth;
I had always loved to touch it,
Smell it and use it.
In living each day.
There endured something real and binding between the earth and me.
As a farm boy
I first felt the connection between us,
For to me then the soil had a living, physical nature.
The soil had been subservient to my wants.
Playing, plowing, planting,
I grew up close to the soil.
As the small plants broke to the surface
To thrive in the spring sun
I often wandered over the fields,
Speculating in my child's mind,
What power lay in the earth
That enabled it to turn a seed into a plant.
Then, as if to solve the problem,
I would sit down next to one of these young plants,
Carefully dig a cavern around the stalk
In an examination to find the answers.
I discovered the shoot had reached down into the soil
With little fingering hands,
But I could not find the source of life within the soil.
In further quest
I often scooped up a handful of earth and spread it in my palm,
Looking for something alive.
Finding nothing, I would squeeze the dirt in my fist
Almost desperately hoping that the power I knew to be in the soil
Would squeeze back,
Giving proof that there was being in the clod.
The earth did not give me the answer as a boy,
But she rendered to me
Other perhaps more serviceable truths.
I had a respect for the ground.
I knew that the earth,
By some indefinable manner,
Controlled all living things.
The earth could give and the earth could take away.
Many years after my boyhood and the farm were only cherished memories
I found the soil still held a wealth for me.
When dissatisfaction, depair and disillusion
Crowded and frustrated my mind,
When the world pressed upon me to a point of gloom,
I would retreat to the family garden
To dig, handle and feel the soil.

As I worked in the garden,
My thoughts seem to righten themselves.
The wiser answers came to me.
Satisfaction and happiness swelled my body in gladness.
Furiously plying my body to the gardening,
I could secure a joy beyond expression.
Peace would encompass my being
And hopes rise for the future.
To express myself in tilling the earth
Gave me a new sense of freedom, a glorious, happy release.
In nothing else could I have found
The satisfaction that soil parented in me.
Books, religious functions, recreation,
All lacked that power to give me peace.
Not until I experienced the incident on Formosa, however,
Did I realize the infinite might of my mother, earth.
Now that I have returned to a familiar place
There is a full recognition of my kinship to her.
To the woods I go
In order to be alone and absorb her strength.
Hidden by the trees, I procure a bed of soil
And in almost passionate lust
Lie down so that my entire body can feel her touch and soak in her goodness.
These are sacred moments,
For in these instances I am very close to my God.
That is the secret of the earth—
God and earth and man are inseparable
Bound as by a cord,
And man can better understand his god
If he is in harmony with his earth.
There is no loneliness in my soul now,
For the earth is too rich in friendship.
She charms, sympathizes, warms,
And in all things is my guide.
She is my house, my parent and my nurse.
She leads me to the eternal truth
That all men must find to some degree . . .
That there was in the beginning
A harmony of God and earth and man,
And man must live inside this harmony
If he is to remain free and happy.

From the pen of wisdom's Son . . .

Phi Beta Kappa Address

BY GERALD JOHNSON
APRIL 10, 1958

ON AN OCCASION SIMILAR TO this, but at another place, I declared my belief that although colleges all over the land have held such celebrations for many years, and have listened to thousands of speakers, there has been only one original Phi Beta Kappa address. All the others have been glosses upon, or developments of the oration delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson at Harvard in 1837, known to us as the great essay entitled "The American Scholar," and less formally called the American Declaration of Intellectual Independence.

Yet the subsequent addresses have not been vain repetition, or not necessarily so. Emerson himself assumed their utility in the first page of his speech. Describing the American Scholar as a living entity, he said, "year by year we come hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes." He expected that inquiry to be a continuing process, and so it has been for a hundred and twenty-one years.

Thus to inquire what light new days and events have thrown on the character and hopes of the American Scholar is my warrant for appearing before you. As Jefferson's Declaration of Independence needs no re-writing, but does need, constantly, application to some new situation, so Emerson's theme needs no restatement, but does need, constantly, interpretation for each successive generation.

His famous definition of the scholar is Man Thinking, with the stress upon the first word, not the second. Indeed, said Emerson, when he becomes a mere thinker "man is metamorphosed into a thing . . . the priest becomes a form; the attorney, a statute-book; the mechanic, a machine; the sailor, a rope of a ship." It is only to the extent that he balances his mentality with his humanity that the thinker becomes a scholar. One is tempted to believe that the speaker of 1837 foresaw the coming of the electronic computer, a mechanism that performs operations hard to distinguish from thinking. One knows that he foresaw, for it was already beginning in his day, the development of a hard materialism that reduces men more and more nearly to the level of mechanical contrivances.

In the light of new days and events it is evident that the machine becomes more human and the man more mechanized. Pessimists are inclined to stop with that and to lament that our so-called progress is actually retrogression, a drift backward toward the doomed land "where wealth accumulates and men decay." But the coalescence of thinker and machine does not affect the heart of Emerson's definition of the scholar—neither man nor thinker, but a *tertium quid*, a third party distinct from both, neither strictly man nor strictly thinker, but Man Thinking. The debate, therefore, is not closed until we have examined this third party, the scholar, in the light that new days and events have thrown on him, as well as on the thinker and the machine.

Following the old recipe for rabbit stew that began, "First catch your rabbit," let us first attempt to catch a scholar, not in a material trap, but in a net of definitions that will hold him long enough for examination. Emerson extended the word as a generic term far beyond the limits usually assigned it. To him the scholar was not Doctor X, nor Professor Y, not a Ph.D., not necessarily a college man, but anyone who thinks beyond the immediate necessities of his job—the farmer who considers how his tillage will affect the land when it is owned by his grandson, the mechanic who thinks of theories of distribution as well as production, the builder who sees his wall, not as so many thousand brick, but as shielding and fostering life in generations yet unborn—each of these is a man thinking, each in his own way shares in scholarship.

But for tonight let us be modest enough to disavow the comprehensive view of an Emerson, and narrow our field to more manageable proportions; let us for the moment abandon the species and consider the specimen; not "the" scholar, but "a" scholar, here and now; and to eliminate the confusions of personality I propose as the type no individual, but Wake Forest College in its role as scholar—a composite, certainly, but nevertheless a type.

For every rational man will agree that a college is not buildings and grounds, nor books and equipment. A college is a group of individuals differing in function, but bound together by a common purpose—man as student, man as teacher, man as administrator, but in every case man thinking, not so much about how to sustain life as how to live it.

What light have new days and events thrown on the character and hopes of this composite scholar who lives, not in Massachusetts but in North Carolina, not in 1837 but in 1958? To essay a tentative answer to this question is not foolishly repeating the one great Phi Beta Kappa address, but making a legitimate and perhaps useful commentary on it. For that, Emerson would not expect or desire an apology.

To begin with, all concerned agree that the light itself is pretty lurid. There is said to be an old-fashioned Chinese curse, one that you laid only on a bitter enemy. It was, "May you live in interesting times." The events of the twentieth century thus far have made interesting times. In its first fifty-eight years more blood has been spilled, more cities destroyed, more empires overthrown, and ghastlier crimes committed than in any similar period in recorded history, not forgetting the Thirty Years' War in which Germany was reduced to cannibalism.

And that was not all of it, or the worst of it. Robbery and murder, after all, are old, familiar evils. If, in our time, robbery has been raised from the pillage of a house to the pillage of continents, and if murder has been raised from homicide to genocide, from the killing of a man to the killing of a race, still, these are simply vast exaggerations of horrors we have always known. The toad is bloated to the size of an ox, but he is still the same old toad. If that were all that the twentieth century has brought upon us, we might blame the trouble upon our sloth and carelessness in not checking the evils before they had attained such monstrous size, but we could hardly blame it on our basic concepts. We could say that we need to reform our habits, but not our basic modes of thought.

But even that cold comfort is denied us, for the twentieth century has brought upon us far more than merely a cancerous growth of ancient villainies. It has also shaken our fundamental concepts of the universe around us, and in so doing has led us to suspect the usefulness of our intellectual tools. I do not refer to such spectacular phenomena as atomic fission and fusion and the invasion of outer space from the earth. They are

by-products, entirely neutral, equally capable of construction or destruction, according to the purpose of those who use them.

What I have in mind is something far more basic. The hydrogen bomb is, after all, simply another explosive, new in its composition, but in its effects just gunpowder raised to the nth power. It is what produced the bomb that is new and that has shaken not merely the physical earth under our feet, but the intellectual ground under philosophy itself.

We have witnessed a dissolution of categories that is by far much more frightening than the dissolution of the city of Hiroshima, or of the Bikini atoll. We have learned that what we had regarded as the four pillars of the physical universe, mass, energy, space and time, are not in fact monoliths, but are essentially fluid, merging into one another in such fashion that it is no longer possible to draw a sharp line of demarcation separating them. If there are physical universals, we are not acquainted with them; to the utmost boundary of our knowledge, all things are relative.

This forces the modern scholar to reconsider his modes of thought. An analogy between the physical universe and the moral universe certainly exists, but at precisely what point does it break down—or does it ever break down? If such concepts as mass, energy, space, and time are valid only relatively, what about such concepts as justice, honor, courage and truth? Do not dismiss the question as idle and flippant. We have always known that our view of any of these concepts, say justice, is mutable, changing from century to century, from place to place, even from man to man. We have, however, ascribed this mutability to the lack of precision of our own minds, which we know to be defective instruments. The philosophers who have challenged the concepts themselves we have dismissed as eccentrics.

But the Hegelians, and the Nietzscheans, and the new-fangled Existentialists have come back strong, reinforced by this reasoning from analogy. Traditional scholarship is hard put to it to maintain its position. (Many of us still have faith to believe that the dissolution of the physical universals has no relation whatever to the moral universals; but that belief is an act of faith which we should like to have supported by reason. The first duty of the scholar as Man Thinking is to furnish this support if he can.) Such work was presumably not necessary in 1837, but it is of prime importance in 1958. It is imposed upon every American scholar, including the scholar who resides in the South.

To be specific, it is the first duty of Wake Forest, along with other colleges of liberal arts. This is not clear to all Southerners; there are some who quite honestly believe that the first duty of the college is not to answer the questions propounded by the second half of the twentieth century, but to insist upon the adequacy of the answers that were found in the nineteenth century and earlier. Unfortunately, those answers are not specific enough. Thomas Aquinas, John Calvin, R. W. Emerson were great men, possibly greater than any man living today; but they never heard of the problem of relativity, therefore they presented no solution of that problem. They did not, they could not, do our work for us. We must do it ourselves, and if we lack the genius of those men, that is our misfortune, but it does not release us from the obligation to do the best we can with such talents as God has given us.

We hear constantly repeated a formula that sounds impressive but that is actually as hollow as a bass drum. It is the assertion that Wake Forest should do nothing to shake the faith of Baptist youth. Granted; but that is equivalent to saying that Wake Forest should under no circumstances shave the heads of youth and paint them sea-green. Certainly it should not; but when did the college ever try to do such an insane thing? No more has it ever made an effort to turn any student away from the faith of his fathers.

But neither has this college any right to rivet chains of error on the mind of a student merely because his father may have worn such chains contentedly, never suspecting that he was fettered. To this Baptist audience I commend strongly a recent statement of a Catholic priest, the Rev. Gustave Weigel, speaking to the Catholic University of Windsor and reported in a Catholic magazine, The Commonweal, on January 31 of this year. "A college," said Dr. Weigel, "does not exist only to prevent a young person from being infected by error; it exists positively to show him truth. Nor is truth something once-and-for-all done in the past. It must be achieved anew in every generation."

It is unlikely that Father Weigel and I would ever agree on what is truth; but with the principle he proclaims I do most heartily agree. In fact, I consider it a fine statement of sound Baptist doctrine.

I count it my great good fortune that as a young man, like Saul of Tarsus I sat at the feet of Gamaliel. I was instructed by one of the greatest and best of all the great and good men who have served this college. Before I ever reached Wake Forest I had heard the chatter of foolish and shallow minds asserting that William Louis Poteat was certainly a Doubting Thomas, if not an out-and-out heretic. Great, then, was my surprise to find that this was the man of all the faculty who did most to explode the half-baked skepticism I had developed as a high school boy, and to establish in my mind an intellectual respect for religion that has not been shaken by the experience of fifty years.

Why, then, was the man constantly under attack by persons who fancied themselves leaders of the denomination? I had no answer then, but I have one now. Those men lacked the cardinal virtue of humility. They had fallen into the error of Job's comforters, who assumed that they were the people, and that wisdom should die with them. They could not master the great truth that we are of mature years and dominant in our generation, although we may do passably well for the present, are never good enough for the future. They could not realize that the business of Wake Forest was not to supply the denomination with men as good as they were, but with better men, wiser men, abler men, more competent men.

That is the business of Wake Forest today as it is of every liberal arts college. If it can do no more than supply leaders as good as those we have now, it is a failure, and fit for nothing except to be hauled off by the junk dealer. I will admit that it is a severe test to call upon men of my generation to admit we are not good enough for leadership of the denomination, the state, the nation, twenty years hence. Yet if we are really scholars, that is, men thinking, we know that it is so.

Curiously enough, this kind of scholarship is often found among men who never think of themselves as scholars at all. Conscious that they know little of the lore of books, they are unaware that they are deeply versed in the lore of life, and preserve the humility that accompanies true learning. For when a man has gained some conception of the vast amount he doesn't know, he has taken the first long stride toward scholarship, since realization of his ignorance starts him thinking.

Among such men you seldom find much inclination to interfere with the efforts of the college to come to grips with the problems of modern life. They have grasped the significance of the promise that, "when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." They realize that it is a promise, stated in the future tense; they do not delude themselves that they are already in possession of all truth, and they

are confident that the Spirit of truth will guide them aright.

It is the arrogant of soul who are so certain of their own wisdom that they brand as heresy any contradiction of their dogma. Such men we have always with us, and against them a college that is true to its mission must always contend. Friends of mine, and friends of this college have said to me recently, "Wake Forest is engaged in controversy," shaking their heads. The news is interesting, but why should they shake their heads? So Wake Forest is in controversy—but where else, pray, should Wake Forest be? It is a college, it should be an intellectual leader. If it leads, it must be in advance of the main body. If it is in advance of the main body some, especially those who do not know which way is forward, will denounce it.

The fact that the college is in controversy means nothing; the crux of the matter is what the controversy is about. If it is a quarrel over where a new building shall be placed, or how much shall be spent on it, there may be reason to be disturbed. But if it is a battle of ideas, then in the midst of the fight is right where the college ought to be. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

The liberal arts college that is located in the South is doubly exposed because it faces not only the problems poused by modern science and technology, but also those inherited from an old catastrophe, one older than the Civil War. That war destroyed the economic and social systems of the South, but the war itself was the result of an earlier destruction of the political philosophy of the South. We cannot undo the effects of the war, but we can restore the philosophy if our intellectual leaders are minded to do so.

Under the Virginia Dynasty—which really includes John Marshall, as well as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—Southern political thinking was nothing if not realistic and, solidly based on reality, it was brilliant beyond all precedent. But later, under such leaders as Calhoun, Hayne, Toombs and Davis, it was anything but realistic, and this divorce from reality precipitated the disastrous war. The issue on which romanticism won its victory over realism happened to be that of Negro slavery, but if it had been won on any other issue the result would have been the same.

The art of government cannot be practiced indefinitely on the basis of wishful thinking. It may work for a time, but unless government conforms to the facts as they are, not as we wish they were and perhaps ought to be, it will end in a crash. The moral judgment of mankind had condemned slavery before the date of the Missouri Compromise, but the slave-holding interest of the South proceeded on the romantic theory that it had not been condemned and made that theory national policy from 1820 to 1861; but then came the crash.

Mussolini made the romantic lie of the Roman Empire good for twenty years, but then he ended hung up by his heels on a meatrack. Hitler held to the romantic lie of the Master Race for twelve years, but then he ended as a suicide under the ruins of flaming Berlin. The most successful romancers of modern times are the Russians, who have upheld the delusion of dialectical materialism for forty-one years, exceeding the record of the slave-holding interest. But if the thing is, as I believe, essentially a lie it will end in a crash and it is greatly to be feared that the crash by its very magnitude may involve the rest of us.

Every political leader worth his salt knows that the successful conduct of public affairs depends upon maintaining contact with reality, but the determination of what is real is often beyond him. Absorbed all day long in the management of details, he usually lacks the time, even when he has the intellectual endowment, to go behind appearances and find reality. He should be relieved of the necessity. Scholars who are not involved personally in politics should do it for him. Wake Forest, for instance, has no legitimate place in North Carolina politics; but it should be an arsenal of ideas open to Governors, Senators, Representatives, Judges and all other public servants. Wake Forest has the time and the facilities to undertake the labor of distinguishing fact from wishful thinking, and when it fails to do so it is not serving the state.

But bear in mind that the fraudulent policy that leads to disaster is based on wishful thinking, and pay particular attention to the word "wishful." Calhoun insisted on seeing the world, not as it was, but as he and his followers wished it to be. When we ardently wish one thing, we dislike the man who tells us that it is not so, and the more often he proves to be right, the more we dislike him. If the chief aim of Wake Forest is to gain the admiration and applause of the state of North Carolina, then if it should instantly renounce its allegiance to truth and go in for romanticism, for that way popularity lies. But that is not the way to greatness, that is not the way to usefulness, that is not the way to freedom, for "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

So much for the special problems that confront the scholar because he lives in North Carolina; what, then, of the special problems that confront him because he lives in 1958? That is to say, what of the temporal, rather than the geographical situation of our generation?

There, indeed, we enter an area where angels fear to tread, and to rush in with blind arrogance is assuredly the part of none but fools. Nevertheless venture we must, for it is all a part of our time, and to attempt to live outside of our own time would be to repeat the blunder that destroyed us in 1861. But in this case destruction would fall not merely on the southeastern quarter of the United States, but on all western civilization.

I referred earlier to the dissolution of categories, the crumbling of the very foundations of thought about the physical universe. On that topic I have nothing more to say, for I am not a scientist, and only a man deeply versed in the new learning has any right to an opinion on what the recent advances of mathematical physics signify. But I am a man and—at long intervals, perhaps, but occasionally—a man thinking; as such, I have plenty to say, not as a scientist, but as a scholar in the Emersonian rather than the academic sense.

I have described as lurid the light in which new days and events have bathed us,

but that is true only in part. The light is compound, derived from many sources—the red glow of hell-fire over Hiroshima and Hungary; the reflected light of the sun, that cold and neutral moon-glow from those small objects that we have lifted beyond the atmosphere and set to circling around the earth; and from the harnessing of the atomic power, a rosy gleam, a hint of the dawn of Aristotle's day when the shuttle shall move itself and earth's last slave shall be free.

Terror and wonder and awe, said the Greeks, are the components of high tragedy. They are all here, but with an addition that the definition of tragedy does not include, that last spirit to escape from Pandora's box, Hope with the iridescent wings. With this addition, we cannot assert without reservation that the drama we are witnessing is the tragedy of mankind, for we do not know that it is. We must find another word for it, and finding that word is the great task of scholarship.

The man who could tell us plainly how to approach this task would be the greatest sage of our time. But while I have no idea how to reach it, I do think I know in which direction the goal lies. I think the avenue of approach is through study of a question that the Psalmist asked: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

Not Christianity alone, but every great spiritual religion is based on faith that the Creator is mindful of his creature, man. The Christian explanation is that in man alone among the animals God implanted a spark of divine fire that under proper conditions can be fanned into flame; and the man flaming with the fire of God, like the burning bush that was not consumed, makes the place whereon he standeth holy ground. This is the tradition of the saints.

To search out and identify this spark of divinity is the first step toward learning how it may be nursed into flame, which is the goal of education. Something may be accomplished, no doubt, by homiletics based on dogma, but not much; far more effective is study of the attribute that we call greatness, wherever and whenever it has appeared among men. For I do not understand how a Christian can deny that any true greatness is a flash of the divine fire, whether it makes its appearance in a Father of the Church, or in a pagan, or even in a recusant who has formally denied the faith, not knowing what the true faith is.

To accomplish this, scientific education alone is not enough. To know the way of an electron in infinitestimal space is all very well, and so it is to know the way of the galaxies in the outermost regions of infinite space, and to determine the relation between them, as Einstein tried to do. But none of that is as profound or as important as to know the way of a man in the realm of the spirit.

Proof of it is the triumph of this very physical science that has astounded and appalled us. The hydrogen bomb is the most tremendous expression of physical power that man has attained since recorded history began. Recently our engineers exploded underground a hydrogen bomb which they described as a rather small one; but it is said that four hundred thousand cubic yards of rock were reduced to amorphous powder, and at the detonation in New Mexico the earth quaked in Alaska. Yet, more powerful than the bomb is the mind that created it.

We have hurled into outer space artificial moons carrying instruments so cunningly devised that they are even now reporting to us things that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." Yet these wanderers through the abyss between the planets are not as far-reaching as the mind that created them.

"We are equal," said Bertrand Russell, "to all that we can understand." Our understanding has been extended, in these portentous years, immeasurably upward beyond the stars, and immeasurably downward into the depths of the atom. But how far has it been extended on our own level? The answer to that question is much less glorious. Our penetration into the mysteries of the human heart has been so slight that it is doubtful that we know any more than Homer knew about what it is that makes God mindful of man. The old, blind poet realized that the spark of greatness is the answer, and so do we; but to define greatness we are as impotent as he was.

Homer did not know, however, that with the touch of a finger we can release the earthquake, and the hurricane of fire, and the mushroom cloud that casts the shadow of slow and dreadful death. It is the triumph of science that has revealed to us such majesty and might in the divine spark of reason as reduced Achilles to a children's toy, and made the Thunderer of Olympus himself no more than a shadow of real power.

It is the task of science to determine and explain the results that may follow the use of the mind, and science has worked at its task with a success that staggers and somewhat appals us; but the brilliance of science has only revealed the dimensions of the task that still lies before philosophy—the task of tracing and understanding the source of this puissance that science has revealed. For it is as true today as it was when Elijah covered his face and trembled that the Lord is not in the hurricane, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire. Now, as in the days of the prophet, they are no more than evidence that the Lord passed by. Direful as they are, they are less important than the still, small voice that persists when the terrors have passed away.

We must admit, then, that the light that new days and events have thrown on the character of the scholar reveals him as somewhat out of balance, amazing as a thinker, but as a man advancing with dragging feet; and he will not restore the balance until he bestirs himself to bring his philosophy abreast of his science. But the light thrown on his hopes is altogether different; for if the task before him is immeasurably great, so is the promised reward. That spark of divinity in man that makes God mindful of him is immensely more potent, immensely vaster, immensely more wide-ranging than the saints and sages of the past could ever guess.

We are equal to all that we can understand; and to the extent that we can begin to understand true greatness as it appears in men, and how and why it appears, we have the radiant hope of employing that force to carry us forward, not into a new world, but a new universe of power, and beauty, and truth.

Red balloons, ice cream wrappers, water pistols, Pete's world . . .

Expectancy

By Betty Jane Upchurch

PETE SANK TO THE CURB, his bare toes pointed in, his elbows propped on his knees and his head dropped into his hands and his chubby cheeks under the wrinkled wistful green elms. In the street before him lay an ice-cream wrapper, the kind he had been saving for months for a guaranteed plastic water pistol. Pete made no move to get it. The smells of oil drippings, boiled cabbage, garlic and heavy factory smoke still hung over the neighborhood. A large transport truck squeezed through the narrow side street. Hitting a hole in the pavement, the van spewed muddy water soaking the wrapper and splattering Pete's smudged face. From a narrow window high above, Mrs. Lupe shook her rugs and screamed some unintelligible Puerto Rican chatter across the alley to a friend. Inside the tall, drab framework behind Pete, doors slammed, children cried, women shouted.

Somewhere up the sidewalk some neighborhood kids were playing a game of hopscotch. Though of various nationalities, they looked uniformly alike with skinned knees and faded, torn misfits. They called to Pete to join their play; but he did not budge from his position. A gang of levi-clad boys sauntered by, kicked a trash can which clattered down the walk, and flicked a cigarette butt at the hunched form on the curb. Pete did not look up. He was too grown-up to cry at their cruelty, too young and too independent to fear the word "sissy." He did not even wave to his friend, the jolly fish-cart man.

Pete had done without long enough. He had to find some way to get that balloon. He saw the balloon. It was a big one with thick rubber that would last and last and last and never pop! It would be just like the one in the Christmas parade last year with the painted face and cardboard ears and feet. At first, it would be on a stick to "wave" at the people. Then he would tie a string around the puckered knotted end and fly it about the tall buildings like a kite. Pete puffed his cheeks as he thought

Illustration By Dixie Hobbs

how much fun it would be to watch the thick rubber stretch and swell and shine under the power of his breath. He would hold it up and watch himself make faces in its shiny surface. And the kids would all stand around—in a circle, he decided—so that they could see. Then, they would all play with it together. It would be red, very red like a giant cherry. He would rub his finger over the stretched rubber which could squall and the kids would know how tight he could blow a big balloon like that.

In his enthusiasm for the size and thrill of the balloon, he almost forgot that it was only a product of his longing. In spite of his environment, it never occurred to Pete to steal. He was officer Flanagan's helper and he ran errands for the sisters at the mission. Pete was going to be a fireman and soon he was going to start school. (Pete thought that the reason his mother didn't like those "hot-blooded" children that ate smelly foods was because they didn't go to school.) Because of his environment, Pete would never ask anyone for a balloon. He knew that the women each had a hiding place like his mother's cookie jar from the "Old Country" for the factory or dock-yard wages.

FOR THIS REASON none of the other tenement kids had real playthings, either, especially a big, red balloon! And for this reason Pete did not think of asking his mother, he had not even seriously thought of how he might get the balloon. He had simply dreamed of the bright rubber bulging out under his puffs and waving high up above the roof-top of the apartment building with all the other kids watching and playing, too. Pete had been resigned to doing without; but today the longing was so acute, he saw the balloon so clearly, that he must find a way of having it.

Deliberately, he pushed himself up from the curb. Maybe he could *find* the money! He walked in the street, letting his toes search the rubble of leaves, soggy papers and rotten fruit peelings piled against the curbing. At first the children nearby called him to play; but when he had gone beyond his own neighborhood, they snickered behind his unfamiliar face. Pete did not feel sorry for himself, but once having realized that there might be a chance to get the balloon by himself, he doggedly continued his search. He cut through more side streets and alleys, kicking the pebbles over, his eyes scanning the path. He did not stoop to pick up a prize ice-cream wrapper. When he sat down again, several hours later, before his building, his feet were bruised and burning beneath the coat of grime. One toe was sliced by the sharp edge of a rusty tin can lid. There was no jingle of coins in his pocket.

But Pete did not now give up the idea that there must be some way that he could find for getting the balloon. "Earning" it would make the big funny balloon with ears and feet even more fun! For the first time he thought of a "job," and he began to retrace his steps with a sense of urgency and a happy sense of anticipation, his smarting feet forgot.

Only two blocks away was Mr. Porcelli's curb market where Pete's mother bought long loves of bread, beans, and wilted lettuce on good credit. Mr. Porcelli was a round man who wiped his hands over the meat-smeared apron, twitched his heavy, grey mustache and scattered the "urchins" away from the candy jar in the front window with one swift piercing glance over the small round spectacles. Pete was not afraid when he entered the store, however, because he was feeling very grown-up. Pete waited behind a tall carton of produce while Mr. Porcelli weighed out two pounds of yams, shook open a paper bag, and marked it with a heavy green crayon.

PULLING his shoulders straight, he ran his fingers through the thick crop of red hair and stepped up to the big, blustering proprietor.

"Do ya have need of a boy to sweep ya floor, sir?" His voice cracked with a sudden qualm. Shocked, Mr. Porcelli stared back at the boy.

Persuadingly, pleadingly, Pete said, "See," and he gave a circular sweep with his foot, raking in vegetable leaves, paper, and dirt."

"O. K., O. K.—sure, go ahead, sonny."

Eagerly Pete searched the back of the store until he found a broom buried beneath cardboard cartons and wooden fruit crates. He began in the front sweeping his way back with hard strokes so that the dust rose, and sifted down through the ray of sunlight from the showcase window and tickled the inside of Pete's nose. He swept behind every counter, around each box. Methodically, yet vigorously he worked, whistling, and carefully resweeping each plank. The broom handle extended two feet over his head. Using a box top for a dust pan, he collected the trash; pushed the screen door open with his back; and shooing the swarming flies, he dumped the filth into a huge garbage can. Then as if pleased with his work, he brushed his hands together and then over the seat of his faded jeans.

Mr. Porcelli stood next to the cash register checking out a young expectant mother's groceries. When he had finished, Pete walked up and extended his crusty palm toward the pudgy proprietor. Again Mr. Porcelli stared at the boy puzzled and surprised. Then, remembering that the boy had been working for an hour and supposing that he must be expecting some sort of a payment, he pitched the boy a large green pie apple. The enthusiasm and excitement faded from Pete's eyes and his chin almost quivered. Again the man reached beneath the counter and tossed him a small green orange. Pete made no effort to catch it, and the fruit hit the rough plank floor, burst and splattered its rotten pulp over his stinging feet. Pete put the apple on the ledge of the cash register, turned and ran.

Several minutes later Officer Flanagan, the boy's best friend, found him heaving with rage and disappointment, but not crying. Already Pete was trying to think of another way to have the balloon. Officer Flanagan lowered himself on to the curb next to the boy. Since the first time he had brought Pete's drunken father in from the Tavern they had been friends, had adopted each other. Often Pete made the afternoon rounds with his policeman friend and helped him return straying dogs to their owners. On several occasions in hard times Flanagan had subtly kept the boy from going hungry. Pete shared every little joy and sorrow with his friend; and the officer, who was without a son of his own, boasted that the boy would make something of himself one day.

"How come so low today?"

Without reservations, Pete told him the whole story of wanting a balloon and added, "I *know* you can tell me how to get one." Asking the officer for anything had never occurred to the boy.

"Well, let's see. Where there is a will there's a way." Flanagan would have liked to dig in his pocket and hand the boy the money—but this he could not and would not do to hurt Pete. After a moment he spoke in a businesslike manner, "Go tell Sister Marian at the mission that Officers Flanagan and Cates will come for dinner at 7:00 on Wednesday evening—and—and tomorrow afternoon I will pay you. I will bring you a balloon—a red one."

Pete just looked at his friend, his jaw slightly dropped, his eyes wide. Could he actually mean that tomorrow he would have his balloon!

"Run on, my boy. Be quick about it!"

"Yes sir!" The boy leaped up and turned towards the church, suddenly breaking into a run.

BEFORE he went to bed, Pete reached under his thin, lumpy mattress and pulled out a bundle that smelled like stale chocolate and sour cream. He went up the narrow, dark stairway in the apartment house and called one of his playmates who lived on the top floor.

"Here." Pete thrust the carefully tied packet of smeared wrappers at his friend with pride.

"You mean it? For keeps?"

"Yeh."

"Gosh! Gee! I'll bet I can get my pistol now." The little fellow excitedly ran back to count the new wrappers. Pete was somewhat disappointed at not having been asked the cause of his generosity and thus being deprived of a chance to tell about the balloon he would have tomorrow. But his excitement was not crushed, and he could show the kids his treasure tomorrow, and he went to bed.

Pete slept very little that night, lying awake with his heart pounding in the simple joy of expectancy. It would be the first toy he had ever had for his very own; unless he counted the Bible that he couldn't read which the mission lady gave him. He dreamed again all the dreams of the balloon and when he dropped wearily off to sleep, the dreams went on, only the balloon was bigger and redder, and even had a tail with the ears and feet.

Oh! Would tomorrow ever come! Would the dream ever really come true?

Tomorrow did come—and that funny, quivery feeling of expectancy was still beating inside Pete. He got up early, yet did not feel weary from the tiring day before and restless night. Again, he did not join the others in play—this day was too special. Today he would own a balloon—a big, red one! He was on the curb waiting at 7:30 a.m. The day seemed long because of the waiting, but the waiting was happy, exciting and fun. The curb was hard, but Pete did not budge. Suffering was all a part of the excitement. By mid-afternoon, Pete was restless, but not anxious. He had no fear that Officer Flanagan would disappoint him.

"Sorry, I was held up, son. No stray dogs for you today." The officer began to tell the boy of the day's events. And then, pretending to suddenly remember something, he fished in his pocket. "Oh, here's your pay for yesterday's errand."

Pete scratched the back of a leg with his foot and held the wad of soft rubber as tenderly as if it were a bird's egg. It was minutes before he stammered, "Oh gee, oh, thanks . . . thank you sir!"

Understandingly, the officer rumpled the boy's hair, then sauntered off down the street twirling his club, leaving Pete alone in the first moments of speechless fulfillment.

For a moment Pete let the balloon lie there softly in the palm of his hand. He was so excited about the dream come true that he did not even notice that the balloon was of the small five-cent variety—that it was nothing at all like the ones in the Christmas parade, that there was no painted face and no cardboard ears. As if suddenly remembering what the toy was for, he raised it to his lips and watched the color grow paler as the curve grew shinier. He touched it tenderly, then rubbed harder with one finger. It squalled like skidding bike tires. He decided not to blow it any larger. Carefully he knotted the rubber, then held the balloon to his cheek to feel if there were any air escaping. A feeling that Pete did not understand replaced the elation that had filled him all morning—that bubbly almost scared feeling inside and happy at the same time like the way he felt on Christmas Eve when there was hope of a few nuts and a peppermint or licorice stick in the morning. The new feeling bothered Pete; he did not like it as well as the other exciting feeling. He tried making faces in the balloon but they weren't very funny. That feeling kept bothering him. It was the way he felt when he had finished his only cone of cotton candy. He bounced the balloon up in the air, chasing it about the sidewalk, batting it gently, then with more force, finally swatting the red bubble that seemed annoyingly fragile. He wished he had a stick or a long string so that he could wave it high in the air. That new feeling was sinking—it was in his stomach.

He found the other kids playing tag in the alley around the corner. They gathered around eyeing Pete's new plaything. Some of the little girls said how pretty it was and reached out to touch its cool, shiny surface. They batted it around several times, but the wind had more control over its direction than did the children. It was no fun for them all to play with the balloon. Someone called, "Bud, you're it," and the children scattered. Pete just stood there holding his balloon. Bud rushed at him and swatted him across the shoulders. "Tag! You're it!" Pete turned toward home. Once he was in front of home again, he skipped about trying to make up a game to go with the new toy. The feeling was still there like nothing good was *going* to happen. He untied its mouth and blew it up again. He sat down on the curb again. For a few minutes he turned the balloon over and over in his hands. Deliberately, he raised it to his mouth, paused and ground his teeth into the stretched, shiny rubber. He did not jump when it burst. The balloon lay limp in his hands. He stretched the rubber over his mouth and stuck his tongue into it, blowing and forming little "bubbles" that he squeezed "to death." He tossed the punctured red scrap into an open trash can and turned toward the alley. He spied an ice-cream wrapper, scooped it up with his toes and stuffed it into the back pocket of his jeans. He wondered how long it would take to save enough for a plastic water pistol.

ROBERT E.

LEE

HOTEL

Is college life today an incentive for creative writing . . .

The Poet In College

By Jerry Matherly

THE SHEER bulk of poetry submitted to the magazine has always been a source of amazement for the editors. Year after year the number of poems brought to the editors' attention has kept at the near unbelievable rate of seven to ten a week. Short-stories, if it is anything like a "lucky" year, will make their appearance only about seven times in the course of the whole nine months. And essays are in the same rare category as the fiction. But poetry continues to flow into the office until the filing cabinets are running over and the reading time of the staff nearly exhausted.

To any reader of the magazine, however, it must be quite obvious that little—indeed only a very minute part—of the total mass of student-written poetry ever reaches the pages of the magazine. The reason is simple enough: ninety per cent of the works submitted are bad. Perhaps "bad" is a strong word, but the editors must judge the works as poetry and most of the would-be poems never make the grade. Generally the poets have something to say: we will grant them that. It is not as if they have decided they would like to see their names in print and so have sat down and dashed off a few lines to be rushed to the magazine office. The proverbial boat is missed by most student poets not because they have failed to think but because they failed to understand the nature of poetry.

Poetry is not merely an outlet for some deeply felt emotion; it is not merely a vehicle for parading a favorite idea or theory. Like all art forms it has its techniques and the quality of a poem, to a large extent, depends on how well these techniques have been learned. Craftsmanship and emotion must go hand and hand; the true expression of the one depends on the proper use of the other. Student poets generally fail to realize this fact, this necessity. Some of them may be vaguely conscious of hearing about meter, rhyme, and stanza in their English classes, but they certainly show little evidence of having understood their proper use.

Many of the poems, for instance, rhyme well enough. That is to say "sky" rhymes with "tie" or "sighing" with "flying" or even—Heaven forbid—"love" with "dove". The use of the couplet is a difficult thing. The greatest poets of the English language have had trouble with it, and contemporary poets shy away from it as if it were the plague itself. There is little wonder, then, that inexperienced writers should be guilty of its malusage. The easiest way to avoid such obvious pitfalls is simply not to use them unless one is absolutely sure (or nearly as it is humanly possible) that the rhyme is of definite originality and value. Of course one cannot tell a poet what to do and expect him to follow advice blindly, but one can warn and point out the more dangerous curves in the road.

STILL it is not the misuse of certain poetic tools that make most of the poetry bad. They contribute to the overall effect and in rare instances, if they were omitted or changed, a good poem could be produced. The major difficulty is with the more important matter of metaphor. T. S. Eliot, Robert Penn Warren, and other poets and critics have painfully pointed out that the metaphor is the very soul of poetry. More than any other artist the poet is acutely aware of the necessity for saying things that are old in a new way. A young man in love, spring, rain, a sunset are all accepted—and rightly so—themes for the poet. Such themes have been written about in great volume for ages and will continue to be written about just as voluminously. That comparatively little poetry has survived the passage of centuries can be easily verified by any scholar who has had to take a very long look into the "dusty lumber room" of literature. In the future the case will be the same: little poetry will survive. The poetry that survives is poetry that is the most original in its presentation of presupposed depth. By original there is not meant to be a connotation of shocking. Anyone that has come up against the hopeless quackery of some modern writers will realize that the freak in poetry has little place unless it is used with a great deal of insight. Most student writers fail to present their ideas in a new way; they fail, perhaps are simply unable, to use a striking metaphor for beauty's sake. They are content to arrange their thinking into patterned lines and to call it poetry.

An answer to this problem can be made by the type of reading done by the students. Many of them seem to have read only Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lear. Their poetry consequently commits the sins these two poets were guilty of in a much lesser degree. On the other hand, some of the young poets seem to have read only Cummings or Eliot or Auden (and these in small doses), and their poetry suffers from an over emphasis on the esoteric and the unusual. It is not unusual for students attracted to this type of poetry to rant and rave to the editors that they (the editors) do not wish to publish anything "worthwhile", i.e., anything difficult to understand. What they fail to realize is that difficulty in poetry does not make it worthwhile. Puzzles may be fun to work, but there are more valuable ways to spend one's time, especially if one wants to become a poet in any measure.

The most common theme for student poetry is religion, and, perhaps no more should be said. People who are readers of poetry to any extent realize that of the little good poetry only a microscopic part of it is religious. Who has written well about religious subjects? Dante, Milton, Donne, only the greats of the age. But still, when one reads through a whole little volume, carefully bound and impeccably typed, that contains nothing but someone's religious views one is tempted to say a great deal—and to say a great deal of unkind things at that. Sentimentality is rampant in student-written religious poetry, and probably nothing is worse than religious sentimentality. It would probably come as a surprise to such writers that few people care to read of their convictions and of their aspirations. They would probably be horrified if they could realize how narrow and shallow they appear in their poetry.

NATURALLY with the youth of college students there is an interest in love—in boy-meet-girl and boy must write about girl love. Again the poetry of love is known to be difficult to write. Few poets have managed to write about "romantic" love without gushing and/or turning red. The typical poetry of a young man in love

with a college coed is likely to sound like the nightmares of a college English professor whose favorite poet is Petrarch. What with the "moons over oceans", and "the pansies for Patsy" (actual line) and "I shall love you 'til I die" poetry hardly stands a chance. It probably would not be bad advice for college writers that they should only give their love poems to their beloveds in sealed envelopes across the aisle in Psych 2.

AT THE door of the office, on rare, rare days, there is heard the sound of a poet knocking. Generally they give no outward sign of being a poet: few of them have beards or wear sandals or affect any of the other supposed standard paraphenalia for poets. They let us read their poetry, they talk with us, and we realize and they realize that they have finally, in some way, captured for a short time that elusive bird of poetry. What makes their poetry different from the great mass of the other poetry we receive? Sincerity, originality, simplicity: the old standards that few fail to take into account simply because they are the old standards.

Poetry in colleges as a whole is getting better. Two editions of *New Campus Writing* makes this evident. Perhaps no great poets are being produced in colleges. The college system itself is scarcely inducive to any sort of creative work—much less such concentrated work as is needed to produce poetry. Poetry that is tutored solely in an academic way is not likely to be valuable or even readable. Though there can never be any cut made between the heart and the mind in creative work, certainly most people would acknowledge the need for sensitivity's having the upper hand in poetry.

Wake Forest is not a college that has been notable for its achievement or encouragement in the arts. Two poets, Benjamin Sledd and John Charles McNeil, have been connected with the college; but no one can rightly call them "serious" poets. At the present time, for that manner in the last ten years, there has always been that small spark of interest burning for writing poetry. In its recent history the magazine has published a few good poems. And it can be argued that the few good ones make up for the innumerable bad ones.

A great deal of it is written and very little of it is worth reading. Youthful spontaneity has an important place in poetry. To be prolific is often to be a conscientious worker. Religion and romance are two of the most important parts of any human being's life. But discipline and selection are the words to the wise for the poet in college who wants to express himself and have what he writes published.

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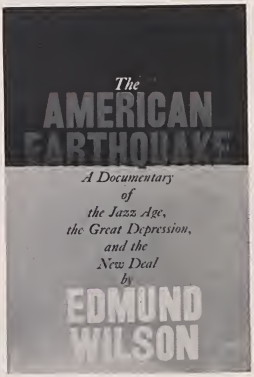
April Review - -

By Phillip Couch

ANOTHER facet of Edmund Wilson's remarkable talent was revealed this winter with the publication by Doubleday of a collection of Wilson's magazine sketches dating from the '20's and '30's. Grouped under the title *The American Earthquake*, this volume parallels Mr. Wilson's previous volume of perceptive literary criticism, *The Shores of Light*, by bringing together from the same period the essays, vignettes, portrait pieces, dialogues, and short satires dealing with many sides of the changing social scene just before and through the catastrophic Great Depression. The book is subtitled unpretentiously a "Documentary of the Jazz Age, the Great Depression, and the New Deal," but the term "documentary" only explains the tone of the book from the point of view of its wide range of subjects, its discontinuity of theme and literary form, and its overall objectivity.

The American Earthquake shows two sides of Mr. Wilson's genius: a masterful understanding of the complexity of human character and a satirist's joy in exposing humbug. Both of equal importance is the presence one feels of intelligence, an urbane intelligence of mind also responsive to tastes far in advance of his time. Though *The Shores of Light* contains the most conclusive evidence of Wilson's discernment in matters artistic, there largely in literature, the newer volume has a few short essays dating from the mid '20's on Stravinsky, Georgia O'Keefe, film comedians, and contemporary architecture which satisfy the reader's curiosity as to whether the critic's ears and eyes are corroborated by our opinions some 30 years later.

The core of the book, spanning the worst year of the Depression, October 1930 to October 1931, is true to Carlyle's dictum that "biography is the only true history." Or it might be said that *The American Earthquake* at this point frequently resembles a panoramic novel. Men and women, struggling against the humiliations of the Depression, come forth in Detroit, in Brooklyn, in Chattanooga, in Kentucky, in West Virginia and present their "case histories." Each human chronicle, sometimes laconic to an almost unendurable degree, gives the pitiless facts of the case: a large family to support, but the husband without work for months; all of the family savings gone, and the house, even with two children sick, to be repossessed; nowhere any hope. Such a situation ends perhaps with the suicide of the father, unrelieved tragedy; or in the case of the Dimiceli says that the Italians who come to the United States and go in for racketeering have wonderful opportunities, but that it is no place for a skilled machinist." ("A Bad Day in Brooklyn").



The effects are direct and devastating. Or with the "Red Cross and County Agent" episode, set in the Kentucky hills, a terse but delicate account of officials' attempting to alleviate the suffering brought on by the Depression, the tone is still objective but less intense: "Miss Dabney, as a Red Cross Worker, does not get so close to life as she hoped, because she has always felt that she made poor people shy and that they even on some occasions resented her, and this has made her shy, too."

The language, speech rhythms, and vocabulary are perfectly matched to the speakers, and it is rare that Mr. Wilson intervenes to offer any comments of his own. One is implicitly aware of his sympathies, his compassion. A different effect, however, is achieved when with a subtle change of pitch he tunes down his writing and arrives at ironic understatement; or by an opposite method, exaggeration, creating a contrasting effect: ironic overstatement. A passage introducing a satirical description of gaudy, bit-time Los Angeles evangelism should be quoted to point out the controlled vereatility of Mr. Wilson's style: "From the heart of thriving Los Angeles rise the grooves of gorgeous business cathedrals: the blue Avocado Building, bawdy as the peacock's tail, with its frieze of cute little kewpids; the golden Lubrication Building, one of the glories of Southern California, which has just failed for $50,000,000; the regal and greenish Citrus Building, made throughout of the purest lime candy, which has gone a little sugary from the heat ("The City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels"). The careful choice of the concrete, here served up in a mock heroic vein playfully harmonizing with the exuberance of Southern California, gives another example of the great variety of scenes and tones offered in the volume, for the reader feels in every turn of phrase that Mr. Wilson is in full control of his writing instrument.

More perhaps than in any other work, his fiction, his plays or his criticism, Edmund Wilson in *The American Earthquake* demonstrates the brilliant virtuosity of his skill as a literary artist. With a few well directed strokes he can create a setting and then proceed to the exposition of his characters who in their turn often seem to speak without intermediary to the reader. Rarely does the author waste words in bearing down on his subject, and in the passages which impose an atmosphere on a scene: rain, night, noon in the Western desert, he goes about his work sensitive to poetic effects but aware of the dangers of abusing rhetoric. The range of his choice of subjects, from a New York treater to a West Virginia mob of strikers, and the balance of tone which he is always able to command from his pen assure Wilson his due recognition as a great contemporary stylist.

THERE are some shocking facts about American life exposed in this volume, but Mr. Wilson neither screams at his readers nor panders a remedial morality. The people and the things are there, in broad relief, without apology and without the overbearing presence of the author. Even the moderate Marxism, never overt as in so much of the writing from the

period, shows its deliberate influence only in the occasional choice of subject matter. Mr. Wilson's values are not doctrinal, but human and humanitarian, perhaps shocking in themselves to some readers. One may only hope that either Mr. Wilson himself or another writer equal to him in style and artistic integrity can do justice in "documentary" form to the Truman and Eisenhower eras.

Mr. Five Per Cent

By Robert Fitzgerald

MR. FIVE PER CENT is about an Armenian who at one time was reputed to be "The Richest Man In The World." "Gulbenkian, Calouste Sarkis: financier, industrialist, diplomat, churchman, philanthropist, connoisseur and Casanova. Creator of the Iraq Petroleum Company Limited. Founder of the international charitable Gulbenkian Foundation." He was born March 23, 1869, at Scutari, near Constantinople, and died July 20, 1955, at Lisbon worth an estimated $450,000,000.

He was of Turkish nationality. Since Turkey was not particularly rich as a whole, Calouste learned diplomacy as his first and most important lesson. It was his diplomacy that later married him into the foremost family in Turkey, and still later helped him walk through most of the Middle East palaces.

Calouste's family was well off compared with the rest of the Turkish families, but Calouste learned to burn inside when he had to look across a sound and see the magnificent home of the Essayans. He made up his mind then to marry into the Essayan family. He met Nevarte Essayan in her home when she was ten years old. He decided to marry her on the spot. But first he had to prove the worth of his ambition, and he was ambitious. He later won her hand while strolling with Nevarte's father in England. The Essayans lived in a huge and great house there in England, but when Calouste and Nevarte's passed a Bayswater house even bigger than the Essayan house, the young Gulbenkian paused, then stopped turning to Mr. Essayan saying, "That's where I am going to live!" Nevarte's father laughed, but he was impressed. Gulbenkian had won. The marriage was arranged. Young Calouste was on his way.

He had always been a prodigy. He loved competition as he proved in his later fights with the greatest financial giants of the century. He was born with oil in his veins. It is said that had Gulbenkian not lived, the European oil magnates would have had to invent him. He alone had the knowledge to see through the development of the oil reserves of the Asia Minor.

In 1887 Calouste, at the age of only nineteen, graduated as an Associate of King's College with a First Class in Civil Engineering. He also won medals in science and engineering. His whole life can be described as one continual process of hard work. It was not that he had to work. He knew how to play and played at those few things he liked. He seemed to possess a fanatical desire to be doing something constructively every minute.

He loved money, but it was only a symbol of that mysterious drive that made him constantly alert. Money itself was secondary to him. He was no miser. He worked because he was dedicated to his work, his dedication amounting almost to a mania. He never wanted a show. In fact he went out of his way to avoid any publicity. So strong was his desire for privacy that he became known as the "Mystery Millionaire".

From his early manhood through his eighty-sixth year, Gulbenkian's life was one of steady progress. From Turkey he went to England. He became a naturalized British subject in 1902. It might seem that he had left the home of his fortune. Such was never true. Calouste never even saw the oil fields where most of his money was made. He was an internationalist, not only as far as personal ties were concerned, but in his business connections also.

Gulbenkian was one of the primary reasons for the Royal Dutch-Shell merger thus creating one of the three largest corporations in the world today. It was in 1912 that Gulbenkian introduced Sir Henri Deterding into the Turkish Petroleum Company. Deterding was Dutch, but as ambitious as Gulbenkian. Together they built Royal Dutch-Shell into Standard Oil's major competitor.

Deterding and Gulbenkian were motivated by the same drive, but their methods were widely different. They came to despise each other, but they stood off from one another and despised with a mutual admiration. They both knew they were above the ordinary. Now they each wanted to be bigger than the other. It was jealousy, but the type that strong and ambitious men are made of. Mr. Hewins grasped this idea from the first and developed his character with amazing consistency.

Calouste had an exacting mind. He was often referred to as the human calculating machine. He had no patience with slow and dull people. His theory was to do yourself all work you wanted well done. At times he trusted others to do some of his less important work, but never did he allow anyone to see into the chambers of his intricate strategy.

Gulbenkian became a great collector of fine arts. He learned to recognize the good from the mediocre. Art was to him a kind of flower garden in which to plant his money. Art was an investment and it paid high dividends. He had an eye for fine quality in both works of art and in women.

He took his women as most everything else—with no fanfare, but, nevertheless, practical. There was never any real quarrel between him and his wife over his numerous love affairs. He loved and respected his wife above all. She knew this. His women were like a fine stable of horses. He never took one out until he had had her groomed especially for himself. For time he parted with one, he made a generous settlement with her. He was the ultimate of propriety.

From the wealth of the Middle East oil, Gulbenkian died with a mere 5% coming to him. This often ran over a million a month.

MR. FIVE PER CENT is devoid of none of the facts. In places it is burdensome reading due to the numerous technology. It is certainly no book to be read for an afternoon of pleasure. It has not only the details of Gulbenkian's known life, but also the technological data of the development of the oil fields of Asia Minor. For anyone interested in the development of the oil industry, I recommend this book highly.

Reprinted from past edition . . .

The Writer In College

John Durham, who is now a graduate student in English at Duke University, graduated from Wake Forest in 1955. Editor of THE STUDENT *during the 1953-1954 year, Durham was a noteable contributor to the magazine throughout his College career. Durham's interests were not confined to the literary, for he was a member of a literary society, the debate team, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.*

The essay, which is reprinted here, was written by Durham the year after his editorship. As he points out, the view he takes is from that of retirement and necessarily is one man's viewpoint resulting from personal experiences. However, the old question of when ARE we going to have a better magazine is still with us. Durham's answer is confined to the writer in general. In another essay in this issue the poet in particular is discussed.

THE PROBLEM of THE STUDENT magazine has always been a lack of writers. As I look back at a past year of editing THE STUDENT, two things stand out in my mind. One of them is the small number of students who were interested in working on the magazine; the other, the anxiety of those who did about the time "wasted from studies." The combination of these two factors has been among the major difficulties in producing a magazine at Wake Forest for a long, long time. I am writing down these thoughts as seen from the vantage point of "retirement" in the hope that an analysis of the nature of the problems of a writer in college may be of some value to those who will continue to write THE STUDENT.

Quite frequently the lack of creative work among college students is blamed upon a negative influence inherent in the school's method of teaching. I think if we are willing to be quite honest, we can admit that most college courses consist of the study of precise materials and that the success or failure of a student in such courses depends on his ability to recite in an exact fashion the words of the lecturer or the minute factual nature of the material studied. The reward of grades always goes to the systematic student who can quite doggedly plow through the dullest of tomes in the same fashion that he reads those things in which he is really interested. To be a really good grade-getter, one must have an essentially *undisturbed* mind that can soak up facts like a sponge, because the nature of most tests is such that they measure one's factual data acquired, not one's reaction to the ideas inherent within the material.

NOW, it is with reaction that a writer is primarily concerned, because the source of all creation is the reaction of the human soul to its surroundings. This same reaction is usually the source of academic troubles, for though the Muse often wafts her way through the writer's window to make him puzzle over the significance of some long past event when he should be translating German, she never helps him with his examinations.

Of course the answer to all these statements is very simple. Schools are not set up to accommodate writers, and it is doubtful if they should be. The average man acquires his knowledge not from within himself, but from what other men have written and thought. He would be quite unwilling to trade his mimeographed tests with blank spaces for a test which might, for example, consist of an essay on a meaning that his reading conveyed to him. The writer must treat the academic tyranny to which he is subjected with the exact reverence which it deserves and recognize that grades are primarily an artificially constructed system of values designed to prod students who have little interest in their work into making the adequate necessary effort to avoid the humiliation of failure. The system is this way, not because teachers want it so, but because disinterested students generally make up the greatest portion of any class.

NO STUDY is of value to the writer unless it can add to the beauty or depth of his own art. No artist whose works have been gleaned from the works of another man has lived. The proper attitude of the writer towards books is that the best of them may be subordinate aids to the thing that he is most concerned with: his reaction to the world around him.

There is a suspicion in my mind, however, that all the talk one hears from would-be writers about the lack of time boils down to something akin to what Sherwood Anderson wrote in his intensely honest autobiographical book, *A Story Teller's Story.*

"Often enough, to be sure, I dodged the fact that, after having started on the scent of some tale I turned aside because I could not follow the scent and consoled myself by saying that the need of money had been the cause of my defeat or that the need of leisure had upset me, but it was always a lie."

I suspect that the real reasons that so few students are willing to attempt writing are two: (1) the reticence they have about revealing themselves and (2) the fear of the isolation that writing necessarily involves.

Students are influenced by a false society in America, a society with the perpetual painted clown's smile. This society is at present engaged in convincing itself that financial security gives an automatic fulfillment to life. Anyone who is not engaged in the great race toward that security is looked on with suspicion as being a little peculiar. Perhaps a writer is disliked because he points out the dishonesties which the society is trying hard to conceal from itself.

Hollywood and certain "writers" have created a college world which does not exist, and with that world there is a stereotype of the College Joe. The ironic thing is that most students are so often afraid to step out of the roles made for them.

I remember seeing a picture one day in Chapel Hill under an advertisement for a cafe, a picture of a drinking party with all the customary props of revelry—bright hats, whistles, beer bottles—but in the faces there was no gaiety, but rather a look of aloneness and isolation which seemed much more melancholy because of the surroundings. Can we have become a generation of pretense, so afraid of life that we can no longer afford to be honest with our own lives?

The experience of a writer after publishing his first story is usually like that of the man who in his dream woke up to find himself naked in the infield at Yankee Stadium with the stands full. In any honestly written story, there is a part of the writer—a part which can be batted about, laughed at, sneered at, or ignored (this is the worst), and it is impossible for him to defend himself. The varied reactions of readers are also responsible for creating another genre of writer, the sophomoric cynic, who sneers at everything because he is afraid of exposing himself and thinks by getting in the first blow he can shield himself. Such writers are unimportant and will not last because mankind, despite its seeming callousness and toughness, really yearns to be understood, and the only writers which it will keep alive are those who have understood it.

IN addition to his reticence at opening his mind to the world for all to trample on as they see fit, the serious student writer who continues his efforts is faced with the problem of his own increasing isolation, and with steeling himself to it. The fear of being alone has stopped more potentially good writers than all war and sickness ever did. Every writer finds that as he probes deeper and deeper into the layers of life beneath the surface, he becomes isolated because of the experiences he has had. Now a sense of aloneness is not a pleasant thing. The young student particularly is liable to suffer more from the experience than it really involves. Usually the beginning writer has regarded the craft far too romantically. He finds that he must work alone, and that it is necessary that he delve into the shadowy world of his memory and try to bring forth on paper the symbols to illustrate some truth which he has formed in his mind. In that birth there is anguish, for often in the long, grey corridor of time that is memory, he finds more to be afraid of than all the world holds. It usually happens that after trying to write on one or two occasions, the student runs away and does not try again; hence the small amount of serious material which THE STUDENT is able to muster per issue.

At this point the reader may quite legitimately ask; Why should student writing be done if it involves so much that is unpleasant?

FIRST, writing can aid in giving both writer and reader a sense of the unity and meaning of life. The present generation has been profoundly influenced by a literature of despair, so strongly influenced that in college magazines the writing of a short story that is "real" has become almost synonymous with the expression of individual disillusionment. Perhaps it is not too optimistic for one to hope still that a new group of writers can emerge from our own generation great enough to find something nearer to hope in man's condition.

The second thing that the apprenticeship in writing produces is an individual. Current society is full of pressures toward a conformity one step away from slavery. Many individuals who can successfully resist such pressures, who can unerringly see governmental procedure in human terms rather than terms of expediency, are the best guarantees that nation can possess against the threat of dictatorship. Such individuals are the writers who have tried to form a personal view of the world, who have attained a sense of the intrinsic value of free humanity, and who are endowed with an artistic conscience.

AT Wake Forest, there is an old, old query: when are we going to get a better magazine? The answer is not when the editors change, nor when some vague "they" ceases to be snobbish, but when a great many students assume the courage to make attempts as self-expression. For it takes strength, as Conrad writes, "To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life." The reward is often commensurate to the effort involved. The writer is rewarded by his achievement and by what he becomes in his own soul. And he may think that if he works long enough to really achieve, when he is long, long dust, some searching creature, reading his words, may lift his eyes to the stars.

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USE OUR CONVENIENT LAYAWAY PLAN

New Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

"You tried to get up one time yesterday to pick up a paper one of my friends dropped. Do you remember that? You almost fell back into bed."

The girl nodded. She did remember something about getting up to help.

The woman's doctor came around late. The girl didn't like him at all. She wished the woman could have her surgeon. The woman's doctor was abrupt as an executive disposing of some unpleasant Sunday business. He promised his patient that her operation would be a small one "like an appendectomy." The woman's eyes begged for more reassurance, but he was too eager to return to his Sunday paper to give it.

"Nurse, give this woman a transfusion," he said hurrying on.

The girl felt so good that morning that she walked around and talked to the other patients. She was beginning to understand why people in a ward are so friendly. You couldn't stand it if everyone wasn't friendly.

When her husband came for her, she was ready to leave. After she had told everyone good-bye—and it hurt to say good-bye so soon because they all looked at her so enviously—she turned to her neighbor. Her wrinkled arm was still pierced by the transfusion needle. The girl could feel the jab of the needle as she looked at the tired arm. She wanted to kiss her friend good-bye, but she felt silly. Besides, if she bent over, the tears would fall out. So she just threw her a kiss with a trite good wish for her health. That's all she could do without crying.

Near Christmas the girl called the hospital to see if her friend had gone home. She had, and the girl knew what that meant. She looked up her address to send her a Christmas card. She was going to sign it with her name and "the new bride." But for some reason she never sent the card. She didn't know why.

Strange that now she had forgotten the woman's name. She never thought she would.

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ORCHESTRA — VOCALISTS

TRAP DRUM ENSEMBLE

From the editor's desk . . .

Swan Song

It won't be long before the last copy paper is swept up off the floor and the doors of Pub Row are closed and locked for the summer. Old editors and staffers take their places wherever all faithful servants take their places, and cast a traditional and wise retrospective view at the whole situation.

Two years of hard work in new surroundings has not been long enough to build a tradition. The large and adequate offices still have empty corners waiting to be filled with fascinating ghosts. Ghosts have a way of settling in one place and refusing to move. So the rooms on the third floor of Reynolda must make their own ghosts, and not sit idly by waiting for old friends from Wake County to return.

Wake Forest Publications have a unique quality that has been lost to many schools in the scientific push. For wherever Pub Row is located, right in the middle midst all the differences is a real, live, imaginary, pot-bellied stove. Around it sit comfortable wooden rockers and much used fruit crates. It takes a dreamer extraordinary to see one of these special seats, they're reserved for people who are compatible with the ghosts, who love tradition. Those folks who have new ideas and like good talk find a seat. Out of the past and the present is refined by the heat of the stove an unusual breed of people called staffers. Maybe the outsider doesn't see this reflected on the printed page, but the lives that sit for long hours into the morning just in good honest talk and sharing of ideas and ideals are immeasurably broadened and brightened by the experience.

After it's all over and the quizzes are failed, and the bags under your eyes are tripled, what have you got? An issue of a magazine or a newspaper that will be thrown in the trash can after scant reading. That's not all, though it's what each staffer gained that counts.

But we're not paying so much a year for a little group to have experiences, you say. The doors are open to new workers. There are things to be learned on Pub Row that can never be learned elsewhere. Here is preserved to a remarkable degree the concept of freedom of the press. Here students can express their ideas and try their skills without cost. Many college publications are run on the money that is obtained through sale of the issues. Consequently, the writers are cramped because they must write what will sell whether it be sincere endeavor or not. But at Wake Forest, the publications are a laboratory for new ideas, and the constant drag of commercialism does not curb and mold ideas.

Next year will be the same as all of the years in the past. Many students will show a great deal of enthusiasm at the beginning, but there will remain only a faithful handful by the end of the year. It takes special stuff to stick it out. To really get into the swing of things, it take dogged determination and sacrifice.

These things Pub Row offers to newcomers. Students who can create or just have the desire to do so are welcome and needed. You take away more than you put in, if you put anything into the job. But if you don't have the energy to climb up to the Row, don't expect anyone to carry you.

Temporary Liberals

Some might go on to graduate school, some to specialize in different fields, some to teach in universities, but to the senior class of 1958, there'll never be another world quite like the world of the undergraduate at Wake Forest College. For this is the world of free hearts and free minds, a liberal world in which a man's chief responsibility is to himself. But what happens to students in the years that follow graduation? What becomes of all of the liberalism that flourishes in college?

It seems that liberalism is the greatest building block of progress, but in the same breath, it is the most transient of all ideals. How can we keep liberals liberal? Ten or fifteen or more years from now we will be the parents of the students of Wake Forest, we will be the delegates to the conventions, the teachers and the preachers who will either bind or free youth with our policies. How many times have you heard it said, "I would have thought that when I was younger, but now I know better." Can this be true, that wisdom is only the product of age, and that liberalism ripens only to become conservative?

Let's be more specific. What will we do when our children demand the rights that we now ask There is no doubt that most of us will fall into the cycle of "mother knows best" and "they've forgotten that they were young once."

Soon we will graduate and face the work-a-day world. In this atmosphere we are forced to recess self to some extent. Instead of the college concept that one must be different to keep from being odd, we will face the idea that one must be completely integrated with society to be successful. With such a drastic change in perspective comes an inevitable change in concepts. If the pattern holds true, we will be the people who college students riot and rail against. It is not logical to believe that the seeds of liberal youth will always grow into wild oats; that all of this energy, life, and enthusiasm could be misdirected, and that we must wait until we are older to obtain wisdom.

The pitiful thing is that it is not society that forces this conservatism on maturing youth, but that it is youth itself that grasps a g r o w i n g conservatism as a security measure.

College seems to be the only place in the world where healthy liberalism can grow. This may be so, but the fact does not make it right. Thus a futile challenge is hurled at those who leave the college world: find the rarely traveled road on which liberals remain liberal.

Portrait of the Month

Pat Rose - Class of 1960

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 7 WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAY 27, 1958

the student

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the student

VOLUME 73 NUMBER 7 — WAKE FOREST COLLEGE — MAY 27, 1958

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The Hypocrite, *fiction by John Alford* 4

Freshman John Alford is this year's winner of THE STUDENT short-story contest. His story has not only an easily recognizable setting but characters that are familiar to all of us as well. Though the story is simple in plan and development, the editors feel as if it gives evidence of a definite talent.

The Funds Are Available, *by Betty Jane Upchurch* 7

There may well be evidence of the national recession right here on our campus. An increase in the demand for loans, Betty Jane Upchurch points out, in this article is certainly a fact that cannot be denied. The funds are there, however, for needy students. Information on how to obtain these loans and a history of the loan fund are included in the article.

Beyond The Hill, *poem by Margaret Cathell* 8

Forum: A Relationship Reconsidered 9

Now that the dancing issue is sufficiently in the background for a rational consideration of the relationship between Wake Forest and the Baptist State Convention, THE STUDENT has compiled in its forum views from some principle figures. Among those who have written are Dr. Parker, new state president of the Convention and William C. Archie, Dean of the College.

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Up, Up, and Away, *by Robert Fitzgerald* 14

It may come as a surprise to many that flying is no longer the rich man's private pleasure. There are already several students and faculty members who are active in flying and, after Robert Fitzgerald's "how-to" feature, we predict that many more will follow them to the skyways.

Two Poems, *by Bob Sitton* 17

The Fawn's Tear, *fiction by Moonyean Wright* 18

Congratulations are in order to Moonyean Wright, a graduating senior, for her second-prize story. The story does not use strict story-telling methods, yet it manages to be effective.

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Cover

Some enterprising students have combined fair weather interests with the more pressing end-of-semester necessities. Despite the fact that the sun is brightly shining, students are having to face the shadows of knowledge that must be transmitted from their sun-burned heads to anemic blue books. The staff hopes that all exams will be presently passed and done away with and that the summer will be the best yet.

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the
student
VOLUME 73 NUMBER 7—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—MAY 27 1958

Demon In Us . . .

Let's face it. Some people on this campus just don't appreciate poetry. The question is whether it is the people who write it or the people who read it that don't know the score. An aspiring young coed got all inspired after reading the last issue of THE STUDENT. She had been looking for her hidden talents for years and finally came across one. Here are the fruits of her labors as presented.

TO A BROWN DOOR

A table
top
Green grass
growing
high
A dream, a song
A squeal, a pig
Home!

After all, who are we to say that rhyme and meter and any number of other trite system and devices make a *pome* a *pome*. The whole delima can be traced to frustrated typewriter repairmen who don't know how to fix the right hand margins so that they'll stay constant.

Talking about people not appreciating things brings to mind a letter from a wronged reader, he thinks. In the spirit of fair play and short copy we publish his remarks:

To the Editor:

While attempting to read your unorganized magazine(?) last night, I found a letter which was apparently directed at me.

This letter, which was written by Elmo Quizzenbury and printed by Bill Heinzz, possesses insinuations which are deflamatory and derogatory to my ego. Some of the detestable statements were directed at my almighty newspaper, *OLD GOLD & BLACK*.

Now, my editor and I are not hard to get along with; but whenever anyone attempts to make degrading remarks about our newspaper, it is certainly not appreciated. After checking with my lawyer, I have concluded that a law suit against Quizzenbury and Heinzz for libel would be feasible. In view of this fact, either you publish a withdrawal of these insidious remarks or either be subjected to a court injunction.

Yours truly,
Ed(ie) Jones

The comments herein are not necessarily in agreement with the editor's views. There is nothing wrong with college publications. The weaknesses come in staff members.

So ends another year. We've accepted the AA prayer to give us the wisdom to know the difference between things that can and can't be changed. Consequently, we still have the cafeteria, the sacred (holey) roads, and sunshine at least one day out of every month.

First Prize Story . . .

The Hypocrite

By John Alford

IT WAS A WARM SUMMER NIGHT in Campbelltown. Along Main Street buildings stood quiet—gigantic tombstones in a well-planned cemetery. Somewhere a faithful traffic light changed, unnoticed by anyone.

The mad dance of the neon-lit theater marquee had stopped abruptly an hour earlier, and in the deserted ticket booth hung an old worn sign:

GOOD MORNING!
SHOW STARTS AT 11:30

"Well that's undoubtedly the worst damn movie I ever saw."

"There wasn't anything else to do," I whined as Al and I walked out from the theater.

"I don't see how anybody stands this hole. No stores, no recreation, no nothing. How big is the place—60,000? I guess the bumpkins here don't know any better so it doesn't bother them. They ought a go to Philly sometime."

"Philly?"

"Yeh, Philadelphia. I lived there before I moved to D. C. Or even take D. C. for that matter. Both places always have something doing.

"What did you do?"

"Oh . . . plenty. Plenty of things to do. But look at us here. Two brilliant college juniors, Leaders of Tomorrow's World, walking down a dirty street to catch a dirty bus back to the dirty college. Hell."

"I've never been to Washington," I admitted suddenly.

"You haven't?" he laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"You. I can just see you in the middle of all those stupid tourists, gaping at the Washington Monument, taking one of those silly tours through a government building, staring up at that great, humble, dedicated, nigger-loving bastard, Lincoln."

I forgot about Washington and tours and monuments. "You don't like Lincoln, huh?"

"I don't care for niggers."

"You must have some reason."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do," he announced. "They're overrunning D. C. They've moved right into the middle of the city. Property is depreciating. And we can't get them out. We've tried, but no good. Niggers are that way—stubborn."

"That's your reason for being prejudiced against Negroes?"

"Not prejudiced against, just against. I'm not like a lot of your people who think they're so much better than anyone else. I might not be better than a nigger—but he sure as hell isn't any better than me!"

That statement, I thought, characterized Al in general. There was no one better than he. I didn't understand him and I don't think anyone else did either. He did not mingle freely with the other students; there was the student body and there was Al. His aloofness made him conspicuous and the brunt of every joke.

He must have wanted friends—he tried to join a fraternity once. He got a bid and rejected it—proudly, disdainfully, triumphantly. "If they want me, they can come get me." They didn't come. He decided they were too "immature" and that he hadn't wanted to join anyway.

AL WAS FAIRLY tall but very thin and fragile. His fashionable sport coat, a size too large, could not hide his spindly frame—crampted shoulders, sunken chest, long, stiff macaroni arms. His coat was unbuttoned, and his belt loops met in places, his pants being bunched together at the waist to fit inside a tightly drawn belt. He had long blonde hair—dry and in his face. And thin tight lips which never smiled. His anemic appearance was a thing you didn't mention; he was extremely self-conscious about it.

I hardly ever saw his skinny white hand without a book. And it was always a tremendous book, as if his reading tastes were determined more by poundage than by content. He did not have good grades.

"Will that bus never come," I said awkwardly, breaking a long silence. "I have to get back to the Forest and study."

Al did not answer. He was seemingly unconcerned about dilatory buses at the moment; he was giving serious consideration to his pipe. How smoothly he handled it . . . as if he had actually practiced pipe-holding for months. It gradually occurred to me that I had never seen him smoking a pipe before.

"I didn't know you smoked a pipe."

"Oh, yes," he replied with simulated indifference, having anticipated my comment evidently. "I used to smoke a pipe regularly. Got tired of it though. I don't really care for it now."

His solemn mien returned. Talk was awkward. It seemed to me that conversation existed for Al for the sole purpose of declaring his own merits. But conversation was unnecessary now; it was as if a pipe were tacit declaration of his importance.

And so we stood.

"Bus is kinda late, ain't it boys," said a new voice.

I turned and saw a limp bus driver's

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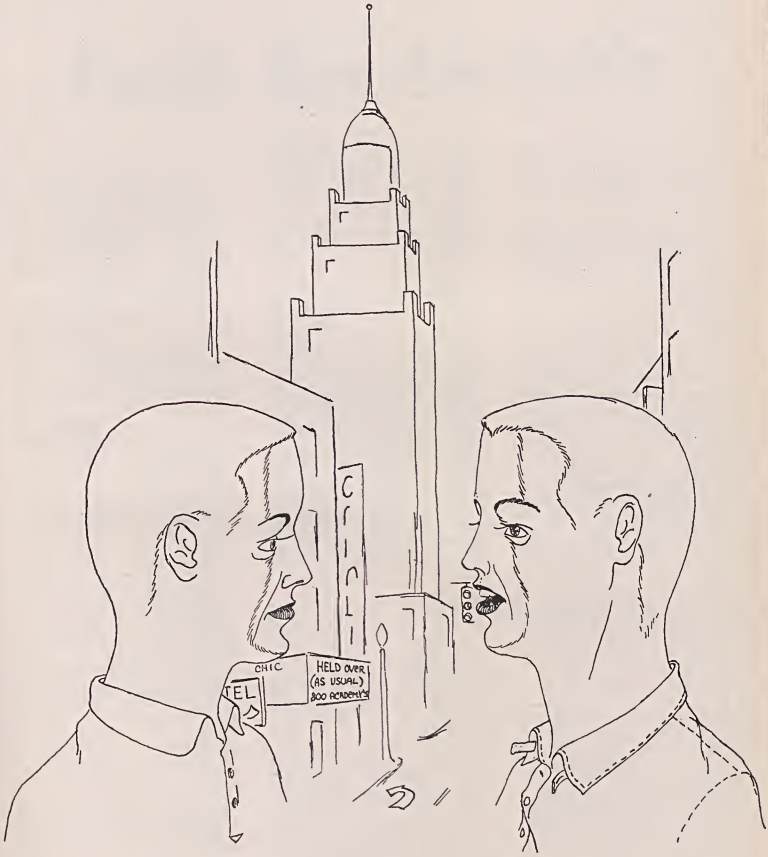
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jacket hanging from narrow shoulders. He was young—probably about twenty-five.

"Yes, it is," I answered mechanically. "Fifteen minutes late."

"Well, I 'spect Jack's having his self a little fun agin tonight."

"Jack?"

"Oh hell," he laughed, "he's the driver. Been carrying on with some woman lately. Better start payin' more attention to his bus if he don't want to get fired. No sir. It don't pay for him to mess around with them women. He's married."

"Maybe our worthy marriage counselor has lost his bus," Al whispered.

The marriage counselor did not notice Al's having said anything to me. "You got a light?"

"He does," I said, nodding to Al.

Al reluctantly produced an initialled cigarette lighter. We watched the stranger's nicotine-yellow fingers light a cigarette.

"Want one?" he asked.

We declined.

"Y'all go to Pine Forest?" he asked, handing the lighter back to Al.

"Yes."

"I've rid a lot of people out there before. Some students was on the bus the other day talking about the danger of too many people getting born."

"Yeh," said Al dryly. "To many people will weight the earth down—throw it out of its orbit."

"Well, I sure didn't know that," answered the bus driver seriously.

Al turned his head to hide a laugh.

"I reckon you learn a lot of things like that at college, don't you?"

"Oh yes," nodded Al. "Didn't they teach you things like that when you were in college?"

"I hadn't been to college," admitted the bus driver, wounded and sinking momentarily into a seriousness quite unlike the personality we had just met. He quit talking and Campbelltown seemed quiter than ever.

Then the sound of dragging feet.

HERE COMES A son of a bitch," said the driver suddenly. "They call him Pop. Ain't had a job in seven years. Fools away most of his time just riding the bus around and talking. I seen him in the drug store today trying to swipe some cookies."

We looked curiously at the cookie stealer as he approached. He intermittently squired between his teeth a brown viscose substance—the product of snuff and saliva.

He was a huge old man with a loose red face and a big nose, which supported a pair of broken rimless glasses. He was wearing a faded double-breasted suit with blue stripes. His tie had lost its original color—whatever that was—and was now splotched with coffee stains. It was in an impossible knot, a knot more akin to the square knot than to the Windsor. His felt hat was brown and shapeless.

He and the driver exchanged salutations, which consisted of a slap on the back and a "Where you been keeping yourself?"

Al and I moved several feet away. "That's what I was talking about, whispered Al. "Low class. You noticed how he didn't even thank me for using my lighter. I'll be damned if I'll lend it again."

"Well, he offered a cig . . ."

"Cigarette, hell! You don't think he expected us to take one of the old crumpled things, do you?"

"I don't know."

We quit talking and strained to hear our friends' conversation, a low mumble, broken at intervals by Pop's high sensual "he, he, he."

But then, even their low mumble subsided.

Something big and bulky—a massive blob of tissue—was inching towards us. She was undoubtedly the most repulsive woman I had ever seen. Al had seen worse. But he managed a distasteful "ugh."

There were two slits for her eyes, below which were full cheeks that hid a great mandible. Her black greasy hair was an entanglement, infested with dandruff, large white specks of which clung to her dirty cotton dress. The dress itself was black with little white floral designs, now turned yellow. It stuck to her skin—oily skin which was smooth and taut, exuding an unpleasant odor.

Hanging on to her dress were three filthy whining little brats. Brats with skinny legs and running noses. "Mama? Mama? MAMA!" She did not hear them; she was thinking of something else.

I saw Pop go over to her and advise her to leave. He evidently knew her. "You shouldn't have them kids out this time of night anyways."

She shook her head.

"Oh hell," laughed his younger companion, "let her stay if she wants to."

What are they talking about, I thought.

Al said he wished they would all leave.

"Here's the bus," I noticed.

Pop led the motley group into the bus. Slowly and painfully he pulled his great weight up the three steps, then stopped, triumphant atop Everest, to mumble something to the big, square-jawed man in the driver's seat. Pop's young impetuous companion bounded up the steps quickly. Then a reserved Al, followed by me.

Al pulled a dollar bill from his pocket.

"I'll have to give you the change in dimes," apologized the driver.

"All right—if that's all you have."

I needed no change. All the money I had with me was exactly the amount of fare, fifteen cents. We had no difficulty finding a seat: the bus had been empty when it drove up . . . except for a lone woman sitting directly behind the driver.

Everyone on the bus sat self-conscious and silent, waiting for the bus to start so that conversation would be lost in the dull roar of the motor. Through the gray window I saw the woman with the stringy-haired children on the sidewalk.

I looked at Al. "Why do you suppose Pop wanted her to leave?"

"Oh," he yawned. "Probably just . . ." He stopped, looking curiously out the window.

I turned in time to see her peeping in through the door of the bus.

"DAMN YOU!" she screamed suddenly. "I knew it. I knew you were messin' around with another woman!"

"Why you no good damn woman," the driver spurted out. He turned and looked at us. "Excuse me a minute."

He raised himself from his seat and jumped from the bus.

"You no good damn woman. Who do you think you are, tailing after me with them little bastards? I'll beat the hell out of you."

"Don't you come another step closer, Jack. You hear. Get away."

"Tell me to get away will you? I'll make you sorry you ever lived."

He slapped her.

"Don't," she cried. "Not in front of the children."

"Let 'em see what kind of mother they've got. You brought 'em here. I didn't."

"I'll go," she sobbed. "I'm sorry. Don't hit me again. I'm going, you hear? I'm going."

"You're damn right you're going."

She had soon backed around the corner of the building with the children behind her. He followed her.

EVERYONE CLOSED HIS mouth and an awful silence crept back in to fill the rupture.

We all looked at the woman partly re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

Did you know . . .

Funds Are Avaliable

By Betty Jane Upchurch

PERHAPS IT IS only a "slight recession" or a "temporary slump," but many Wake Forest College students have already felt a very positive effect of the national economic situation. A better than 400 per cent increase in demand for funds has been noted by the college. Ten times as many students are presently benefitting by the school's largest source of loan funds, the Denmark Loan Fund, than did in the fiscal years between 1947 and 1949; and the amount which today's students are borrowing is five times larger than the amounts needed only a decade ago. Thus it can be seen that the recession is affecting the business of education as well as merchandising.

Around the close of World War II money could not be lent. The loan funds lay dormant as the nation's prosperity boomed. In 1947 the Denmark fund did not make a single loan; $11,875.00 has already been distributed to forty students during this fiscal year. During the years 1953-1956, the smaller funds of the college had a combined average of five loans per year in comparison with the twenty-two loans this year. In addition, thirteen students are presently indebted to the ministerial fund. During the Great Depression of the thirties, students were allowed simply to sign notes for tuition as the loan funds could not possibly meet the demand. The college is in some cases still trying to collect for these debts. Although the present situation has not nearly reached this point, the college has noticed a definite effect of the current recession in the increased requests for loans.

If it were not for these funds many young people today would be forced to sacrifice or delay their education; yet one frequently hears, in spite of the economic stresses, the assertion that "Anyone who really wants a college education can get one these days." This is not a mere platitude but a valid statement affecting young people all over the United States, and much of the credit belongs to a decision made in the chapel of Wake Forest College in 1875—a decision which resulted in the establishment of the first student loan fund at an educational institution in the United States. Today, hardly a college or university is without several such funds to aid deserving students who are unable to meet the financial demands of an education.

HE IDEA OF a loan fund for students originated with a Wake Forest student, James W. Denmark, who had himself undergone financial difficulties and numerous setbacks to enter the preparatory department of Wake Forest College in 1871. At the time he was already twenty-four years of age. The nation was experiencing a disastrous economic slump and the post-Civil War conditions in North Carolina were especially bad. All of the educational institutions showed results of the hard times. Wake Forest had a total enrollment of 61, including only three seniors. It was plain that the coming generation was to suffer a lack of educated persons to fill the places of leadership. The decisive incident which ultimately caused Mr. Denmark to promote the drive for the fund at Wake Forest was a visit to the home of a close friend who was unable to enter college, because there was no source from which he could borrow the money. The sight of the friend's disappointment coupled with the father's total indifference to his son's desire for an education filled Mr. Denmark with determination.

Hoping to secure ideas for organizing a fund from which students could borrow money, he mailed over five hundred post cards of inquiry to educational institutions and agencies throughout the United States. Every reply which he received was negative and indicated no other such fund was in existence. But young Mr. Denmark was undaunted. He wanted others to secure the benefits of an education without the delay and struggle which he had experienced. Thus he went ahead with his plans, and an organizational meeting was held in the college chapel on November 30, 1875. Those students, faculty members, and village citizens attending caught his enthusiasm and the North Carolina Baptist Student Aid Association was begun. Faculty mem-

NUMBER AND SIZE OF LOANS

Years	Av. No. Loans Per Year	Av. Amt. Of Each	Av. Amt. Per Year
1943-47	None	None	None
1947-49	4	$ 65.00	$ 260.00
1949-52	12	130.00	1,500.00
1952-56	12	200.00	2,500.00
1956-57	20	250.00	5,000.00
1957-58	40	325.00	11,875.00

bers pledged $10.00 each, almost all of the struggling students sacrificed to give a dollar each, and many of the townspeople contributed. John M. Davis, a student who had walked to college from the mountains and who had worked his way through college chopping wood, actually *rushed* to make the first contribution. The others followed promptly, and by sundown of the next day the fund totaled $130. The first loan was made the very next year to Barney Hamilton Phillips. In 1887 the charter was submitted to the North Carolina Legislature for ratification where it "created some discussion because of its novelty, but no opposition." Since that time four hundred thirty-three students have been aided. In 1888 the fund amounted to a total of $1,500; today the principle is $100,000.

Mr. Denmark wrote about the value of the fund saying: "The young men and women are helped, the college is helped, the State is helped—all lifted higher, and shedding a lifting influence which is constantly lengthening and broadening." Upon his death in 1925, the official title was changed to the James W. Denmark Loan Fund, bearing the name of its originator. Beneficiaries of this loan may be seen in places of prominence in all professions. They have taken advantage of the fund to secure an education and to fill the vacancies in leadership, repaying the public in social contributions as well as repaying the actual debt to the college. Dr. C. B. Earp says that, "Because of such a fund, I was not only able to meet the immediate financial demands for my senior year, but I was also able to accept a fellowship for graduate study the following year due to its minimum interest rates and due to the fact that immediate repayment was not required." Today Dr. Earp stands as an example of one out of many who look with gratitude to the Denmark Fund.

This initiatory benevolent movement had a leaven-like influence upon other educational institutions throughout the nation. An early example of this widespread influence was seen at the University of North Carolina. For reasons of publicity and in hope of securing contributions, Mr. Denmark had edited a pamphlet which contained all of the vital data concerning the fund at Wake Forest. Upon the request of his friend, Dr. T. H. Pritchard of Chapel Hill, Mr. Denmark mailed one of these pamphlets to Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems of New York. Although Deems never acknowledged receiving the pamphlet or replied to Denmark's request for membership fee in the Wake Forest fund, fruits of the deed were soon apparent. In 1895, the Deems Fund was established at the University. Other colleges and universities were soon offering their students similar assistance. Wake Forest College alone has fourteen other such loan funds at present; and, although they are smaller than the original Denmark fund, they offer a valuable source of aid to the students.

The smaller memorial loan funds have restrictions such as preferences according to residence, major, class status, and future vocation. One fund offers assistance especially for students who are orphans. These loans range from $25 to $150. If a larger amount is needed, the student is referred to the Denmark Fund through which as much as $400 may be loaned during a school year but not more than $800 may be loaned during the entire college career.

The present treasurer of the Denmark Fund, Grady S. Patterson, stated that only about one or two out of every one hundred beneficiaries fail to meet the notes by the date of maturity. When a recipient is continually negligent in payment, however, the board of trustees under which the revolving fund operates has no choice but to file suit for recovery of the debt as others are waiting to use the money. Of all the amounts loaned in its eighty-three years of existence, however, the fund may regard only $160 of the principle as totally lost.

The economic stresses need not discourage the progress of education. The numerous benefits which have emanated from the first loan fund have not ceased; and students who face financial difficulties should be encouraged to take advantage of the assistance which is available for them. The standard requirements for any fund are at least one semester at Wake Forest, at least a "C" average, good character and general reputation, and approved security. Because so many students seem to be ignorant of these sources of aid, a pamphlet publicizing the nature of the funds was printed last year. This pamphlet and additional information may be secured from the Bursar's office by any interested party.

BEYOND THE HILL

Wild ecstasy flying
sudden spreading arms
stretching to touch
unknown unseen joys
(Over the hill is death
One last green plunge of valley
But beyond the hill is death)
Leaping to laugh
faces to the sky
revealing white throats
washed clean with goodness
(Over the hill is death
One last smiling valley
But beyond the hill is death)
Feverishly loving life
fingers touching freedom
for the full happy future
(Over the hill is death
One last green fertile valley
But beyond the hill is death)

Margaret Cathell

Student Forum:

A Relationship Reconsidered

Wake Forest College and the Baptist State Convention

THE CONTROVERSY IS not dancing, nor is the Baptist State Convention's biggest concern the Christian ethics of its Wake Forest students. The big issue is who is to run Wake Forest College and whether the College is to become an outstanding liberal arts school or be retained as a training center for future ministers.

This is no formal statement from the Convention, but it is the general reflection of Rev. A. L. Parker, the president of the Baptist State Convention, as he expressed himself in an interview on May 3.

The dancing issue was simply "used." Although the Baptists do not practice dancing in most of their institutions, they were not primarily worried about Wake Forest losing its morals by dancing on the Wake Forest campus. As Rev. Parker pointed out, there is a clause in the constitution of the Baptist Convention which prohibits dancing. This was the legal opposition to the position taken by the Board of Trustees when they were forced to rescind their previous statement to allow Wake Forest students to dance on campus, thereby not forcing them off campus.

Had there been no tense feeling between the liberal-progressive group on one hand and the less liberal-fundamental group on the other, chances are there would have been no emotional stir over what should have been a quiet and sane decision. It is likely that the trustees would have recommended dancing and the Baptist State Convention would then have supported them in having the constitution amended.

This issue is probably more vital to the future of Wake Forest College than Dr. Billy Poteat's standing up in support of the College's right to teach evolution as a theory. Wake Forest College is on the brink of a new era of history. The College has been growing for over a century, but suddenly it has been faced with two distinct characteristics. These characteristics are personified by the two extreme opposition groups.

The liberal-progressive group is ready to move, and it wants to move fast. This group is represented by the people in Winston-Salem, the more liberal Baptists over the state of North Carolina, and most of the students of Wake Forest College. If this group should gain control of the College, the question would be whether Wake Forest should become a large liberal university on the order of Duke, or whether it

should be kept small, yet select and liberal. In either case, the forces driving it would be liberal.

Opposing this view is the Baptist State Convention. It has grand ideas. It wants to see Wake Forest College stay the school is was between 1890 and 1920. Wake Forest had a wonderful history and has graduated many outstanding men to carry forth her name. What the Baptist State Convention has failed to realize is that the years between 1890 and 1920 have passed. We can never go back to them.

The idea of the Convention now is to keep Wake Forest at a size that will allow them to retain control. Such a size would approximate Mars Hill or Campbell. At present the Convention appropriates fifty percent of its budget for the support of its seven educational institutions. Rev. Parker noted that a number of the members of the Convention disapproved of spending so much on the colleges when there are twenty-one other Baptist's missions that need help.

This points up one very important fact as to the future of the College. The share of the College's support from the Baptists at present is something around 7 or 8 per cent. In other words, it is far less than half. Even this much seems to be somewhat of a strain on the Convention.

If the Baptists retain the financial control of the College, there is actually not much choice for the school but to remain a medium, inconspicious Christian school. If 8% is really a strain, it would seem impossible that the Convention could ever give the school the same financial opportunity that it is now being offered.

Winston-Salem should not become the board of trustees. That would prove as disastrous to the academic standard of the College as it being held an unprogressive Christian institution. Winston-Salem does have money, and the people in Winston-Salem want a good liberal arts college. Wake Forest may be good as it now stands, but it can become an "ivy league" school of the South academically if it is given the finances and the right push.

If Winston-Salem is willing to give it the finances and the push without demanding that it become another "industry of the city's, the Baptists over the state would be foolish to hold the College back. On the other hand, if the Baptists over the state are willing to get behind the College financially and give it the same push that the city of Winston-Salem now seems to be offering, and willing to give the Board of Trustees a free hand in the College's administration, a complete new outlook would open up.

Rev. Parker mentioned that he felt that

the students should appreciate Wake Forest College being a Christian school. They do. But many fail to see why the College would be any less Christian if the finances supporting it came from alumni and Winston-Salem industry instead of the Baptist State Convention.

For all the classes on the campus to be taught with the Christian doctrines as a basis might prove difficult and impossible. That does not necessarily mean that any course is or would ever be taught in opposition to the Christian thought. Nevertheless, Rev. Parker feels that every subject taught should be centered around Christianity.

This would be fine ethically: no cheating, make the honor system honorable, i.e., no "patrolling professors," and lend your next door neighbor a pencil when he asks for one. To actually teach a course primarily from the Christian viewpoint would not only be "religious dictatorship," it would be foolish in a course such as Rennaissance History where an impartial view on a number of religions should be taught in order for the student to fully grasp the significance of the course. This seems to be what happens in many of the small junior colleges. Maybe this kind of teaching is all right. It is a known fact that it will not compete with the northern schools.

It must be decided whether Wake Forest College is to be another Baptist workshop or become the outstanding liberal arts school of the South. This is not impossible with the heritage behind us. Every characteristic of Wake Forest tends to point out the possibilities it has for a great future, even the dissension that has taken place ever so often. There is a tremendous amount of spirit on this campus. It can and should be directed.

The question now is who is to direct this spirit: the liberal group or the fundamental group? There seems to be little sense in wasting valuable time. If the Baptist State Convention is financially able and is going to retain control of the College, it should make itself known by putting to use some of the College's excellent potentials. If the Convention is not going to let the College go, as indicated by Rev. Parker, and is going to keep it a small religious school, the Convention should shut its doors to many of the liberal students who are now attending and take in their place those more concerned with the survival of their souls.

It appears that the relationship between the College and the Convention cannot really be bettered until some definite decision is made one way or the other. No one now knows where we stand.—R. F.

J. GLENN BLACKBURN
Chaplain

THE RELATIONSHIP OF an educational institution to a religious denomination always presents a problem that is not easily solved and raises questions that will not stay answered. The closer the relationship the more the tension.

The difficulties that have been emphasized recently are not new. Wake Forest College has been the product of the advancing leadership of the denomination. The majority has often failed to understand and has followed reluctantly. The college has been on the cutting edge of the denomination. Harmony and success require of both college and denomination able and consecrated leadership that can keep attention focused on what is important. Our problem is not dancing but good teaching, faithful learning and a far-seeing leadership. The denomination should elect those trustees best qualified to guide an institution of higher learning. The denomination should leave to the trustees and the administration and faculty which they select the responsibility of directing the institution.

In all the debate we have had, two thoughts have pushed to the front of my mind. One is the need for a better understanding of what an educational institution is all about. It is not a community of the intellectually elite. It is not a church. It is not a propaganda or promotional agency. Its business is education—the guiding and developing of inquiring minds toward understanding and obeying truth. Too many of us take lightly and treat carelessly the fact that our college is first of all in the business of education.

Another thought is that we should give constant attention to the meaning of a Christian college. This does not mean lower standards but higher ones. This does not mean less freedom but a higher loyalty. This does not mean a narrow possessiveness but a liberal sharing of the best. Instead of insisting that the college exists to serve us or to furnish our group with leadership, how much better it would be if we would join hands above our misunderstandings and prejudices and say to the whole world around us—"Here is a good college. This is our contribution toward a better life for all." It is not Christian to waste our energies in jealousy, suspicion and selfish ambition. It is Christian to serve. People will forgive us for disagreeing, but they will not forgive us if we fail to keep Wake Forest College strong and true to the highest we know.

LARRY WILLIAMS
Senior

I SERIOUSLY DOUBT if the relationship between Wake Forest College and the Baptist State Convention can be altered by mechanics. There simply must be a change in attitude. The Convention and the school have been dominated by a spirit of suspicion. This spirit of suspicion must be replaced by the spirit of confidence which will result in the spirit of freedom. As long as denominational leaders fail to trust us as students and feel that they must assume a parental relationship, we will be paralyzed by the lack of freedom. I hope I am not misunderstood. I still believe that rules are necessary, for freedom is not freedom without discipline. The thing I abhor as a student is having truth dictated to me. Within the framework of discipline, students must be left free to make their own decisions. Denominational leaders have no right to proclaim their own truth as ultimate truth. I believe that truth is a spirit and not a possession. Jesus said, "I am the truth." I since rely believe that every individual must be free to search for the truth and apply it to his own life. Perhaps Baptists could learn a great deal from a recent statement of a Catholic priest, the Rev. Gustave Weigal (quoted by Gerald Johnson in his Phi Beta Kappa address): "A college does not exist only to prevent a young person from being infected by error; it exists positively to show him truth. Nor is truth something once-and-for-all done in the past. It must be achieved anew in every generation." I fear that if the spirit of suspicion cannot be replaced by a spirit of confidence and freedom Wake Forest College will be seriously hampered as an educational institution.

DEAN ARCHIE
Dean of the College

WHAT EVERYBODY MUST know, keep in mind, and support is the central truth that Wake Forest College is an educational institution charged with the responsibility of providing quality education and related to but not dominated

by the Baptist denomination which has long supported it.

It is related to the Church, but is far different in character. The Church's principal, if not exclusive, role is to teach the Christian doctrine to any and all whom it can reach. The Church, in the pulpit, in the Sunday school classrooms, in the home and world mission field, has one single purpose: to teach the Word to God as revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ and as embodied in the Old and New Testament.

Now Wake Forest College has a broader and much more diversified role. History has decreed that we are essentially a liberal arts college, and thus we must teach the liberal arts and sciences to all of those who come so that the students may know more about not only the nature of God, but also more about the material and physical world, more about man himself, which is another way of saying that the students must learn about themselves. Therefore, the College must teach history, English, literature, economics, chemistry, mathematics, physics, religion, sociology, philosophy, psychology, music, art and so on and on. All of these things must be taught by the most competent people available: those who have come from high quality graduate schools and who have demonstrated aptness for teaching, a fondness for scholarship, and unquestioned traits of character. At Wake Forest, we ask one more thing, recognizing that it entails the risk of sometimes having a less competent person. A teacher must be a Protestant. In filling any teaching or staff jobs, we look for the best man in the Protestant field. If he is a Baptist, we are doubly glad. If the best man is not a Baptist, then we have the courage to take the Methodist, or the Presbyterian, or the Lutheran. It is to be devoutly hoped that it *shall ever be thus.*

Now if there be any who would claim that all things must be taught in a Christian (and even Baptist) way, I need only to say that surely no one believes, not even the most naive or uninitiated, that there is any such thing as Christian chemistry and Christian physics, and Christian calculus, and Christian economics, as opposed to non-Christian chemistry, physics, calculus and economics. Calculus is calculus; chemistry is what it is; physics is invariable, immutable, no matter who teaches it. To attempt to teach Christian mathematics would be ludicrous, self-defeating and an enormous stupidity.

Now one can argue, and with justification, that there are other disciplines which lend themselves more readily to a Christian interpretation. One can teach history, philosophy, literature, economics and other things from an overweighted Christian point of view, but to do so would be dishonest, incomplete and altogether foolish. History is far more than the history of Christianity, and all history must be known if, for no other reason, we are to understand Christianity. Philosophical thinking has been far more than Christian, and to ignore the non-Christian systems of thought would be the safest guarantee that the student would never understand Christianity. This does not mean that the Christian teacher may not, and rightly so, be particularly able and sympathetic in presenting those aspects of his course which are honestly and meaningfully related to Christianity.

It is my view as an educator and a Christian that the *only* way to keep Wake Forest a good and Christian school is to continue precisely what is now and has long been practiced: find the very best Christian teacher available and thereafter give him every possible support which will contribute to his development as a teacher and a scholar. This means that our library must be good—very good—and our offices and classrooms must be attractive, and one must also prayerfully hope that before long a sabbitical leave system will be established to provide periodical opportunities for study, spiritual refreshment and writing.

The faculty at Wake Forest at the moment, in the main, is composed of men of high technical competence, excellent character, and a strong sense of devotion to duty. Furthermore, the great majority of these people are Christian men and women who not only attend church regularly but frequently are Sunday school teachers, officers of the church, and occupy other roles of leadership. The important truth to be noted here is that these men and women demonstrate in their very lives the Christian way of life and thereby make a meaningful contribution to the spiritual life of our community.

Nothing that has been said here is intended to leave the impression that Wake Forest College is a perfect institution. We have many problems, but we are aware of these problems and are working toward the solutions. The trustees, the administration, the faculty and the students of Wake Forest College want it to be among the best. This worthy goal can be reached only if all of those who love it will support it. Don't investigate it—pray for it. Don't

criticize it—support it with your hearts, minds, and pocketbooks. For once and all, let us have done with bickerings and confusion and set ourselves to the positive task of bringing about a greater and happier Wake Forest.

TANGLEWOOD

SUMMER THEATRE

at Tanglewood Park

TEN WEEKS OF

THE FINEST IN DRAMA

SEASON

June 25 - September 1

Professional Stock Company

Love under the would-be Magnolas . . .

A True Life Romance

1. Dear Jerry Lee,
I done all my examinashuns, and I don't know how I sum out, but I sih't you'd cum down hyere to git me. Bring shues.
Love, Minnie May

2. "Land sakes! (Unbeknownst to Minnie May, Jerry Lee has received her anguished plea via mountain telepath.) "But what's he doin' a talkin' to that wild WGA gal," she wonders. (She's the same one that gave Minnie a call down last night) "That's what call girls are for, I suppose," Minnie sighs.

3. "Don't go gittin no big idears," Minnie exclaims "Sides, thes hyere people is playin at bridge, not strip, an you don't know nuttin 'bout that."

4. "Let's jest set hyere a spell an watch teli-vishum like them others do durin exams, an you jest fergit all about that card playin. Lordy, ah wish't ah had a big grape drink and a moon pie, so's we could relax.

6. "Ah guess maybe we might better drap by thuh Presidunts office an pay our last respects. You could sort of leave him a bottle of that moon if'n yuh got any left."

5. "Seein's how ah done flunked everthin anyway, ah guess ah'd be right proud to be Mrs. Jerry Lee Jugwasher, Jr. Wait hyere and I'll sign out with Mizz Ogleby." "She's the one thats on call tonight!"

Robert Fitzgerald helps Margaret Cathell into the plane as they prepare for flight.

Flying can be fun . . .

Up, Up and Away

By Robert Fitzgerald

FLYING? It is simple and it is fun. If you can drive an automobile, you can fly an airplane. (There is, by the way, a difference in driving an automobile and simply pushing on the accelerator of a car with hydromatic drive.) A good driver is one who has the feel of the car he is driving. The same is true with the pilot. It is true that there are certain techniques that must be learned in flying just as there are in driving. But just as in driving, one will never learn to fly until he gets the feel of the plane. As soon as the feel for the plane comes, you can know that the rest is not far off.

As in most works, the feel is important. This feeling is a type of self-assurance. Although this feeling is important, and for the most part essential, it is not all there is to flying. The feeling is simply the fundamental. The rest is practice. This involves some work and a lot of fun.

There is a minimum of forty hours required before you can qualify for a private's rating. If you want to make a career of flying, you simply add 160 hrs. to your 40 hrs. and apply for a commercial rating. This allows you to fly for pay—commercially.

There is nothing hard about learning to fly. And certainly there is nothing dangerous, i.e., compared with starting out on a 200 mile automobile trip on a Sunday afternoon. As of yet the skies are not as full as the American highways, and won't be for several years. But that time is approaching, and already those connected with the air industry know it.

If suddenly you are struck with the desire to fly, you first find a plane—naturally. Then you get in touch with an instructor. He is not just anyone. He must be a pilot with a CAA certificate which will permit him to give instructions. He is not so much necessary to your learning to fly as he is to your getting a license. Any pilot can teach you to fly. Like a mother bird, he can take you up and turn you loose. Chances are you would make it down safely too, i.e., if you have any judgement at all. An instructor is suppose to indorse 40 hrs. of your flying time before he recommends you for your private rating. If he is a good friend of yours and you already know how to fly, he might sign your log book without flying fifteen hours with you and charging you $45. This is unlikely since he must buy groceries like the rest of us.

After you have found a plane, (the flying manual says never say plane but "airplane"), and an accompanying instructor, you might inquire into the cost and time of this new ordeal, i.e., unless you are rich with money and filthy with time. If you find your "plane" and instructor at an accredited flying school, you will probably discover that the cost will run a

little over $400 (their estimate). If this is the case, you figure on spending $500. If you own your own plane, forget cost, for you are either rich or a fool. (A fool for owning a plane before you know whether or not you will be able to fly it.)

The cheapest way is to be "lovable". That way you have a friend who owns a plane and another who is an instructor. Cost here is practically nil, except for the $10 for a photostatic copy of the license. The next cheapest way is to join a small group who call themselves a flying club, especially if they own a plane. If they don't own a plane, don't join them, they are probably crackpots.

Costs of joining these clubs vary. I joined one for $50 with the stipulation that I would quit the club as soon as I had put in the required hours for a private rating; otherwise, it would have cost me $150 to join and $50 a month in dues. This may sound high, but actually this is reasonable, especially if you fly a lot.

After I had paid my $50 I was allowed to rent the plane (J 3 Piper Cub, T Model of the air) for $3 an hour. This was $5 an hour cheaper than I could have rented a plane at the nearest accredited flying school. Thus for the first ten hours I spent $80. At an accredited school or at any airport that rented planes, I would have spent $80 or more for that same ten hours. The difference came in the following hours. The next ten hours cost me $30 as compared with $80 at an airport rental service. This of course did not include payment to my instructor. In this area most instructors charge $3 an hour. You can figure this $45 at minimum, and if you are slow to get that ole feeling, forget all cost or quit flying. This fifteen hour minimum does not hold true with all or even the majority of instructors. They will keep you for twenty or twenty-five hours if possible. This may be a good thing.

Well, now your are ready to fly. You now learn to "turn on the plane", i.e., you learn where the starter button is or if you must fly what I did you learn to cajol someone near into giving you a "prop". (This simply means that they act as starter by turning the propeller blade.) Propping can be fun if you don't step into the blade; if you do happen to step into the blade while it is making that whirling sound, forget about the rest of your lessons. It would probably be well to take up religion if that happens.

The only thing you can think of now is "when do I solo". (Thus you forget to do anything else and you and your instruc-

Bob Johnson is one of the many flight enthusiasts on campus.

Maragret is now at the controls and is waiting for the ground crew's signal for take off.

tor are both killed.) Your instructor will make you an authority on the plane you are to fly. He will teach you to give it a complete ground check before you get into the cock-pit. Inside the cock-pit, he will show you the fundamentals of pre-flight checking with the motor turning. He shows you how to check the magnetos, the brakes, the ailrons, and then makes sure your motor will reach the required number of rpms to make it safe for that particular plane to leave the ground.

Soon you are all checked and moving down the runway. When you leave the ground, you feel like a fool. It is so simple you wonder why you had not started sooner. The next thing you know, your instructor shouts back at you, or perhaps up front, (depending on whether you learn to fly from the front seat or the back) and tells you to take the controls. You first think he is crazy and wonder where it is he wants you to take them. Then you realize the fool wants to get himself killed. So you take the controls. To your amazement, you don't crash. The fact is that even if you had not taken the controls and the instructor decided he was tired of flying, you would have flown on smoothly. (One man once baled out of his plane which he thought was about to crash. The plane proved to be a better pilot than he. It flew along by itself for 240 miles and then landed itself in a field without a scratch.) Fantastic? Unusual, yes, but not impossible. Planes are made to fly. They do not actually fly themselves, but they are not made so that the moment you let go of the controls you crash.

You fly upstairs awhile to get used to the plane. Your instructor will then have you follow him through on a few maneuvers after which you will follow him through on several landings. You do not learn it all in a day. There is only so much the mind is willing to absorb, so you fly for only about half an hour on your first trip and usually an hour a lesson thereafter.

It is possible that you can solo in three or four hours, but not likely that your instructor will grant you that permission for eight or ten hours. That is the day you feel you have found your shangri-la, the day you make that pattern around the field all by yourself. The thing you dislike most about that day is the fact that your instructor is down on the ground watching every move you make. You want to make a perfect landing, and so you hit the ground and bounce ten feet or so in the air before you finally get Jenny settled. But you are happy. You know that you can fly, that you will be a fulfledged pilot eventually.

Now you begin your maneuvers alone. Also you begin putting in some of your ten hours cross country time. This you do by flying to different airports near-by, landing and having an instructor there sign your log book. One of those flights must be at least 100 miles from your last stop. This may sound easy. It is as far as flying the plane goes, but the country looks different from three thousand feet up. You have to be awfully careful or have an exceptional sense of direction not to get lost at least once. There are some people who habitually get themselves lost.

After having put in 40 or more hours, your instructor will decide whether or not you are ready for your flight check. But before your flight check, you must take a three hour written examination. A year or so ago this consisted of a few true—false questions. It is not so simple now. It is not actually difficult either. You must simply know how to read your *Airman's Guide* and *Flight Information Manual*. The test consists of a complete cross country flight interspersed with different situations that might arise. The questions are multiple choice and all seem to be possible answers which means you must be exact.

If you pass your written and your flight check, you have "crossed the bar" and the only thing that remains is a two to three month waiting period for your photostatic copy of your license. Meanwhile you have a permit certificate which allows you to fly while waiting on your license.

Since forty hours is more or less comparable to the anxious little boy who turns sixteen, learns to park one day, and the next day takes the family car and gets his driver's license, there is still much to be learned. Planes are as safe as automobiles, if not safer. But neither cars nor planes are any safer than the man at the controls. The air is somewhat more tricky to learn than the concrete highways. There is what is known as ground speed and air speed. Your speed indicator may read 100 mph while you may be moving over the ground at only 50 mph. This would happen if you were flying into a fifty mph head wind. It is possible to be cruising with an air-speed of 60 mph and actually halt the plane in the sky directly above some object immediately below. This takes a sixty mph wind which is pretty strong to be out in with a plane that cruises at 60 mph.

Flying is fast transportation. It is also great sport, but contrary to some beliefs, it does not take someone with a special talent or a great courage to learn to fly. First it takes desire. Next is needed the self-confidence which brings relaxation, thus allowing the brain and reflexes to function freely. Flying is a skill. It is a skill that is becoming more and more commonplace. Within ten years people will think no more of flying 1,000 miles than they think of driving a hundred miles today. Within twenty years the airlines will be affecting the trucking lines as the trucking lines are today affecting the railroads.

Air travel is relatively young. People still think of the airplane, the small plane, as something to play with. But as planes become more adaptable and maneuverable, they will become more useful to our society. Already the car is being worked to death to keep up with the airplane's progress. New rules and regulations are being adopted. Safety measures are being imposed where flaws are found due to the new type planes. Washington is pushing a complete reorganization of the airway system. At the present increase of the airplanes in the sky, in 20 years the planes will crowd the skies as the automobiles crowd the American highways.

There is no need for a person to wait until he is grown to take up flying. It is harder to learn when your reflexes have become settled. A six year old can learn to fly and do fine. Probably the best time to start flying is either in high school or college. It is now coming to the point where learning to fly is more a utilitarian value than a luxury.

Certainly planes cost money, but so does everything else. The smallest plane made today costs about $4,000, and that is without radio equipment. If you buy a Super Cub, 90 hp, it would cost you around $6,000, and if you add the full load of radio equipment to it, you end up with a $9,000 investment. But you can console yourself with the fact that the Government has plenty of money and is making more and more planes daily; besides the government is crazy where money is concerned. Quite often it will sell a fifty thousand dollar airplane for $2,000. To top that, it will come back three years later and offer you ten thousand dollars for the same plane.

Flying is the latest medium of transportation. The airplane is the latest means of practical transportation. The missile is yet to come. The Wright brothers are still experimenting with it. Besides, Cape Canaveral is not a good central location for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

By Rob Sutton

SHADOW LOVE

Soft is the silent kiss of shadow love

suspended

in the fragile orbit of a dream

there he who seeks the thin-voiced mute

stands alone

and waits—

TO LYDIA

the name she spoke was Lydia

i dared not tell her mine

she sang to me the whisper song

a little softer than the snow

then vanished

in the tear drop of a faun—

no name was there but Lydia

no heart was there—but mine

Second prize story . . .

The Fawn's Tear

BY MOONYEAN WRIGHT

I AM AFRAID. I don't guess that is anything new, but I am still afraid. I've been afraid of a lot of things and I suppose there will be fear in the future . . . who knows and who cares? This is the moment of reality, the eternal moment. This is the moment just before my destruction . . . I go to lose myself. I will stand and wait for God's judgment, I now stand and wait for him. He stands at the window and the moon sculptures him in blue satin.

Him . . . the beautiful, the awesome, the destroyer, the giver of life, the death in blue satin. He used to come to me in that recurring dream. Way out beyond, his shape would take form. Slowly, ever so

slowly, his form would grow larger and larger . . . and then he would descend upon me in his darkness and his greatness that blotted out the ink.

I met him two summers ago; you know, the season that follows the spring, the hot, lush season. I was teaching dancing and feeling that the grubby routine was pretty safe. I was having a few of my usual affairs. Oh yes, I've always had affairs with men. It seemed that being engulfed when the shadow came in my dreams gave me a strange power over lesser men. I felt like the spot of light used to hypnotize the owl-eyed victims. In no time I could penetrate past their weak defenses and they would love me; they couldn't help themselves because I was the spot of light. And of course I always said I loved them too. Did I? Why of course not, but I always hoped that if they took me, his shadow couldn't permeate me. Don't misunderstand me. I tried. How hard I tried to love them. They were all so nice. One had the most sensitive eyes, another lectured me when he was drunk, another explained jazz to me, another had no soul . . . and I tried them all. You may say I hurt them all, but didn't I teach them something? I taught them to love, giving them all I could until he came to take all. Oh yes . . . until he came. He came in the summer. He had been looking for me . . .

He was hot because of the summer and he saw the sign on the studio door, "Dancing Lessons. Air Conditioned." He was restless because he had not found me and he was hot because of the summer, so he climbed the flight of stairs to the studio. I was teaching dancing and I saw him as he was given a tour of the studio. He was so tall and removed, but he was looking for me. I smiled because he was tall and removed and he smiled because he was looking.

He called after we had smiled and I went with him to a movie. Two weeks later he had to leave. I did not know that he was the shadow or the sun and he did not know he had found me.

HE CALLED BEFORE HE left and he said, "What shall we do this weekend? It's our last, you know, before I leave." I answered, "Yes, I know . . . shall we take a picnic lunch and climb a mountain Sunday?"

So simply it was settled. We were to climb a mountain, and then he would leave.

"Do you like my mountain?" I remember asking him that. And he had answered, "Isn't it our mountain?" I felt the wind picking at my hair and throwing it out over the empty space that hung beneath us. I had loved my mountain. I could sit on my mountain and look out over the bush-trees and the checked fields and I could look up and see myself. But then he had said, "Isn't it *our* mountain?", and I had looked from my mountain to my bush-trees and my checking fields and the shadow fell and the darkness came. And I knew where the sun was. I turned and looked into my sun and my eyes wet with its brilliance. I answered, "I've never shared my mountain with anyone." And he said, "I'll race you to the bottom." So we ran to the bottom. He didn't stop the trees from running beside me, but he let me win.

We ate the cold pork chops on the way home and talked about books. He said, "It's too early to go in. Is there someplace we can go?" I didn't look at the sun because my eyes were still wet, but I answered, "There's an old farm house near here. It's old and decayed but there are two huge oaks in front of it." We drove to the old farm house and we talked about families and philosophy. And then he took my hand and he said, "You know, for so long I've wanted to talk. Have you noticed how ironically our ideas are alike? We talk about everything as if we had never talked before." I smiled at him . . . he too was trying to make it ordinary. Then the sun wasn't so bright so I laughed with my new mouth, "I'm afraid we'll wear ourselves out." And then the sun was bright and I breathed, "Will I ever see you again?" He didn't have to answer because when the shadow fell there was nothing but the merging. And again I felt his hand . . .

The shadow had a hand. I looked up past the sun and the shadow and I couldn't see the night outlines of my two oak trees. But at least the shadow had a hand. The hand was warm and moist because the summer was hot and the hand trembled because it was learning me. And the earth had lips. I could not smell the damp earth beneath me, but I could smell the earth's lips. I could smell their sweetness as they pryed open my tenderness. Gently, the warm, moist hands studied my newness, and softly the lips of the earth moved nearer until I almost parted the innermost folds. But then the oak trees were starlined and I could smell the earth and not the earth's lips. So I pushed the shadow and it fell back. I asked, "Will you come back to me?" And he answered, "I'll never be away."

And then he left. As he left he tried to make it ordinary, so he offered me his love. I smiled because I too wanted it that way, and took it from his cool dry hand.

We've written so many letters. How sweet it has been to know him in his separateness. He has such a lovely mind, and such a beautiful soul. But he is a critic. He is man's critic and the god's critic, but most of all his own critic. How hard he is on his beautiful soul. We play at psychology and say that it is because his father has never approved of anything he has done. So he cries real tears and hates his weaknesses, and I cry real tears and love them. But the gold should not hate its faults and impurities—the white-hot fire will melt them all away. We've gone two years with our letters and our weekend visits. We've talked about books, families, life, friends, love and God . . . but never about the sun, the earth, and the shadow. The rain falls to the earth and the earth drinks, but when the elements mix, each in its separateness must die.

TODAY WE MARRIED. But we are afraid. We are in the undertow and the sea will swallow the earth and the sun and the shadow. We like to pretend it is ordinary, so we are married. I stood in my white dress and he stood in the sun and we stood before the fire of the altar and before the gods and we looked in the fire and we said, "I will it. Let it be." And then we walked away from the altar toward the great fire. We like to pretend it is ordinary, so he carried me into the room.

We carefully bathed our bodies to make the sacrifice clean. He now stands at the window and the moon is sculpturing his form in her blue, cold purity, sculpturing him in blue satin. The sun looks at the moon and the moon sways as she caresses him. But now he turns from the moon and for the creation his eyes clasp me.

The shadow was unveiled and I walked into the sun. The shadow's warm, moist hands drew me into the fire and lovingly wrapped me in tender flames. The earth's lips probed deep and the sun entered into my innermost folds.

I heard a she-whisper say, "I must look in the mirror!" And the she-whisper looked into the mirror and saw not her "I", but the sun, the earth, and the shadow. And the whisper became a fawn's tear.

3 For Spring

by

Sam Mauzy

WHEN BELLS RING TOGETHER

Clappers and bells swinging their best
Scrubbed to love with loving hands
To pound the pigeon featherless
To sweep the word away with blood
And drown with pain the nectared nest
Churning the dust to maddening mud
Two half-moons fused to one
To stick and click and burst
To a million molten drops to run
On the fleeing reeling soldier
Snowing shame for days and days
As green flames glow in a gush
The skull's first star breaks worst
And the moon at midnight melts to a hush
Running in a honeysuckled spring
Cockling through the broken ice
To the stream's edge to jump and drown
Hear them sighing in the clover
The eyes have won and the nose agrees
Pleased the fingers release the keys
But oh the glissando demands repeating
An encore held for the wave of hands
The embers engendered by heat rehashed
To increase whitening the deadbeat bands
With a breezy sneeze by the way of slumbering
Trees in the nude in the rain thundering
The glow gashed and ample arms swimming
The clover's regreened by beams bending
To the silence below
Pillowing leaves
Nodding in the warm night wind.

POETS

Poets are like gardens;
It takes a lot of crap
To make them grow.

ASPECTS OF SPRING

The receeding stage of spring
Bringing to the sage a yearly tear
Lures the young away
Bearing lowly breezy banners
Saying look here
And it's just too much
Such stuff as this listening
Let's sit below the glistening blue
Eyes closed saying simply nothing
Falling on a tree's shade I and you
Stealing stars under cover of night
Feeling restless in a grassy nest
Loving in this maddening warmth
Living as we'd have it best.
The receeding stage of spring
Pulls the pulsating machine man
To an unplanned halt
He stands shortly
Sees green in the eye of the old one
Growth in the fun of the sleeping young
And hears a lonely bird call
And feels a forgotten star fall
And says this is good
Life isn't so bad after all
I must learn to love again.
See the moon run for cover
Hear the stars wail for a lover
See each special speck of spring
And hear the beer boys sing
See us drink and sing
And hear me loudest singing
We are the only lovers.

May Review - -

By Roy Proctor

FOR SOME AUTHORS the coming of age decreases the quality of their creative output; for others, such as George Bernard Shaw, age seems to have just the opposite effect. At 66, two-time Pulitzer Prize winning poet, Archibald MacLeish, has proved himself to fall into the latter group. *J. B.*, his first full-length poetic drama, bears witness to this fact. Age has mellowed MacLeish's style, given his work a sense of even greater intellectual perception without any evident loss of emotional power, and enabled him to write a poetic drama that may well be a modern classic. *J. B.* is a signal achievement in American art.

The play is in essence a modern day version of the Book of Job. Yet, due to MacLeish's technical skill, it is more than just that. As an artist selects with great care appropriate frames that will enhance and bring out the beauty and meaning of his work, so has MacLeish set his Biblically inspired gem into an ingeniously wrought framework. As the play opens two broken-down actors, now reduced to selling popcorn and balloons in a circus, enter an ill-lighted deserted stage in a corner of the tent where the Book of Job is presented dramatically as a side-show attraction. They have a yearning to act again and, after a lengthy discussion, decide to run through the play for their own benefit, the balloon vender, Mr. Zuss, becoming Godmask and the popcorn vender, Nickles, becoming Satanmask. But in the midst of the action the play suddenly becomes reality and we are introduced to the fascinating J. B. of the title.

Like his prototype in the Bible, J. B. has everything that any man could want. And, following the Biblical example, everything is taken away in rapid succession. The children go first: David, the oldest, is killed in a military accident; Mary and Jonathan are slaughtered in an automobile accident; Ruth is raped and murdered by a sex maniac; and Rebecca, the youngest, is crushed to death by a falling wall. Not long after that J. B. loses all his money, his home is bombed, his wife Sarah leaves him after begging him in vain to "curse God and die," and he is finally, in true Jobean manner, left in loneliness and nothingness, infested with boils, to suffer and try to find justice in the supposed injustice of God.

All the main characters in the mental trial of Job in the Bible are included in *J. B.* The Three Comforters—Zophar, a preacher who has known better days, Eliphaz, an intern of questionable medical ability, and Bilbad, a derelict—are on hand more to antagonize than to comfort. And the voice of God from the whirlwind is there in what appears to be almost direct quotation from the Bible.

If anything, the play seems to make clearer, to amplify and to simplify, the meaning of the Book of Job. But to those who read the play as they read the Book of Job to find justification in God for human suffering, there is still likely to be disappointment at the lack of a concise answer. The play's real problem lies in discovering the nature of the relationship of God to man and of man to God, and it is in this two-way relationship that one finds insight into the whys of human suffering. J. B. says near the end, "He (God) does not love. He is (love)." And Sarah, his wife, answers, "But we do (love). That's the wonder." It is in this realization that God Himself is Love that we find the answer. Man depends on God for all things; God depends on man for one—love given freely and without question. Justification for the supposed injustice of God is our love, in spite of all other factors, for God: our love of life in spite of life.

And human love becomes purest, most God-like, when it is given freely, in spite of suffering and injustice and even death.

As drama, *J. B.* cries for production, but it is unlikely that it will be produced on Broadway for some time. And even when it is produced in New York, the play will probably run on a limited engagement set-up, since American tastes are not attuned in any mass degree to poetic drama, regardless of the quality. It has, however, been prepared for production at Yale (MacLeish's Alma Mater) and will be presented at the Brussels World's Fair this summer.

But, if *J. B.* should "click" on the Broadway stage, and there is a possibility that it may, it could well mark a turning point in American dramatic tastes. This possibility of commercial success rests on the fact that *J. B.* gives poetic drama a new dimension not found in works of other poetic dramatists such as T. S. Eliot, Christopher Fry, and W. H. Auden. *J. B.* meets the dramatic need in that, even as poetry, it is comprehensible as drama. It is simple enough to be understood in the theatre without prior reading or study of the play. And in this simplicity lies its strength, for it expresses the American idiom poetically perhaps better than any other play has ever done. This is not to say that the poetic dramas of Eliot, Fry, and Auden are not significant achievements. But these are

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Book Review

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

plays that require a prior reading by the average theatre-goer, and as such fall short of good theatre. *J. B.* is a play of eloquence and of intellect, but of eloquence and intellect effectively used and planned to be understood.

Admittedly MacLeish is no Walt Whitman. But his work does not claim to be. Whitman is the romanticist, the master of flowing sweeping lines, the grandfather of American poetic emotion. MacLeish is more the classicist, the intellectual master craftsman. Every note in *J. B.* is cloaked in an intellectual cloud, filled with ideas and philosophies derived from *The Odyssey*, the Bible, and other sources. Yet every note is enhanced by MacLeish's intellectuality and is yet unbelievably understandable. Paradoxically, in this intellectual nature of the play is the essence of its emotional power. After reading *J. B.*, it is no surprise to discover that MacLeish is now the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard and has been, in the past, an editor of *Fortune*, Librarian of Congress, Assistant Secretary of State, and the first American member of UNESCO. Only one with such a widely varied career could so effectively wed form and emotion.

Flying

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

travel connections. But even the missiles are not out of the realm of possibility where future transportation is concerned.

The taboo is gone. Flying is here to stay, for men, women, and young adventurous boys who have already become bored with the 180 mph Maseratti.

Hypocrite

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

sponsible. She was skinny and shapeless. Her grotesque face was a nightmare: painted eyebrows which curved unnaturally, thickly rouged cheeks, mocking lips—all drenched in a cheap perfume.

I felt dirty.

She picked up the pack of cigarettes on the driver's empty seat and put them in her huge imitation leather shoulder bag. She glanced at us with a smirk as she got off the bus. "Tell bussy not to come looking for me." Her walk was exaggerated, ludicrous, as she jerked down the dark street on high heels, visible intermittently under pallid street lights. And then she was gone.

Pop, who was sitting two seats ahead of us, turned around to talk with Al and me. Any conversation seemed sacrilegious.

"See that building over there?" I used to work there . . . long time ago. When I quit, the foreman come to me and said, 'Pop,' he said, 'you're making a mighty big mistake by leaving.' If I'da stayed on, I could be makin' twenty thousand a year now."

He was aware of our incredulity but continued nevertheless, revealing audible dreams . . . wistfully.

"Why don't you shut up," suggested his friend. "They don't want to hear you rattle."

Pop ignored him. "A whole lot of people told me I was a fool to quit, but money don't mean anything to me. I'm happier working where I am now. Want a cookie? No? You college boys?"

"Yes."

"Bet you really get some of them girls," he said, wickedly grinning. "I seen some good uns out there before. Hey, you know the difference between a snake and a woman? A snake . . ."

"We don't care to know," interrupted Al.

Pop turned back around.

"Detestable, isn't he," whispered Al. "The hypocrite, he never worked anywhere."

Pop whispered something to his young companion and shuffled towards the front door.

"Where's he going?" I asked Al.

"Probably around the corner. Has to have something to run his mouth about."

He did go around the corner and the bus driver returned. He reached for his cigarettes on the empty seat. He noticed his passenger had left. "Oh, damn it all," he muttered. With his chin in his great hands and elbows on the steering wheel, he sat for a short while, staring through the windshield into nowhere. He was tired.

Finally he turned to the younger driver. "Red, you mind finishing this run for me? The old man won't know you did it."

"Yeh, I'll take it for you."

"Bring it back here. I'll be over at the grill. I feel like hell."

"You want to stay at my place tonight?"

"Yeh, thanks."

"What about your wife? Pop told me he was going to take her home."

"He's calling her a taxi."

When the bus finally left, Red was driving. Al and I were the only passengers. We were back at the college within fifteen minutes.

"You boys take it easy," said Red as we got off.

And then we were left in the dark again. No sound but the changing gears of a dilapidated old bus. It had come from nowhere and now was gone into nowhere —it was so unreal.

Al and I began walking towards the dormitory.

"Say, Al, can you let me have a dime till tomorrow morning. I want to get a coke. Have to get a check cashed and don't have a cent."

"No, I'm sorry. Don't have a bit of change."

"Oh? . . . well, thanks anyway. See you tomorrow."

"Yeh."

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From the editor's desk . . .

Please, no more apathy

By Evelyn Anderson

COULD THERE BE an error more gross than for the student to assume that he has nothing to do with setting the standard for the classroom? Just as the professor is responsible for developing the interests which may be latent in his students and for outlining the framework which he expects his classes to follow, the student must come to terms with his end of the bargain—he must have an insatiable desire to read and to learn.

Some of our classes here at Wake Forest are filled with too much talk and too little information. We have gotten our fill of the use of very large words to cover up for the lack of knowledge. In a liberal arts college not even the use of general words or abstract speculation can take the place of data and acquaintance with fact. This is not to suppose that we should ever be mere storehouses of knowledge, but it is to assume that wisdom can never be approached without *at least* a foundation of fact and reality.

Never has the challenge to the student been greater than at the present time because we see the unfolding of many areas of investigation heretofore unknown. Only he who is largely uninformed could fail to see that scientific and historical developments force a re-evaluation of our ethics, our government, our religion, and our heritage. Therefore, it is imperative that the standard of the classroom never be lowered to the level of the repetition of trite phrases, conventional opinions, and chit-chat of little consequence other than to fill another hour.

In order to avoid being too general in our criticism of the classroom situation, it might be well to point out a specific characteristic of our present problem which has not been limited to our time. Students have always had the tendency to fulfill the requirements and to do no other work which is initiated by individual enthusiasm—this has been the primary distinction between average and exceptional achievement. In the present situation, however, in addition to a condition of overall indolence, there is, also widespread apathy which is largely the result of frustration and thwarted desires. We are aware that many students realize the importance of their work, but because of the uninteresting presentation of material or the lack of intelligent discussion, they proceed to read novels, write letters, or day dream during lectures. Although a rather simple solution to the problem may be seen in the student's belief that he will gain whatever information he has missed by his own individual effort later, he fails to realize that most of the time this will not hold true.

The condition of apathy about such matters, which has been mentioned, can hardly be overlooked as the direct result of unsatisfied hunger and desire on the part of the student. Apathy, then, is not a vice of which we should be ashamed of having on our campus, but it is one which we should be ashamed of not correcting. To any student who is aware of his difficulties in meeting such an obvious educational disadvantage—it might be suggested that whatever the limitations of time are which may have prevented his investigation of periodicals and newspapers on current events, the arts, and education, whether by excuse or in reality, that he will find that he will have the equipment with which to communicate his ideas when he has pursued a course of instruction not brooked by the handicaps of "assignment."

Furthermore, when the student finds himself in such a position that the uninteresting and the dull become overpowering, he should speak forth realizing that his fellow students and the professor are also suffering from the chill of ice that only an individual can overcome. In such a manner, with the available facts, the student may raise the level of the discussion, he may ask about the particular problems which interest him, and he will certainly give the teacher something refreshing and interesting on which to center his work.

The attitude that time is swiftly passing and that educational opportunity should not be taken lightly is not merely the opinion of the senior. How could we fail to note the clarion call of students who seem to be leaving Wake Forest with empty hands? It is time for the omission of such worn-out subjects as Norman V. Peale and unworthy abstractions whether they deal with religion or not. If the plea seems to be for something concrete that would not be far from wrong, for nothing could be more true than that we can never expect to approach the truth without the proper media and discipline. Let us leave all ignorant wordiness behind us, let us take along that that is worthy from the past, and let us face the future with hope and confidence in the dignity of man and his developing intelligence.

"They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain dealing of others. We will not have to do with a man in a mask. Let us know the truth. Draw a straight line, hit whom and where it will." Emerson—Truth

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About Policy

IT HAS ALWAYS been our contention that an editor should never make promises about what he is going to do when he enters his editorship. Still we are tempted to say a few things about what may be termed as policy. Probably, say in the course of the summer, we will change our minds several times, but at the present time here are some things we feel as if we can let the reader know.

First of all, we believe that the primary purpose of the magazine is to encourage, stimulate, and publish the best of student creative writing. Secondly, that the magazine should act as a preserver of Wake Forest traditions and lore and that it should provide interesting articles about events and people that are directly related to the College. In the third place, we have long felt as if the magazine is a suitable outlet for the creative and scholarly output of the faculty, for there is a definite need for more faculty publication and the chances for publication in other periodicals is increasingly small. And, finally, we think we should offer to the students "news" as it were from the "outside" world of arts and letters. This we plan to do by soliciting articles and creative work as well as opinions from people noted for their work in special fields.—J. D. M.

Portrait of the Month

Dan Moury - Class of 1960

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